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HOW DID WE GET THAT WAY?

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WE ARE pretty well accustomed to the idea that a great deal is being found out of late about the world and even about human beings. Physicists have discovered dead matter to be electrical charges in an amazing state of agitation; biologists reveal every day something astonishing about the ways of life; psychologists, about the play of the emotions. Knowledge certainly comes in rapidly enough, but Wisdom tarries. Life seems to be rather more of a mess now than ever before. At least, our poets and best story writers and dramatists present it full of bewilderment and frustration. Still, there is usually the implication that a great many of our disappointments and woes are gratuitous and unnecessary, the result of tragic stupidity and want of insight, rather than the fatal dictates of the gods. We ask pitifully, "What keeps us back, when so many undreamed-of possibilities are opening before us?" The older longing to be "good," with the hope of making all things right, is giving way to the suspicion that intelligence is what we most need.

This suspicion is reflected in a great number of books which have been coming out since that most imposing stupidity—the World War—to show how badly we think. Formerly only a few philosophers wondered about thinking; now all of us are invited to consider why we manage our growing resources of information and insight so ineffectively as regards reducing friction with our fellows and maintaining peace in our own bosoms.

It is evident enough that our thinking and feelings do not change so readily as our circumstances, and cannot as yet keep pace with our knowledge at its present rate of increase. We continue to think of new things in old ways. Our sentiments teem with embarrassing anachronisms of which we are usually quite unconscious. Both old and new elements enter into all life's perplexities. The old, as we shall see, always enjoys the right of way. It is as yet rarely

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summoned to prove its case. The old is at bottom a habit; the new an adventure. And habit is so much more safe and comfortable to most of us most of the time than adventure! The new attracts attention and comment by reason of its freshness. The old, by reason of its familiarity, is commonly merely taken for granted. Nevertheless, since almost all things are as they are because they have been as they have been, their secret lies in the past. Our present problems cannot be understood by just looking them in the face. We have to ask how they arose—in trenchant slang, "How did we get that way?"

Notwithstanding our sprightly criticisms, we are far more old-fashioned than we realize. Old habits of thought yield very reluctantly to new. This is not astonishing when we consider that it has taken perhaps a half million years to inch along as far as we have gone. Ancient ways of thought and action become terrible nuisances long before they can be discarded. Goethe says gloomily:

Es erben sich Gesetz' und Rechte
Wie eine ew'ge Krankheit fort.

The old drags us down like a chronic disease—and its nature has hitherto been badly diagnosed.

This is obviously but one aspect of man's fate. The old is the indispensable foundation of the new. Without it no advance in knowledge and human improvement would be possible. Father Time is the benefactor to whom we literally owe everything, but he is exceedingly jealous of his established scheme of things. Wisdom will come as we learn to recognize vividly our abject dependence upon him and at the same time invent more ingenious ways than those hitherto discovered for exposing and overcoming his inveterate prejudices.

How instructive is our annual symbolism as we reach December 31. The old year makes his bow to the newborn and totters off to the grave. Within a twelvemonth the baby goes the way of his hoary predecessor. We cannot start anew on January 1 or any other day. This truth historians dignify by the term "Continuity of History." We are sadly familiar with this disagreeable fact but rarely appreciate its essentiality in all profitable thinking about human troubles.

It is easy enough to illustrate our unconscious debts to the past. Our knowledge and various dexterities, our prejudices and conceits, our scruples and obligations are very seldom of our own making. They are historical products handed down to us, frequently from remote periods and alien peoples.

Let us consider the historical implications of this magazine. It is printed on paper invented by the Chinese early in the Christian era and introduced into Europe in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The letters were devised by the Phœnicians, adopted by the previously illiterate Greeks, modified by the Romans, and altered, so far as the "lower case" is concerned, by the medieval scribes. The capital letters are still the same that we find in ancient Roman inscriptions. The language is based upon a western German tongue used by the Teutonic invaders of England in the fifth century. It was later given added range and sophistication by the admixture of Latin and Norman-French words. English colonists brought it to this country, and it remains almost the same as when Jamestown and Plymouth were founded. Shakespeare and Francis Bacon could have understood *Harper's* as it appears to-day, just as we can read the authorized version of the Bible prepared under their dread monarch, James I. Printing was a Dutch and German innovation made nearly five hundred years ago. This "August" issue is so-called after the Emperor Augustus, who added a day taken from February to make his month as long as the preceding one dedicated to Julius Cæsar. The year of Our Lord 1926 represents a method of reckoning time initiated by the ancient Egyptians, improved by Julius Cæsar,

connected with the birth of Christ by Dionysius Exiguus in the sixth century, and readjusted by Pope Gregory XIII. These are but a few of the ways we unconsciously perpetuate the past. But they are enough to depreciate the stock of the hundred per cent American to a point where it would have to be reckoned in thirty-seconds of one per cent.

II

All advancement in intelligence and insight depends upon our ability to call in question and reconsider what we have hitherto taken for granted. The young Arab chants the Koran in a Cairo mosque; the Japanese mother trips through the red gate of a Shinto temple to rub her ailing baby on a stone fox; the old-fashioned Chinese student conned Confucius' *Analects;* and Mr. Bryan read his Bible. Their ways were different, but to the critical onlooker each had exactly the same reason for his particular confidence. Each took for granted the habits of the group in which he happened to be reared. This is Truth for the multitude and for the conspicuously good and respectable of all ages and climes.

During the two or three thousand years of man's immediate past a certain number of thinkers have, as a result of curiosity, contrariness, or an awakened sense of the prevailing stupidity, set to work to reëxamine, in this detail or that, what was taken for granted by their fellows. The Hebrew prophets, beginning with Amos and Isaiah, denounced the prevailing ideas about God and reexplained the service he demanded. Gautama, the Buddha, two or three centuries later, showed up the vanity of worldly ambitions and recommended new paths to philosophic calm and peace of mind. Socrates overdid questioning and was put out of the way by the respectable citizens of Athens. Euripides also had more doubts than his generation cared to listen to. The expedients of those who have quarreled with Father Time's "wise saws and modern instances" have been various. The Hebrew prophets listened to the still, small voice of God, and said thus "saith the Lord"; in India holy men sought truth in silence and meditation; in Athens chattering in the market place was quite as highly esteemed. In the late Middle Ages the habit grew up of defending lists of carefully formulated theses about God and his angels, sin and salvation.

By the opening of the seventeenth century Bacon, Descartes, Galileo, and others lost all interest in the discussions of the scholastic professors and proposed a new way of learning how things are—namely, by trying to see how they work. The incredible results of experimental science are too obvious to require rehearsing here. This method of seeking truth stands approved among all those qualified to have an opinion on the matter.

But in the nineteenth century still another device for increasing understanding was developed. The biologists began to realize that their insight into the peculiarities of a plant or animal could be vastly increased by taking account of how the organism had come about, that is, by studying its history and that of its ancestors. The human body, for instance, is far more explicable in many respects when viewed historically than "as is." The atrophied muscles for moving our ears and those which once wagged an ancestral tail, together with certain maladjustments which came from getting on our hind legs become plain enough if we look back far enough. Anatomy to-day tends to run off into embryology and even into protozoölogy, for our life is dependent upon the amœbalike white blood corpuscles which swim through our arteries and veins and cluster by hundreds of millions in our tissues.

The Fundamentalists refuse to accept man's pedigree as traced by biological genealogists. But the history of their own bodies offers a sort of recapitulation of the history of their race. If they

would only give some attention to God's works as well as his "word," they might make less trouble for teachers of zoölogy. If they could once grasp the fact that the most stalwart of them not many years ago was a single fertilized cell too tiny for the human eye to discern, this historical consideration could hardly fail to modify their contentions.

It turns out, then, that it was, curiously enough, the biologist rather than the "historian" who first appreciated the tremendous advantage of finding out how things had come about in order to comprehend the more fully how they are. But the students of nature did more. They furnished a new setting for human history. They have shown that man is part and parcel of the vast realm of living creatures and shares with them the exquisite responsibility of being alive. They also suggested the starting point from which we may reckon the beginnings of the unique human experiment which we call civilization. Its advance is to be measured by the degree in which it transcends the possibilities of our animal progenitors and all our animal relatives. An individual chimpanzee can be taught by patient trainers to do many humanlike things—such as drinking out of a cup, riding a bicycle, and smoking a cigarette. But if he returned to the jungle and his own folk he would not be able to interest them in these innovations. Man alone, owing to certain unique physical peculiarities into which we cannot go here, has been able to take up, apply, and gradually accumulate the inventions and ideas of those rare fumblers who came from time to time upon some new notion.

III

But what about the historians? They have for two thousand years and more been pretending to tell us about man's past; but their works until very recently have been pretty dull and unilluminating. I, at least, find them so, and infer that what bores me is likely to bore others. They tell me so much that I do not care about and fail to answer the questions which I am most eager to have answered. Voltaire long ago heaped reproaches on the historians. He tried his hand on a new history which he prepared for a friend with the expressed hope that it might interest her. For the old chronicles of dynastic wars and religious controversies he substituted the tale of human customs as they had changed through the ages. From a modern standpoint he was ill qualified for the job, but the idea was significant. During the French Revolution the high-spirited Condorcet, a fugitive from the terrorists, hastily wrote out his "sketch" of human progress, which left out almost all that had been hitherto included in general accounts of history, and substituted highly exciting reflections on the past, and on the future prospects of that prime autodidact, Man. Herbert Spencer pronounced history, as commonly presented, worthless. Buckle believed it to be an imposing mass of meaningless reminiscences and tried to substitute something better. But he was just a trifle too early to be affected by the evolutionary and revolutionary teachings of Darwin. Greene in his famous *History of the English People* endeavored to escape from the routine account of monarchs, courts, and wars and to give a fuller recognition to the conditions, preoccupations, and achievements of the nation as a whole.

Just as the World War was coming to a close in 1918 a German writer of no special academic standing, Oswald Spengler, issued a stately work in two volumes under the startling title, *Downfall of the West*. This opens with the most pertinent indictment of historical writers with which I am familiar. One does not have to share Spengler's rather mystic and Hegelian notion of the essence (*Seelenthum*) of history, nor his conclusion that we are now in the last stage of a cycle which is bound to end with our age. We do seem compelled, however, to accept his contention that the methods

and results of studying *man's world*—his achievements and perplexities, his morals and manners, his fears and aspirations, his religions and arts—must be quite different from those appropriate to an investigation of the so-called world of nature. The art of inquiring into the past of man himself is, in short, so far very ill developed. No one has shown up its imperfections better than Spengler.

He complains that historians have been narrow and provincial and have mistaken their particular part of the world for the whole human experiment. This is true enough. "World" history, written by Westerners, is an affront to a Chinaman or an East Indian or even an Arab. But the gist of Spengler's argument is far more profound—and it is the gist of this article. Historians have usually confined themselves to reporting events or describing institutions of a particular part of the world during a particular period. They have told how things *have been* rather than how they *came about*. They have made contributions to human history, but have so far failed to give it its most precious significance. We can ask two quite different questions in regard to the past: "What has happened here and there from time to time?" To answer this was the aim of former historians. Although Gibbon regarded the task of the historian as "an indispensable duty," he declared that "diligence and accuracy" were the only merits to which the historical writer could lay claim. The second question is, "How is it that we now do as we do, feel as we feel, and know what we know? This is a novel inquiry which fills the orthodox with consternation. It is to them nothing less, in the strong words of Scripture, than a whoring after strange gods, a disreputable kind of "philosophy of history" which should be left to mystic philosophers and poets. While I share their distrust of the various kinds of philosophy of history, including Spengler's, I am confident that the answering of the second question must be the aim of historians if they are to exercise their full effect in the development of human enlightenment. Of course the first question is a necessary preliminary; but the hewers of wood and drawers of water have been busy with it so long that we can begin on the second.

When Lloyd George submitted his budget of 1909 in his "war on poverty" it was defended by Winston Churchill with a fresh argument. "Formerly the question of the tax-gatherer was, 'How much have you got?' . . . Now a new question has arisen. We do not only ask to-day, 'How much have you got?' we ask, 'How did you get it?'"

When historians become expert in answering the question as to how we and our troubles have come about, history will deal mainly with what Mr. Marvin so penetratingly calls "the living past," and this will radiate a light in which all our achievements and difficulties will stand out far more distinctly than ever before.

The present writer cannot explain very well even to himself how he has happened to devote a great part of his professional life to working out a different conception of history and its import from that handed down to him. He has hewn wood and drawn water enough to be in the historians' guild, but he has always felt a certain qualm when he was forced to explain that he taught history. He feared that it might be assumed that he was really interested in what has hitherto passed for history. He can recollect his first meeting up with that august subject in school. There was a text book in which something was said of Pocahontas, the evacuation of Boston, the embargoes, and Fort Pillow. All these matters seemed irrelevant to an eleven-year-old youngster, but fortunately it was the era of decalcomania, a now-forgotten amusement,—to-day a device confined to the decoration of cheap china. For a few cents one could get a set of brightly colored heads of just the size to fit neatly on the American heroes whose portraits appeared in the text book. There was

nothing unpatriotic in the process of transfer, for the faces were hidden until they were irrevocably attached to the hero. Washington warning the pig-headed Braddock turned out to be a darky; President Jackson was transformed into Pontiac; General Burnside, into a Barbary pirate. Some heroes had bottle noses and exhibited unmistakable signs of dissipation.

It took me some years however to realize that what most people think of as the study of history consists in getting the right head on the right body, the right date on the right battle, the right territorial transfer associated with the right treaty. I have, God forgive me, participated in a great number of examinations for the doctor's degree. On these occasions timid and over-wrought young men and women are summoned to exhibit their proficiency in this pasting madness (which seems to be what "decalcomania" means). How easy to say the battle of the Boyne when you should have said that of Bouvines; the treaty of Rhyswick when you were expected to say Nimwegen; Urban V when your inquisitor, who had once struggled through Theodoric of Niem's *De Scismate, Libri tres*, had in mind Urban VI and his jocose atrocities.

Even intelligent people often explain that they do not care for history because they cannot remember dates. But who can, except the pedant or one that is using the dates to give precision to a fairly thorough knowledge of a period? We know our own history better than that of Charles V or Napoleon, but most of us could hardly do more, without a good deal of recollecting, than give the alleged date of our birth, and those of graduation and marriage, and the sequence of children, if we happen to have graduated, been married, and had children.

Bergson has pointed out that the brain is an organ of forgetfulness. It certainly has to forget almost everything in order to remember anything. Its usefulness consists in recalling the right thing at the right moment. The historian usually has had a feeble power of discrimination. He humbly reported what his sources happened to include, with little attention to whether his readers or even he himself had any obvious reason for being interested in what he selected. What onlookers call "impartial" history and professionals call "objective;" is merely history without an object. This is no implied excuse on my part for slipshod work. History may be both true and useful, since nothing is more scientific than showing how things as they are have come about.

IV

One who undertook half a million of years ago to guess how man would turn out when he got civilization well under way might be puzzled by the outcome. He would have been a very shrewd prophet indeed to have foreseen that, being a sort of ex-animal, man would tend to sanctify the habits he happened to acquire. The other animals presumably just obey their habits without attempting to justify them or give them a fine name. One of the great obstacles to a free reconsideration of the details of our human plight is our tendency to regard familiar notions as "sacred": that is, too assured to be questioned except by the perverse and wicked. This word to the student of human sentiment is redolent of ancient, musty misapprehensions. It recalls a primitive and savage setting-off of purity and impurity, cleanness and uncleanness. The French retain the double meaning of the word in their *sacré*, which means at once "blessed" and "damned." Blessed is he who agrees with me and let others be damned. When we realize that this and that notion of ours is "sacred," we may be sure that, as Mr. William Trotter has emphasized in his *Instinct of the Herd, in Peace and War*, it is a childish impression which we have never carefully scrutinized. A woman once warned me that she was "religious"

and that I had better be careful what I said to her. I replied that she seemed to suspect me of irreligion from her standpoint, and that she should also be considerate of my feelings. The claim to immunity on the ground of sacredness is by no means confined to religious controversy: it now includes the current system of business, governmental organization, and the family. It is one of the important obstacles in the way of free discussion and readapting our habits so as to bring them into accord with increasing knowledge and new conditions.

Simple prejudices or unconsidered convictions are so numerous that the urgence and shortness of life hardly permit any of us, even the most alert, to summon all of them before the judgment seat. Then there are the sacred prejudices of which it seems to me we might become aware and beware, if we are sufficiently honest and energetic. History might be so re-written that it would at least eliminate the feeling that any of our ideas or habits should be exempt from prosecution when grounds for indictment were suggested by experience.

We need a new kind of historian who will utilize the information painfully amassed by the older ones in order to bring it to bear on the quandaries of our life to-day. Our problems are oftimes inherited, and can best be met by fuller knowledge of their origin and development. The State, as we now know it, is a sort of reincarnation of the ancient chieftain and his entourage. Our religious beliefs are ostensibly Semitic, derived from a pastoral people and dwellers in Syrian villages and small towns. Our education still perpetuates medieval or classical conceptions. Our standards in the relations of men and women still smack of the ascetic theories of virtue of the days of Saint Augustine, and our theories of business, as Veblen points out, hark back to the eighteenth century. In the discussion of a relatively new issue —the teaching of evolutionary hypotheses—and of a very recent question—the entrance of the United States into the League of Nations—we find the sacredness of Biblical anthropology and the authoritative utterances of Washington invoked. A proper understanding of the past would show the irrelevance of this type of argument. Precedent, however venerable, must be reinspected before it is accepted. Indeed, the more venerable it is the more suspicious should we become that it is an anachronism, originating in times and under conditions far removed from our own. When reverence for the past encroaches upon our meditations and decisions we are admitting an ancient but highly dangerous mischief-maker, so far as honest analysis and planning are concerned.

Now history might be so written as to undermine prejudice—which means that of which we can be quite sure without giving it any proper attention—and especially the savage survival of "sacredness."

History, in the sense here recommended, is the sovereign solvent of prejudice and the necessary preliminary to readjustments and reforms. It is a sort of *aqua regia* which loosens up things and gives our thinking its necessary freedom. Nowadays all expert physicians in dealing with physical and mental dislocations always ask, "How did he get that way?" They are not content to take what they can see without wondering how it came about. Our social, political, economic, and educational diseases must be dealt with in the same way.

It is a fundamental and hopeful discovery, to be ranked among the great inventions of mankind, that we do not necessarily learn much about a situation from what is sometimes called a scientific method of dealing with it. We can fill a big book with statistical tables and imposing graphs, but so long as we do not ask how we got into the fix we miss the main point. When in the seventeenth century almost all educated men, doctors, theologians, jurists, professors, believed in witchcraft one might have prepared questionnaires and surveys to

seek out and record the incidence of witchcraft, the frequency of the devil's "sabbaths," the technic of getting up a chimney on a broom or three-legged stool; the per cent of witches who sank when they were cast into the water, the average location of the devil's mark. But all this would hardly have forwarded the disappearance of the delusion. Witchcraft was, it is true, supported by history, but by history in the old sense. One might cite the terrible command "thou shalt not suffer a witch to live"; the instance of the witch of Endor, and the tales in Apuleius. But none of these had anything to do with the manner in which the superstition had come about.

What a chastening effect it might have on an ardent Marxian socialist to realize that Marx's theories were a mid-Victorian product, the counterpart of the classical, Manchester, school of defenders of things as they were! What effect would it have on the worshipers of our Federal Constitution, who would have every schoolchild believe it a sacred and inspired document, to read the Madison Papers, realize the groping, the compromises, the British and French influences that went into the patching together of that important state paper? For an opponent of the entrance of the United States into the League of Nations it might not be a bad thing to see how exactly his arguments resemble those of the opponents of our Federal Constitution when it was submitted to the various States for ratification.

Those who "believe in" the Bible might believe in it in so much less intolerant and hampering a fashion if they but knew the history of the Hebrew religious anthology comprising contributions extending through a thousand years. The late Professor Morris Jastrow has in his *Gentle Cynic* given a gracious account of the origin of the book of Ecclesiastes and illustrated the methods of sacred writers of yore. The basis of the little treatise as we have it was a description of the vanity of human life. All things are full of weariness unutterable, the "eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing." Man hath no preëminence above the beasts. They all go speedily to the same place. Get what you can but remember that "there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest." This gloomy picture was later toned down by the interpolations of a more hopeful editor. Then, since the little book (written perhaps in the time of Alexander the Great or later) had been ascribed to Solomon (who had died some five hundred years before it was composed), a third writer adds a few proverbs to which it was supposed that wise king had been addicted. If one is reluctant to accept the conclusions reported by Professor Jastrow he may consult a little book by George Foot Moore on *The Literature of the Old Testament*, which is a sketch of the various ways the books of the Bible were built up. The history of the New Testament is equally enlightening.

These few instances must suffice as illustrations of the way in which fuller knowledge of how a thing came about may alter our attitude toward it.

We are all endowed with defense mechanisms which operate automatically. It is a poor technic when attempting to convert one's neighbor to attack his beliefs directly, especially those of the sacred variety. We may flatter ourselves that we are undermining them by our potent reasoning only to find that we have shored them up so that they are firmer than ever. Often history will work where nothing else will. It very gently modifies one's attitude. Refutations are weak compared with its mild but potent operation. To become historically-minded is to be grown-up.

BUBBLES

A STORY

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

CAROL lived in hotels, and her governess was always being mistaken for her mamma. Or it might be her trained nurse or it might be daddy's secretary who was mistaken for her mamma. Most often it was governess. Miss Flower, Miss Runkle, Madame Dunaye, respectively in Nice, on the Isle of Man, and in Deauville, were governesses. But Miss Tolley, in Florida, was daddy's secretary. And Mrs. Kenyon (with long silky legs and an amount of pale-gold hair) was Carol's trained nurse for nearly three months at Capri, though fortunately Carol was not ill a day of the time.

It was a little confusing at first, each time, for in a way they all seemed much alike. One had to remember arbitrarily, that was all, just as one had to remember that whereas two "f's" hitched together make "double-f," two "v's" hitched together make a "double-*u*." Moreover, Coddie helped her. "Do mind now, child; if anyone's to ask you, Miss Runkle is your governess. *Not* daddy's secretary, this time, but Carol's *governess*." Coddie was severe about this, unnecessarily so it seemed to Carol, upon whom would be lost the glitter of an ironical amusement in the nurse's sea-gray eyes.

Coddie was middle-aged, and broad, and ate with Carol and not with Daddy. No matter who was governess, Coddie did the governing; no matter who was trained nurse, Coddie did the nursing; and even if it happened to be a secretary, it was Coddie who got the letters from the concierge, the commissionaire, or the desk-clerk, and arranged them on the table in daddy's room. And beyond all, Coddie was permanent.

It had never occurred to Carol to wonder what would have happened to the world had Coddie not been permanent. Perhaps it had to Mr. Bonaparte. Perhaps that was why he was always so polite to her, poor man, walking lightly among his words with her, as a man (and a little ashamed of it) walking on tiptoe past a sleeping dog.

Mr. Bonaparte was of medium height, well set up, with fair hair and mustache waxed at the points, and blue eyes which had a way of widening abruptly sometimes, like the eyes of some people who suffer from the pangs of unadmitted maladies. At forty-one he had habitually a deep line which, springing from between his eyes, divided into dozens of creases all over his forehead, as fine as threads and as tangled as the hunting of the Wandering Jew. This wasn't always, to be sure. Sometimes his brow was as smooth as a boy's. Such were the times when Carol admired him most, and Coddie, knowing by the signs what was in the air, admired him least of all.

Coddie admired him most when she was seeing him most, that is, when there were but the three of them, and Mr. Bonaparte cleaved grimly to the apartment, and grew white of conscience and rumpled of soul and clothing, alternately tender and sharp with Carol, and (for once) defiantly spleenish with Coddie herself, till he was like a lean wolf

prowling the windows by day, and by night, in his slippers, the bedroom floor.

Carol admired him most when she was seeing him least. Not for more than scattered minutes in whole days. A "good morning" perhaps, and late in the morning too, after she had been brought back from her walk in Central Park or Kensington Gardens or along the Croisette or the Lido sands, and he still in bed, like all the princes charming of Coddie's tales rolled in one, with his brow smoothed out and an adventurous kindness in his big, blue, far-off eyes. And after that only in chance glimpses—daddy in the distance in High Street helping a lady into a motor car—daddy in a vista of the Casino gardens at tea with a lady under a striped umbrella—or after the lights were lit and Carol in her bed, a blur of daddy in the hallway in shining black and white and tails.

Oh, how splendid he was! It was queer: Carol was proud and jealous all in one. She wished she were dying, so he couldn't go but must stay and be distracted about her. Yet just as fiercely she wanted him to go—out where the clustered lights were and the admiring throngs. "Do look: who *is* that wonderful *man?*" . . . "But don't you know? You know the girl with the red-brown curls and the green jacket and gaiters—well, *that's her father!*" Between the two wants she wept, and often she would be asleep before she could make up her mind which one she was mostly weeping for. . . . And presently, one day, "I shouldn't be surprised," she would confide to Coddie, "if daddy were looking out for somebody for me—like a governess."

Why did Coddie make it sound so odd when she echoed, "I shouldn't be surprised."

So they weren't surprised when the trunks appeared in the rooms, and when daddy, as if he had been on the point of forgetting to mention it, called back from the door on his way to luncheon, "By the way, might just pack things up, you know; we're leaving for the south to-morrow" (or "for Scotland" or "for America"). Nor were they surprised when, arriving at the station, they found one seat in their compartment occupied by a lady, and the lady was Carol's governess.

Or in America, of course, it would be in the Pullman. That was where Miss Tolley was, in the bright low cave of the two seats and the berth made up above, and porters and other passengers stepping on one's heels, and Daddy with his face pressed to the window as if trying to think what he might have forgotten, while he said in the back of his mouth, "This is Miss Tolley, Carol. Miss Tolley is going to do some secretarial work for daddy down in Florida."

Miss Tolley was small and dark and quick and she had enthusiasms. She adored things. She adored the sea. She spent lots of time at Miami on the beach in an old-rose bathing costume, but she never went into the water. Coddie had funny ways of saying things to herself aloud. Later on she said to herself that daddy had "let the Tolley go" for just that—that she "never went into the water." . . . Miss Tolley liked perfumes.

Mrs. Kenyon did not like perfumes. She liked black coffee, black cigarettes, black Italian shawls, which was interesting, since she was so distinctly un-black herself, but all creamy and pale gold in the hot white Capri sun.

They were all different in little ways. Madame Dunaye disliked anything flavored with pistachio and wore a ribbon across her forehead to make it look wide and low, and she and Daddy went to the races.

Miss Flower was an English girl. Sometimes she grew red and at other times she cried. At the Manx Arms, where she was with them, she asked Coddie to let her have one of Carol's lesson books, and sometimes when people looked at her she would come and get Carol, and they would sit in the gardens and read together, much to Coddie's amusement later on. Miss Flower

wouldn't go near the water (though it wasn't like Miss Tolley—it was sadder). On the steamer all the way across to New York she would hardly look at the waves, and unless she was tramping the deck with daddy she was always hidden away somewhere inside, alone. Carol asked her why. Then she told Carol. "My father and my two brothers were fishermen. They were all lost at sea."

One night Miss Flower stole into the stateroom while Coddie was out. She got on her knees by Carol's berth and put her face in the blankets and sobbed. "Is it because you are frightened of being drowned?" Carol asked her.

Miss Flower was a slow, big, hale person, and there was a silk of down on the arms she flung around Carol suddenly, without a word.

"Or why then?" Carol persisted, feeling puzzled and responsible.

"Nothing! Nothing! Except that I —I—I *wish you were mine!*"

That's an odd kind of a governess.

Miss Flower wept too at the High Ridge House in the White Mountains. One night she wept nearly all night long. It must have been over something she and daddy were discussing late, for she was in daddy's room, where Carol could hear her sobbing. She could hear daddy too. Once she heard distinctly what he said. "You've got to be quieter, I *beg* of you, Clare! Good God! this isn't the Continent, remember—this is America." And once he too sobbed.

He took Carol for a long tramp next day. When they got back home to the High Ridge House Miss Flower was gone.

Times like that—just when someone was gone, and before daddy had begun to grow fidgetty—were the times above all that Carol loved. It didn't mean just the one tramp. There were dozens. Up hill and down dale, hand in hand, woods like Persian rugs where autumn was commencing, little clouds in the clear, and blue shadow-splashes; bootnails ringing on the rocks, Daddy in rough tweeds, a big brown pipe going, instead of so many cigarettes.

There was a hillside facing the sun, a field running down to a pine forest that, in its turn, ran down into a shining river. There was the ruin of a house, and on an outer corner of the old foundation they sat and let their legs hang over. And Carol began to feel queer.

"Old Girl," daddy was saying, "what are you going to remember about your dad? Whatever do you suppose you think you really think of him?"

Think? Oh, she couldn't *think*. Somehow, the way she loved him—the way she was thrilled by his bigness and kindness and handsome strength, so that sometimes she was almost scared to know that he was there with her, undivided, monopolized—somehow or other, it was more than she cared to tackle in words. There are times in the heart of woman when lightness is the only way out.

"I like," she said (though she was feeling queerer all the while) "the way your mustache does at the ends, like the lances knights level at dastard cravens." She squeezed his hand to make him understand this was whimsicality. "And I like the way this suit smells."

Daddy burst out laughing, twisting still tighter the mustache ends. "Ah, woman, woman!"

But then he stopped and his face grew red. After that it turned a greeny white, like the faces one sees in deck chairs. For a while he sat and hugged his knees. So he hadn't understood after all.

He said, "Old Girl, daddy needs something. Daddy needs people. Daddy's not much good in this world without —somebody."

Oh, but couldn't he *see?* Idiot! there were tear-drops in his eyes.

But now Carol was feeling queerer than ever.

"Daddy," she said before she knew it, "have we ever been here before?"

"Here?" He stared at her, blinking.

"No!" Then he looked down the pasture to the woods and river, and gave a sort of start. "I see what you mean."

If he saw what she meant, certainly Carol didn't.

"Daddy, listen to me. Was I ever—did I ever have a mamma?"

Daddy kept on looking steadily at the river. "By George, I see what you mean," he repeated to himself. He slid from the wall and put his hands up. "Come, jump." But *her* face was the funny color now. "Lord!" he said, "what's wrong? Tummy?"

That was it. Presently she was ill-and-up-with-it in a corner of the wall.

They laughed over it as they tramped back across the world. "What a silly thing to do!" . . . "What a perfectly!" Yet it was a little because they felt they had to. There was a change. That was the last of their walks just then.

Daddy went under again. Anyone could see how vilely he hated to. The looks he gave Carol sometimes! It was as if he were a wolf in a forest, but the forest was enchanted, and even while he prowled and growled his horridest he was all the while trying to tell one with his dumb eyes that he wasn't really a wolf at all but a prince under the spell of an evil sorcerer.

It was growing late in the season and the hotel was nearly empty, and there was nothing but the hotel in miles. Carol and Coddie discussed governesses.

"He'll hardly find one *here*," Carol decided, and Coddie concurred.

Bored! How bored daddy was! Not just yawning bored. It was a more positive thing; more like a disease he had to fight, and tried to fight, sometimes angrily and sometimes in dull despair. His trousers bagged at the knees and the ends of his mustache came undone. The hotel followed his mood; servants were laid off; the wooden corridors sounded hollower and hollower.

Then one morning Coddie, bringing up the mail, said to Carol, "Here they are." She meant the folders. Cunard, White Star, United Fruit, Royal Mail. Carol looked them over superficially, then turned to the letters, which it was her privilege to sort, Mr. Bonaparte's from Miss Eliza Codd's.

"Here's one for daddy from someone who's a doctor and who's at home. 'Doctor Kamp's Home!' Now isn't that too silly to put on the outside?"

Coddie was surprisingly impressed. Snatching the letter from Carol's hand and hiding it behind her, she hardened her eyes at the girl as though it were a crime she had been caught in. And within two minutes after she had taken the mail into daddy's room, here was daddy out in his pajamas.

"Codd, I want you to get the trunks packed immediately. I've this letter from—" He hesitated, more and more distracted. "Carol, Old Girl, will you run along down and play on the veranda for a while? Dash!"

Carol played on the veranda for a while, but she had nothing to play with and a while is rather indefinite. Returning to the rooms she heard Coddie saying, "Yes, Mr. Bonaparte, we're both right: *I* would *hardly* do."

And daddy, at his wit's end, "Well, how to manage? I suppose my best plan would be to wire the agency to send somebody down direct to 'The Pasture.'"

Carol felt things a good deal more than she knew things. She could feel a shadow coming before she could see it. All the way to the station in the hotel car that afternoon—she didn't know why—but it was dreadful. What made her cling so hard to Coddie's hand? And why was Coddie, who hadn't a cold, forever blowing her nose on the sly?

Why was it so queer when they got into the parlor car? There was no new governess there, but that wasn't the half; nor the hundredth. It happened just before the train started to move. Coddie bent of a sudden, dabbed a kiss on Carol's temple, cried, "Be a good girl, now, always," and in another wink there she was outside on the platform, waving, and the landscape was sliding, and daddy

and Carol were awkwardly all alone. . . .

It was late at night and it was a strange house, a strange room and a strange bed. Strangest of all was the getting to bed. The only one there was to preside over it was daddy (there were servants of sorts in the strange downstairs, but of course *they* wouldn't do), and daddy was bungling and distraught, and Carol was inept and distrait, and the whole affair was getting to be a dream which she wished she didn't have to have.

How could she ask where such a thing as her nighty was, when she couldn't ask where Coddie was? In ways it was quite as hard for daddy. With him it took the form of an embarrassment which grew with the child's numbness and dumbness, till it seemed he would have to yell and shake her if she persisted in it ten minutes more. This going on as if nothing had happened!

He did shake her presently, and gave her a fumbling kiss on top of her head, so that she couldn't see his face.

"Don't know what it's all about, do you, Old Girl? You'll be so happy, though, when you know the surprise."

"When is the surprise?" Her voice was as dead as dead.

"To-morrow."

"Is it Coddie?"

Daddy looked worse than exasperated; he looked hurt. Painstakingly, like one counting twenty before he spoke, he turned down the bed. Then he stared at the farther wall and said, "You're getting too old for simply a nurse now, Carol. To-morrow your regular governess will be here."

"Oh-h-h-h!"

Carol got in, pulled the covers to her chin, and lay quiet, studying him as he bent in circles picking up things that didn't need picking up.

"Oh-h-h-h! So-o-o-o! I see-e-e-e!"

Daddy jerked up, his face flaming.

"No, you *don't* see. And it's a *real* surprise—and can't you take daddy's word for it—and not look like that—and—go to sleep like a good girl?"

He rushed around. "Want a drink of water on your table? No?"

He vanished, and presently he was back again in triumph, bearing a kitten captured somewhere, a gray little creature with fluffy cheeks and pert eyes.

"Look! Isn't it cunning? Want to pet?"

"No, thank you."

Unfortunately the kitten had taken matters into its own paws. No sooner had daddy put it beside the pillow than it was gone under the covers, and no sooner was it curled in a lump on Carol's chest than it began to purr.

Carol would do nothing about it. Daddy stood and scratched his head.

"Well, I don't suppose it's at all the right thing. However—just to-night—" He sighed, opened the window, put out the light, and fled.

Carol lay and stared into the dark. "So-o-o-o. I see-e-e-e."

The first sob was hard to get up, the second was easier, and then the wild tears came. The ball in her arms wriggled in protest, not liking to be hugged so joltingly. . . . There, that was better.

Not since she could remember had Carol been in one place long enough to be allowed to have a pet. Kittens were amazingly soft and warm. As little by little the sobbing wore itself out, so did the purring. Neither kittens nor kids can stay awake forever.

Carol had a start when she awoke in the morning. It came back with a thump: "*Coddie isn't here.*" Then, hearing someone in the room, she turned her head, and for a wink she thought it was Coddie. The same square figure, a broad back, a head with a top-knot. But when the person turned it was a stranger.

Her name, she said, was Mrs. Lephant and, although it wasn't her fault Carol had mistaken her for Coddie, Carol hated her. It didn't help that Coddie would have cried "A *kitten* in *bed!*" and flung up her hands in just as holy a horror; no, somehow or other it wouldn't

have been the same. Nor would her "Up you get now, Carol: don't be a lazy thing!"

The thing that was hardest to bear, as Carol went about her dressing with averted eyes and heavy hands, was that daddy had told her a deliberate fib. "Too old for simply a nurse now." If that wasn't to say she wasn't to have a new nurse in poor Coddie's place, she didn't know what it was. Of course it never occurred to her that Mrs. Lephant might be the governess he had spoken of. Governesses don't have red wrists and grizzling hair; if Carol knew anything in the world at going-on-seven, she knew *governesses*.

When Carol looked out of her window she had another start. Last night, whirling up in the car, it had all been dark. Now the sunshine of the clear morning discovered to her eyes an oblique and rocky pastureland falling away to a pine wood, and at the foot of the wood the broad Connecticut.

"Come along to your breakfast, child; don't be lagging there."

Carol had felt queer once before. Was she going to have a "tummy" again?

Mrs. Lephant came treading back. There would need to be some discipline.

"Did you hear me, Carol, when I—Why, what ails the child?"

"Mrs. Lephant, I've been here before."

"Been here before? Gracious! It's your home, isn't it?"

"My—home?"

"I thought your papa told me you were born here. . . . Now whatever the game is, please leave it till after breakfast, my dear, and take my hand and come."

At breakfast, after a long time, Carol asked, "Where is my daddy?"

"He has gone out for a while. He didn't say when he would be back."

"Oh-h-h!" (It was true about the governess' coming then.) "I see-e-e."

That day of waiting was long and it was short. It was long on account of Coddie, who wasn't there, and of Mrs. Lephant, who was. It was short on account of the diverting way in which each new thing about the place was at very first glance familiar, and then, as soon as Carol had time to think about it, strange. And also on account of the kitten, whose name, the cook said, was Bubble.

Bubble was an irresponsible creature. It's the way of the world. Impetuously loved, profoundly depended upon, she seemed to take a perverse delight in maintaining her own poise and doing as she sweetly pleased. Here one moment, rubbing an arched back, cleaving softly, purring like incipient volcanoes and brightening the sun—another moment and Bubble was no more. Run here and call there as Carol might, with panic growing in her, Bubble was gone. Gone like Coddie and, perhaps, like Coddie, never to come again.

It wasn't until after lunch (still no daddy) that Carol discovered the wile of triumph. It might be a twig, but better it was a string with a crumple of paper tied at the end. Bubble was gone, was she? Forever? Well, then, forget Bubble! Go about your business doing as *you* sweetly please. Prowl, explore. Craning at the eaves high overhead, where, in and out of the gingerbread frettings, birds wheeled with tiny whistling sounds, wonder what it can be that makes the heart stop, trying to remember—what? Or all of a sudden, scouting along a path between high barberry walls, *know* that there is a gravelly circle and a bird-bath at the farther end of it, and begin to run—and plop! Tug! —there's Bubble, dropped from heaven, battling at the crumple of paper dragging quite forgotten in the rear, as if Bubble had never been away.

Once it was nearly disastrous. On the side toward the valley the garden was built up, the stone wall of the terrace falling away ten feet at least to the pasture's rocky ground. It was just here that the kitten exploded from a clump of rhododendrons, and Carol, turning her eyes at the tug, saw the gray

fluff teetering after the paper along the giddy edge, at a perilous balance and apt at any breath to lose it and go tumbling away to break her neck.

Carol stopped, her heart stopped, her hand froze. Prickles climbed her spine. She was afraid to breathe, but she had to breathe to whisper:

"Mrs. Lephant—where are you?"

"I'm right here, child. Why?"

"Call Bubble a-a-way fr-from there. G-g-get another string and dr-dr-drag it—Oh, she *will* fall off!"

Mrs. Lephant dared disaster by laughing out loud. "Why, my dear child, *cats* don't fall. They never do. And even if they did—See!"

With a swoop almost as quick as a cat's Mrs. Lephant caught Bubble by the scruff and held her at arm's length, squirming in terror of the abyss. Then leaning down and out over it, before Carol could so much as gasp, she had opened her fingers and let the kitten fall.

"There, you see? It doesn't matter how a cat is dropped, it *always* lands right side up. See, though! Why, Carol! don't look at me so!"

Carol hazarded one eye over. When she saw that Bubble wasn't dead, but bouncing off along the foot of the wall with a tail as big as indignation, she stopped being faint. She sprang up. She towered, pink with fury.

"Mrs. Lephant, I want you to know right square now I think you're a—a—"

But she was a well-brought-up girl, and it does tell. Appalled, she wheeled and ran as fast as she could run away. Mrs. Lephant called after her, but Carol would have cut off her ears before they would have heard. Tears blinded her, she crashed into plantings, scratched her legs on thorns, and hid in a deep hedge of lilacs, cowering down in the leaf-shadow, so that that woman should never find her till the world's end.

Bubble found her though. Together they thought their thoughts of hate.

Someone was walking on the drive outside the hiding-place. When Carol had decided it couldn't be the Lephant she dared one peep. It was a lady.

Something turned over with a flop in the middle of the child's insides. "But I—I *know* her!" But then, as with all the other things, "Do I?" How could she, when she couldn't remember ever having seen her till this day.

The lady's eyes were fixed on the house and she walked like a laggard, perhaps because there were others coming behind. She had slightly wavy chestnut hair, laid back as smoothly as it would go from her temples and over her ears. Her face was pale but it was handsome. By that, and by her slender, prettily clad figure and her silk stockings and high-heeled shoes, Carol knew her of a sudden for what she was. She was the new governess.

Slowly, still intent on the house before her, she passed out of the spy-gap in the leaves. Daddy moved into it, conversing with a gentleman with black whiskers and a gold-rimmed pince-nez. Coming to a halt just there, daddy's voice dropped to almost nothing. "Doctor," he said, "I want—God knows how deeply I want to thank you. And I hope to Heaven it's going to be—"

The other coughed, like people who are embarrassed by being thanked.

"I hope so, too. And, Bonaparte, I believe so. I shouldn't have written you unless, by every test I know, I'd been convinced."

"Well?" Daddy's eyes went after the vanished governess. He now seemed the embarrassed one. "Well, Doctor—you won't stay, eh? Overnight?"

"I don't think it's best. I'll call you up first thing in the morning—or better—I'll drop around. Yes, I'll do that. Good-by, Bonaparte. And good luck!"

There was the sound of a motor near at hand getting up its appetite. Both men blew their noses. Carol slid out the other way, quiet as an Indian, and made for the farthest corner, where was the house that held the garden tools.

Governesses were always bad enough.

But *this* one! And Daddy blowing his nose with strangers! And Mrs. Lephant! "Bubble!" she wailed, "where, oh where is Coddie gone?"

But before Bubble could even begin to answer, a shadow around the tool-house corner was followed by the hurrying Lephant in the flesh.

"Where *have* you been, child? Come along directly and see your mamma."

Carol was so flustered that she did go along, suffering tugs at her frock here and dabs at her hair there, and had got almost to the steps of the veranda before her reason came back. Then she balked. Escaping Mrs. Lephant's hand, she stood off and looked at her from beneath wise brows, precisely as Coddie might have done it, with a nipped-in, faintly alkaline smile.

"But you see, Mrs. Lephant, it *isn't* my mamma. People are *always* making just exactly mistakes like that."

When even daddy assured Carol that it was her mamma, and when the lady herself, waiting near the mantle in the big double-bayed living room, stretched out her arms a little stiffly, as if it hurt her, and was nothing of a sudden but hands and two huge dark eyes, it was more than Carol could deal with on such short notice. She felt like a stick and she acted like a stick.

It was an idea to be gone at slowly. It's doubtful if even Atlas could lift a new world without working up to it. Perhaps the lady didn't realize.

If only Coddie could have been there. Thank Heaven! Bubble was . . .

It would have been easier if they could all have settled down to it quietly; simply have taken three big easy chairs there in the living room, and sat, and sat, and looked one another over, as much as to say, "Well, now, let's see." But they couldn't. None of them seemed to be able to stay still. First it was outdoors to look at the plantings; then it was upstairs, going through the chambers; then out again to look at the sunset beyond the hills.

Daddy was the worst in a way. When he wasn't breathing very hard, he wasn't breathing at all; when he wasn't going red he was just getting over being red. It was worse than governesses had ever been—he was so anxious that everything should be precisely right for mamma—now a footstool for her feet; now a hand to help her over an inch-high culvert in the garden walk; again a, "Sha'n't I run bring you out a scarf, Stacia?" or a "Come, dear, sit down for a moment and rest." His blue eyes, always a little helpless, seemed permanently dilated, as one's eyes will be when there's a gun that may go off any minute or a bubble that may burst. And he talked a lot.

Mamma was quite different. Her quietude (even though she was forever on the move) was extraordinary. It was almost like sleep-walking, it seemed to Carol, and so it startled her, every time mamma took her hand, to find the fingers that closed on hers were as tight as twisted wires and trembling with a slight but very rapid pulse. Carol wished they wouldn't. She wished that the dark brown eyes, whenever they came roving after her, wouldn't turn so abruptly and so inkily black. It made her shy, and the thing she was trying most to do was to get over being shy.

Oh, if only she could act like herself, like the Carol she and daddy and Coddie knew! If only she could charge, arms wide, engulf this mamma in a great hug, and cry passionately as the wonder rushed up from her heart, "I love you, and you're so beautiful, and you're my mamma, and my own, forever and ever—promise me you are!"

But because she was shy she had always to hang back. She had to make believe to be interested in nothing on earth but the kitten that tumbled across the garden at the end of her string. She had to pretend it was secrets, when it was only "She's my own, my really mamma!" that she whispered over and over into Bubble's ear till the creature was nearly frantic with the tickle, and the lovely lady smiled.

It was when they were out for the sunset that mamma smiled. She stopped dead still and flashed a look at the child, knee-deep with Bubble in a thicket of old snapdragon stalks. She started to speak, then closed her lips tight, and wound her fingers into her palms, as people do who are very nervous at hotels in Italy. Then she smiled, and it was a funny, slow, thin smile, and she said in a tone playfully wistful on top and something mysteriously else beneath, "I wish *I* had a string, little daughter. Would you be my little kittie then, and—and—play with me?"

Carol was allowed to stay down to dinner at table that evening, and if there had been any doubts left, that would have settled it. One doesn't stay down to dine with governesses.

It was wonderful. There were candles on the table, tall ones, whose fat flames wavered softly in miniature in silver and crystal and china such as Carol had never seen in all the hotels in the world. They wavered in daddy's eyes too, and in mamma's: they must have been in Carol's own; the three faces and mamma's neck and daddy's shirt-front were bright, and all was gloom behind.

There was a pale wine in glasses. Daddy lifted his and leaned forward.

"Stacia?"

Mamma was like a lady, Carol decided, sitting in a crystal tower. He had to speak again before she heard and lifted her glass to clink on his.

Daddy's trembled a little. "Here's to—God bless all of us, Stacia."

Mamma sipped and said nothing. When one came to think of it, mamma had said nothing all that afternoon, or nearly nothing. It was always daddy.

"Stacia," he went on, musing at his glass, a twisty smile about his lips that was both sad and gay, "I was never built for—for going it alone. I'm not the lone wolf. I feel as if I'd been through—" He shook himself, bright tear drops starting. "Never mind! I feel as if I'd come back to life to-day!"

What mamma felt she didn't say. Dreaming down at the fires in her wine-glass, perhaps she was thinking of nothing at all as she twirled the stem of it idly in the fingers of her left hand, somnambulist still.

Carol couldn't help bouncing (it was a mercy she didn't gasp out loud) when she felt the *other* hand coming through the darkness under the table. She would have liked to get her own two quickly in safe sight above the cloth, but it was so weird somehow, and she was so confused, she didn't know what to do. And then it was too late; the unseen thing that searched had come to her fingers and slid around them, swift as whips and tight as tentacles.

Carol had never been so abashed in her life. It was really more like terror. Of course it wouldn't have been anything at all if the others at table had known about it. But daddy didn't seem to, and no more did mamma, sitting there above the serene white damask (miles and miles away) in her tower of glass. And it wasn't just that it was clandestine, that subterranean grasp: it wasn't even a grasp, but more like a grab, a static violence, gradually tightening.

"I'm going to do lots of things now, Stacia," daddy was musing. "I'm going to buy back into the firm, and I'm going—" From mamma's face his eyes came abruptly to Carol's. "Why, Carol, Old Girl, what's wrong?"

Carol swallowed, and was red. "N-n-nothing. Really and tr-tr-truly."

In a panic she averted her eyes. She peered busily into the shadows in the corners. "Only I—I am a—a little worried about Bub-Bubble. I wonder where Bub-Bub-Bubble is."

There! If only she had thought of that sooner. Under the table the grab had suddenly ungrabbed and flown away, and almost in the same wink of time mamma, come out of her tower, was smoothing with her right hand a wisp of her lovely chestnut hair. She appeared to have rediscovered Carol.

"Bubble is the kitten?" she asked,

smiling the same funny, slow, thin smile she had used once before.

Daddy laughed. "Yes, and kittens aren't allowed in dining rooms, Old Girl."

In the living room, after dinner, with Mrs. Lephant waiting rather sniffily in the doorway (for after all, she was a governess, not a nurse), Carol was allowed to bid her parents good-night. For the first time in her career and for no known reason, she shook hands gravely with her father. Then she turned with a kind of shiver of stage fright to deal with the other one.

On the flare-backed couch before the new fire in the chimney mamma half reclined, obliquely, one knee over the other, one elbow up and a hand supporting her head, which was tilted a little so, like a bird's in half-preoccupied interrogation. There was a perfume about her that Carol had never known or dreamed of—as if it weren't of earthly flowers—exquisitely faint. Scent and sight worked backwards with Carol. A lovely fragrance made her eyes film; to make her nostrils dilate it took an entrancing vision, like the soft flames running and playing in mamma's hair.

The eyes in the face that was more beautiful in its set pallor than all the roses in the world were turning blacker and blacker as the seconds ticked. Carol felt herself being intoxicated. In the "V" of Mamma's gown she saw the hollow of the white bosom beginning, and it came to her that what she wanted fiercely was to lay her head there, her cheek and temple, and press tight. On the hidden side of her, lying on the couch in the shadow her crossed knees threw, mamma's other hand was moving. Carol saw it in a corner of her eye, the long fingers coiling and uncoiling restlessly.

"I hope you sleep very well indeed, mamma," she heard herself saying. "Good-night, mamma."

But then her feet were glued, not knowing how to go. Bubble saved her. When she saw the kitten cleaving to a table-leg and making her eyes green she managed a gasp of joy and skipped.

"Now, child!" Mrs. Lephant called from the doorway.

But Carol had to catch that kitten first. She had to fall on her knees and hug her, kiss her on the whiskers and blow into her ear a "Don't you think she is beautiful, Bubble; don't you think she's darling; don't we love her almost to *death?*" Otherwise she would have had to burst with a rubbery shriek, like an over-blown balloon.

In the hall Mrs. Lephant said, "Now drop your kitty, that's a good girl."

"Mightn't I have her just a little—just a weency-weency while?"

"Up-stairs! What an idea! Bedrooms are no place for animals, not at night. Neither are houses. They're much better off outdoors."

"Oh, but Mrs. Lephant—you—wouldn't! You couldn't! She'd *freeze!*"

"Cats? What do you suppose they've fur for? Let her down; that's right. Scat, kitty; I'll tend to you later. Take Mrs. Lephant's hand now, my dear."

Carol couldn't go to sleep. The tighter she closed her eyes the wider she was awake. A procession of "she's" ramped through her mind. With venomous sarcasm: "She seems to know a great deal about cats!" With a surge of the heart: "She *wanted* me to put my head there in her neck; I *know* she did! She loves me. To-morrow—Oh, to-morrow!" With a guilty, almost forgotten hollow feeling: "I wonder if she has gone to be some other girl's nurse, now I've a mamma and she can't be mine." And with a sudden eye on the window, wide open and blue-green-black and chill: "She *hasn't* enough fur; I don't care! If she *doesn't* freeze, she'll catch her death. Oh, dear!"

It was at the same time ironic and tragic. For the first time with so many responsibilities, for the first time there was no one in reach to share them with. The room grew as big as the house, the house grew as empty as the whole black outdoors; the time grew hours.

Then came temptation and the fall.

At first it was creepy, like burglars. No door had been opened, but some one or some thing was in that room. Whether she heard it or simply felt it, she didn't know: she only knew she mustn't stir and mustn't open her eyes.

When she flopped over and popped open her eyes, Bubble said "Prrraouw" from the window-sill, where she was busy tidying herself after her trouble with the woodbine by which she had come. Presently, vanishing in lower darkness, she arrived on the bed with a thump.

Carol was firm. "You wicked! You heard what Mrs. Lephant said as well as I did." Bubble rubbed, filling the lecturer's face with fluff. Carol sat bolt up for authority. As she did so Bubble took advantage of the lifted coverlet, dived beneath, whipped into a fat knot, and began to purr.

Carol sat and thought.

"Mrs. Lephant thinks she knows everything, but she doesn't know as much as daddy. She says Bubble shouldn't be here, but last night daddy said—"

She curled back into the warm place under the covers and got hold of the kitten. Thinking of that window (it's much more dangerous to go down vines than up them—and no matter what Mrs. Lephant thought she knew about cats), she got still better hold, her arms double all the way around.

It was the light that awakened her, falling through an open door. She would have said it must be nearly morning, but it wasn't, for daddy and mamma were just coming up to bed. Daddy was in the doorway and mamma was near the bed.

"Is she sleeping?" Daddy asked in a low voice.

"I don't know." It was hardly above a whisper, in case. "Carol, dear?"

Carol, peering through sleepy lashes at her there, felt all the things she had felt in the whole of the day in one lump now, and the lump was in her throat. There was something that ravished her in that silhouette of a mother, the shoulders bent a little and the head held still, like hovering. Carol needn't wait till to-morrow after all to fling up and cry, "Mamma! I love you, and I'm glad."

She would have done it that moment, had something dreadful not occurred. She wasn't the only one awakened. Bubble stretched under the bed-clothes and began automatically to purr. It rumbled, nothing less.

There was no time to plan. Carol opened her mouth and snored. She never snored; she didn't even know how to snore; but she snored.

Mamma hadn't moved. Or if she had, it was only her neck and head, by a fraction of an inch, and so swiftly that nobody would have known. Like an Indian in the dark when his brother touches him for "Did you hear?"

Had she heard? Carol snored in despair. Oh, *had* she heard?

Daddy reiterated his question from the door, but with another emphasis, of mirth, "*Is* she *sleeping?*"

"One would think so, wouldn't one?"

Mamma turned like a shadow, stiffly but without a sound, and moved away toward the bright rectangle where daddy was waiting, one arm crooked out and a smile trembling about his lips and eyes.

The door was closed and it was dark again. Thank Heaven, Bubble Bonaparte! They were both young in crime yet, and it had been a pretty narrow squeak.

It was late when Carol awoke in the morning; it wasn't indeed until Mrs. Lephant came; and it was a clear warm day full of sun. Still blinking, Carol pawed about under the covers. Then she lay suddenly as still as scared mice and studied Mrs. Lephant out of the corners of her eyes.

"Mrs. Lephant," she began in a small voice, when the woman wouldn't stop her bustling and wouldn't end the suspense by opening her mouth (providing, of course, that she *knew*).

"Yes, child, what is it? Why don't you get up as I told you?"

"Mrs. Le-Lephant, you—you didn't —you haven't seen anything of my—of Bubble—this morning?"

"If you're still talking about that cat, no, I haven't. And now if I have to speak again—"

But Carol had to lie one more moment, staring at that open window. "The little monkey!" she thought to herself with what tried to be amusement.

She was wild to get out of doors. Tugging at the monitor's hand on the way down to breakfast she attempted stratagems. "I don't seem to be very hungry this morning, Mrs. Lephant. Must I eat breakfast, please?"

She wouldn't take even the Lephant's look for answer, but appealed from it to daddy, who was just getting up from his coffee and eggs. Daddy laughed. "You sit down there and cram!"

"Where's mamma?" Carol inquired in a smaller tone.

"Not up yet, the lazy. I'm sending her a tray; imagine that!" He was full of animation. All his motions were big, even the way he filled his pipe. "This is the life! eh, Old Girl? Now gobble. It's no day to be inside."

Carol got a piece of string from the maid and a piece of paper from a basket and set forth. She tried the east side of the grounds. "Kittikittikitti—" She combed the cover as far as the tool-house there and cast back along the front hedge toward the drive, bare-headed in the sunshine. Daddy stood talking with the doctor of yesterday.

"A bit nervous and quiet last evening —but she slept like an angel, Doctor, and this morning she looks like one. Doctor—I think it's a go."

Failing in the east, Carol trailed her bait into the south, the back-yard region, where the land began to slope and the outbuildings were. She didn't go to the valley side till the last. She wouldn't, that was all.

She didn't make a sound for a full half-minute after her eyes had found Bubble in the long grass. But when she did, it brought Daddy around the corner at the double, and the doctor behind.

"What is it, Carol? Oh, I see. Oh, poor kitty! *Isn't* that a *shame!*"

"The old *fool!*"

It rasped Carol's throat. It was rage. Grief hadn't had time as yet.

Daddy stared at her. "Who's a fool?"

"Mrs. Lephant. She is! She t-t-told me a k-k-kitten couldn't hurt itself f-f-falling."

"Where'd Bubble fall from?" Daddy craned up. "That your window there?"

Now the sobs began to rack and the tears to roll.

"It wasn't Bu-Bu-Bubble's fault. She came to bed with me—but—bu-but *I* let her st-stay. And of course she wanted to g-g-get up early—and the doors were sh-shut—and she sl-sl-slipped on the v-v-vine and— Oh, daddy!"

Daddy caught her up in his arms. His attention, though, was curiously divided, more than half of it still fixed on the gray little body in the grass.

"It's odd," he mused, "but I didn't suppose, myself—" He spoke aloud to the doctor, who had bent to prod with a professional finger. "Neck broken, is it?"

"Broken, yes." The doctor snapped his own neck back of a sudden to look up at Carol's window, but nothing was there. "Broken, yes." His lips moved in a funny way. "I'm afraid a little worse than broken, Bonaparte. *Wrung.*"

Somewhere aloft someone was laughing. It was low but unmuffled and pure, wandering, softly jubilating, soliloquizing, a little sarabande of mirth.

Carol couldn't help it, she shook her hands at the high windows. "Mamma, no! . . . Oh, daddy, but poor mamma, she won't laugh when we—when we t-t-tell her—that."

Daddy, getting his face in another direction, carried Carol away, while the doctor lingered a moment to break a bit of brush down over the place where Bubble lay. . . .

If yesterday had been upsetting, it was as nothing to to-day. Carol was too prostrate with woe even to try to make it all out. Trunks, bags, boys on bicycles arriving and departing with yellow telegrams, everybody in a hurry, everything in a mess, Mrs. Lephant going about with a flounce and a sniffle, mamma still invisible, still a lazy, Carol guessed.

It wasn't till Carol and daddy were in the station-taxi that afternoon that a suspicion of the possible truth came into the child's head.

"Daddy, it wasn't so, after all. I mean, it was all a—a kind of a joke—or I mean a kind of fooling. She *was* a governess, after all?"

Daddy sat and stared at the driver's back. Something distressing had happened to his shoulders between the morning and now. To his color too. It couldn't have been worse if he had been suffering one of his conscientious bored-spells for weeks and months; no, it couldn't have been so bad. It made Carol uneasy. She got hold of his hand.

"She *was* a governess, daddy, *wasn't* she?"

Daddy's gray-looking mouth moved with difficulty. "I suppose we might as well call it—why, yes, Carol, yes. And now—it wasn't long—we'll just forget."

On the platform at the little station, where the train was coming at them with a rush and roar, Carol got hold of his fingers again and tugged.

"Where are we going—this time?"

Daddy stared at the engine. He seemed distraught. He got the question mixed up with the answer he must have meant to give.

"Where are we going," he echoed, "this time?"

A wild wish was trying to dare to spring in Carol's heart. She quit tugging and began to stroke the wooden fingers she held.

"Daddy, couldn't we—daddy, mightn't we, don't you suppose—"

But she didn't need to finish. As the coaches rocked by to a grinding halt her eyes had caught a flicker of a face.

Carol shrieked.

"*Daddy! Coddie is on this train!*"

IN TIME OF CONFUSION

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

IN THE United States millions of honest and otherwise intelligent people are still living intellectually in the nineteenth century. Their bodies are in the twentieth century, their appetites are satisfied by its devices, but their minds obstinately refuse to admit either the existence or the necessity of a new era.

The advance agents of a new and different twentieth century cried "wolf" too often. Everything novel and naughty and sensational in the eighteen nineties was called "*fin de siècle*," and in nineteen hundred we rubbed our eyes and looked about to see what the new world of the twentieth century was really like. It was just the same. Books were the same. Morals were the same. Again in 1914, when the war began, and on to 1918, every writer with a bent toward philosophy—and all non-combatants were philosophic in these days—said and repeated that the world would never be the same again; yet by 1920 it was unchanged in fundamental ideas, although in customs much the worse.

Nevertheless, the real end of the century had stolen in quietly in the meantime. It is marked sharply enough now to an observer by the emergence in both life and literature of an eager desire to get rid of old conventions and come to a new grip with the reality behind appearance. We remember, as we look back, that Bernard Shaw, who was a major prophet of change for the English-speaking peoples, had warned us of the coming revolution; but the alteration of values which began between 1908 and 1912 swept far beyond his little group of intellectuals. It had arrived in literature before 1914, as anyone can discover to his satisfaction by reading John Masefield, H. G. Wells, Edgar Lee Masters, Robert Frost, Arnold Bennett, or Amy Lowell. The war, which hastened decay in weak things and development in strong, was a powerful accelerator in the value of the new ideas. But it did not cause the change; it was change.

And now those who have gained or retained in middle age some sharpness of perception must realize that they have been swung round the curve of a century. They are not yet perhaps in the full twentieth century, but they breathe its air. They breathe its air which stirs up strange sensations in the spirit, the nature of which they often mistake. Their minds often lag behind their senses, and the alterations in manners, morals, æsthetics, family relations, religion, and especially the manifestations of all this unrest in literature, which are visible everywhere, are charged to the war, to decadence, to barbarism, to perversity, to Bolshevism, to everything but the real cause, which is that we have entered new times that have brought new minds with them.

Imagine the meeting of an intelligent European of the naïve Middle Ages with a Chinese philosopher who had a thousand years of sophistication behind him. Granted that they could talk together in some intermediate tongue, nevertheless, they would not have used the same language. Ideas, beliefs, customs, hopes would be so different that each would persistently misunderstand the other in everything but the barest elements of

living. The thing happened to Marco Polo, and his famous book of travels, in spite of the accuracy of his observations, proves that in all his years in Cathay he never learned to distinguish between the culture of a parvenu Mongol living in Chinese luxury and the genuine Chinese civilizations. The Chinese liked peace and the Mongols didn't—that was about as far as he discriminated.

The same thing, on a different scale of course, is happening to-day, and it accounts for many unpleasant twinges of human nature. The old and the new are arguing together and they do not speak the same language. The bitterness of Fundamentalism, the split over Prohibition, the reckless libertinism of the current stage and current books, honest men defending what seems to others to be indecency in literature, intelligent readers completely confused by works of art that are declared by their authors to be true pictures of the times—all this indicates a conflict in minds which has got to be understood before we so much as take sides. There is no use in arguing over morality, or art, or literature, or happiness until both parties to the discussion understand what each means by the terms they use. I say a book is moral when my opponent calls it immoral. We may both be right according to the meaning which we severally put upon morality, in which case our argument should not be over the book, which we may both agree is finely written, but over morality. The Scopes case was tragi-comedy from beginning to end. One side argued for faith, the other for science, and neither seemed to have any conception of what his enemy was defending. We need the services of such "straighteners" as Samuel Butler described in his *Erewhon* who straightened the warped minds that were the cause of evil in the state.

II

I propose to stick to literature, which is a good clearing-house for a discussion of this kind because a book is a book and stands there to be argued about, whereas opinions waver in every wind of doctrine. When the real *fin de siècle* came a different spirit entered into literature, which still remains and still seems modern. It was about this time that what we now call the Fundamentalists' conceptions of life and the universe, upon which English literature of the nineteenth century had largely been based, began visibly to disintegrate in many important places under the impact of applied science. New books that were really new were built upon different—not necessarily upon better—ideas. There is as sharp a contrast between a play of Shaw or a novel of Wells and a story of Kipling or a novel by Trollope, as between *Pilgrim's Progress* and Congreve's "Way of the World," or Dr. Johnson's *Rasselas* and Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound." Basic assumptions have changed, and the books have changed with them.

I do not mean in style, although that, of course, changed too. I mean in that philosophy of the unphilosophic mind which we call attitude toward life. I mean in conceptions of conduct and duty, in hopes and fears. It was about this time that the new realistic poetry of Masefield, Frost, Amy Lowell began to lavish imagination on themes that seemed shockingly unpoetical to lovers of the nineteenth century. It was about then that Hardy with his pessimistic determinism was accepted as the great English novelist of the period. It was about then that Conrad's unsentimental romance caught our imagination. It was about then that the stage swung from fantasy toward sophisticated, satiric realism; and Disillusion took the place of the Deity as the solution of dramatic conflict. Nothing has happened in English literature since that is really new except an increase of nationalism in America and a slant toward cynical irony in England. At this fateful period success suddenly came to those who sought a new reality.

They got through to the public, and my readers will themselves remember the disturbing quality of Shaw's plays, the crass excitement of H. G. Wells' earlier novels, the remarkable transformation of that grim Scandinavian Ibsen from a joke into a portent. All good readers went through the experience, and readers of every kind have been let down into the new reality in some fashion since. Some of them liked it and more did not. Some of them realized that the books they were reading were based upon premises which differed widely from the Victorian code; others never saw that a different spirit was infusing itself in literature, but thought that the new generation was writing badly and should be scolded.

We who are now middle-aged were brought up on the old, and still love it, yet read the new. We at least should be able to forget controversy and note what actually has happened. Thackeray was dead before we were born, but we, at least, do not call *Vanity Fair* obsolete. Meredith wrote *Diana of the Crossways* in 1885, and was regarded, by us, even in 1900, as a little ahead of his time. Kipling came to fame in the 'nineties, and was the hero of reading youth until the change of taste in the second decade of the twentieth century. I do not propose to discuss the literary qualities or the particular ideas of these excellent fictionists. What is interesting for this discussion are the truths that they in common with their age assumed to be obvious. What they accepted without question may be taken as the fundamentals of their period. If these differ from the bases of modern literature then we cannot complain if modern literature is different.

Thackeray was sure of a moral system in the universe that coincided with the judgment of good men. Those worldlings of his in *Vanity Fair*, who were meant to give his readers a horrid shiver, do not themselves doubt that the wicked will be punished, unless caution and safe incomes enable them to turn good before it is too late. But an adventuress who tries to beat that game is doomed. Becky Sharp cannot play safe; she has to be predatory because there is an irreconcilable conflict between her personality and the environment which she needs for self-expression. She succeeds by sinning, and Thackeray points out the awful moral of her decay.

We thought in those early days that *Vanity Fair* was cynical because, I suppose, of the too evident fact that a wicked charming woman was the most valuable personality in the drama, and stupid people, like Dobbin and Amelia, summed up all the virtue in the piece. Few modern women would call it, I think, anything but sentimental, and few sociologists would accept its conclusions at all. If Becky was immoral, so the twentieth century would say, the society that suppressed her was guiltier still. Hers was a tragedy, not of morals, but of frustrated brains. Not so Thackeray. For him, God's in his Heaven and, although all is not right with the world, nevertheless, a woman who interferes with the system in order to express her personality will be dealt with before the other sinners. The vast question of social responsibility out of which Galsworthy made his *Forsyte Saga* is no question at all for Thackeray. He does not so much as speculate on what would be the theme of a modern novel.

George Meredith was a modernist in his day, supposed to be beyond and ahead of the earthlings of his time. The once famous preface to *Diana of the Crossways*, regarded in 1900 as an intelligence test for intellectuals, may be remembered by the archæologically minded. He was a feminist almost before feminism:

> The position [of a woman under breath of scandal] . . . asks for more than justice from men, for generosity, our civilization not being yet of the purest. That cry of hounds at her disrobing by Law is instinctive. She runs and they give tongue; she is a creature of the chase. Let her escape unmangled,

it will pass in the record that she did once publicly run, and some old dogs will persist in thinking her cunninger than the virtuous which never put themselves in such positions, but ply the distaff at home. Never should the reputation of a woman trail a scent! How true! and true also that the women of wax-work never do; and that the women of happy marriages do not; nor the women of holy nunneries; nor the women lucky in their arts. It is a test of the civilized to see and hear, and add no yapping to the spectacle.

Diana, softer yet even more brilliant than Becky, is a victim of her own fiery spirit which beats and burns against the cage of convention. She is ruined by scandal, saved by one who believes that she is moral whatever the color of her acts. This is, if you please, modern; yet Meredith never questions the law, never questions the intention of God to make fine women virtuous; his tragedy is always of a "*forte et belle*" soul who, wishing well, is tangled in circumstance. If there had been no rigidly moral universe there would have been no drama. Let Diana once say, I have a right to leave my intolerable husband, and let society agree with her, and poof! the whole story is gone. But this society which was so cruel to the woman who arouses the sexual in man, so cruel to the youth of Richard Feverel and the beauty of Diana Warwick seeking expression, is fixed for Meredith, and attractive in its fixity. He accepts its moral code as he accepts its aristocratic social laws as something so comfortably stable that sarcasm for the one and irony for the other are but glosses on an accepted text. A horse or a dog cannot be too finely bred for the fine society that Meredith, the tailor's son, so dearly loved, but let a woman be too witty, too beautiful, too energetic, too ravishing, and she has to pay, can be saved only by finding some honest fellow who will lead her out of the arena. Could any enlightened novelist, writing after 1910, write upon a theme like that?

Kipling was never much interested in women. Men were his darlings, and particularly one type of the male. This was a "he-man" of the "red-blooded" type, afterward taken over by the American movies, though with much slurring of the original traits. Kipling's man, of course, was one of the by-products of the imperialistic idea, and really lived in the imagination of the English public school. In life, whatever his true psychology, he talked somewhat like Kipling's hero and acted in character often enough to justify the great tradition of the British empire. Realism, however, does not concern us; the question is, what Kipling and Kipling's man thought to be so indisputably true as not to need defense.

This writer, who was at first accused of being brutal and who has never been accepted as their exponent by the governing class of England, was, nevertheless, the last powerful writer of fiction to make his plots turn upon the definition of a gentleman. Indeed, most of those brilliant stories which we read with such excitement a score and more years ago are lessons in the code of what Kipling meant by a gentleman. In *The Jungle Books* he learns how to be stoical, how to be fair, how to be modest, how to be aggressive; in *Kim* he gets the same education, plus a respect for (it is impossible to say a comprehension of) religion. The beauty of holiness in the old lama is to be protected by the strong; but of course a gentleman does not have to be religious. In a hundred short stories Kipling applies the public-school code, which says *noblesse oblige* and *honi soit qui mal y pense* and *Do and Dare* and *The White Man's Burden* and *The Lord helps those who help themselves* and *Self-Knowledge, Self-Respect, and Self-Control*, and the other precepts which were left out of the Sermon on the Mount, which was not written for this kind of gentleman.

Racial superiority is another item, a very particular kind of superiority based upon organizing power and upon character, by which Kipling means, not

intelligence or spirituality, but the ability to hold fast to duty. And what does he mean by duty? Loyalty to the principles of an orderly life on the orderly English model described above. For these he is willing to have his men fight, to have them crush recalcitrant peoples, to sacrifice themselves. That is being a gentleman. It is the morality of a man's world, specifically of an English public-school world in which a very large section of the universe is entirely unrepresented, and it is just as fixed as Thackeray's moral order for the sexes, or Meredith's conception of a social order in which abnormal personalities like Diana get into trouble. All this Kipling takes for granted as the philosophy by which one lives.

III

I am not, strange as it may seem to the new inverted puritans who think that all their fathers' thoughts are musty, raising a question as to the rightness or wrongness of the fundamental assumptions which underlie these books, as fundamental assumptions underlie all books. Nor am I pretending to do more than hit off in the briefest terms some of the life-philosophy of the last century. It is enough for the purpose of this essay to reveal these convictions—call them prejudices if you wish—unquestioned and indestructible beneath the creative imagination, as firm and fundamental as the ultimate granite beneath a modern office building. Nor does the question of art properly enter. We used to think of Kipling as the prime romanticist, but in some of his stories the top dressing of romance begins to wash off and the Ideals of the British Empire to shoulder through. The Chinese, one supposes, would regard *The Jungle Books* or *Puck of Pook's Hill* as propaganda for the white race, imperialism, and pugnacity. They are, of course, propaganda, but so is *Pilgrim's Progress*, and this does not necessarily affect the literary value of the work. As for Thackeray and Meredith, if some moderns have come to disbelieve in the psychological soundness of their social system when applied to an industrialized world, they will nevertheless accept their hypotheses when they read their books, as we all accept the Greek idea of fate and the Greek family conventions when we read the great tragedies. It is the confident assumptions that are significant for this study, and the outstanding fact that the serene trust of those who lived and wrote with a planned and plotted world steady beneath their feet has not survived the new century which began just before the war. Or rather the habit of trust in the old regulations has survived with some and the ability to trust them departed from others: hence our present confusion.

What, for example—to turn toward our own age—is John Galsworthy sure of? His *Forsyte Saga* is essentially a story of changing generations. Soames Forsyte is, so far, its chief figure, and what is Soames but the instinctive Englishman, honest but greedy, predatory, realistic to a degree, not troubling about any morality beyond what expediency calls for, but tenacious of his rights which include the right to live in an orderly, well-behaved London. He is, in fact, the elemental essence from which Kipling's gentleman is built, but more genuine and stronger. But even Soames' tenacity cannot solve the younger generation. His daughter's idea of right is not his; his son-in-law envies his stoic consistency but does not know how to imitate it. Old England, indeed, seems to be cracking up in *The White Monkey* and the later stories of the Saga; but it is more than England cracking; it is the assumptions upon which men had lived. Even the old men doubt them, and the young are discontentedly seeking for some meaning in life that will make all the energy spent upon it seem worth while.

What is Sinclair Lewis sure of? Of

nothing, I should say, except that smallness of soul and pettiness of ambition make a pathetically mean type of man. His Martin Arrowsmith lives as little by the spirit and as much by a code as Kipling's gentleman; but what a difference in the code! The American has no sense of superiority to be established and satisfied, and hence no manners. He lives by ambition solely, and his ambition is to find out something, not for humanity or his class, but because his pride demands that he shall make a great discovery. His universe is no longer a moral one; it does not even concern itself with sexual morality. A wife is a wife as long as she is a good wife, and no longer—that is all there is to the sex question. And the world is neither ordered nor haphazard. It is just *there*, a collection of physical facts which has to be handled in the competition to satisfy both your vanity and your instincts, some of which latter, for inscrutable reasons, are nobly altruistic and others mean or gross. Rawdon Crawley would have been shocked by such an idea of the world; Becky would have triumphed in it and no questions asked; Mowgli would have discovered that the jackals and the banderlog were the *intelligentzia* instead of his class-conscious wolves. This is indeed the World Machine functioning quite impersonally, and the duty of man is to keep it oiled and get out of the way of the cogs, unless he becomes a cog himself, which is probable. In short, what Lewis accepts without question is pragmatism in its lowest terms of expediency. We are animals adapting ourselves to environment, and the moral credit which lifts us above the animals is attained only by courageously developing the best that happens to be in our nature. Not conformity to code or moral law, but honest, determined self-expression is morality. Babbitt thwarts his own nature, Arrowsmith pluckily carries out his ambitions. By this they are judged.

Sinclair Lewis did not invent this necessity for self-expression. It came to him as freely and as naturally as his native air. His fellow-novelists, both in England and America, assume as he does, though in varying degrees, that success or failure comes not from conformity to well-recognized laws (this was George Eliot's theory) but from honest fidelity to one's instincts and to one's ideals, even when they are conflicting. I say in varying degrees, because some novelists, and some very good ones, are still planted in the nineteenth century, and respond confusedly to the newer attitudes, which they follow subconsciously but do not consciously accept. Margaret Kennedy's vagarious musicians had nothing more certain than their instincts to guide them. Sherwood Anderson's rebellious men who pull off the domesticity that incommodes their spirits as a man pulls off a clumsy coat, Christopher Morley's shining women who are hurt and confused by the hungers and denials of the grown-up world, come to no other conclusion whatever their authors may think; Willa Cather's amorous ladies and professors weary of soul are justified in their acts only by the laws of their own nature, which, as well as they can, they obey. In the *Manhattan Transfer* of John Dos Passos, as in Joyce's *Ulysses* and Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*, the thing has gone farther, probably farther than we readers will ever go. In these books there are no assumptions at all, except the negative assumption of a vast incoherence; there is no more fixity in the moral world than in the physical world of electrons. Behavior is all that counts; indeed, *Manhattan Transfer* is sheer behaviorism, and the characters are little more than habits buffeted by circumstance. By a long circle we have come back to that utter vagrancy which Dante imagined only for his Hell, where the winds of chance blow hither and thither the pathetic lovers, Paolo and Francesca, who cling only to their habit of love.

The writers of the new century who do more than repeat stale phrases of their grandparents have been forced to take

what can be called a philosophic attitude, but no such compulsion exists for their readers. It is enough for them if their imaginations warm as they read; they are not responsible to reality as it currently exists. They may read (if they can) Sir Walter Scott with complete sympathy, whereas a writer who wrote Sir Walter Scott in 1926 would be done for. In the daily business of believing, acting, loving, denying, they cannot escape the current philosophy of their times, and they do not: the most hard-shell Fundamentalist fails utterly to conform to all that a literal belief in the Bible implies, fails, not from weakness, as happened with the best of the old puritans, but because he cannot live in this modern world, with its extensions of knowledge far beyond the Hebrew philosophy, without violating a dozen times a day the literalism of his creed. We have yet to hear in the present controversy of Fundamentalist economics, sociology, electrodynamics, sanitation, while the challenge to defend Biblical astronomy has been ignored. But in the reading of books, he who *thinks* like the nineteenth century can be as illogical as he chooses in attacking every manifestation of his own period. If his idea of morality is the same as Thackeray's, then Thackeray will be moral to him and Sinclair Lewis immoral, without reference to what goes on in his own town. If his ideal of conduct is the same as Kipling's, Anderson will shock him, and it makes little difference that in practice the public-school code of ethics is as foreign to his own customs as the impulses which keep Anderson's men forever running away either from their wives or their mistresses. Scratch any of us and you will find the beliefs, the principles, the prejudices of youth not far beneath the skin, and if these govern our opinions of the new books, there are sure to be some curious reactions.

And this is the reason why the judgments we form of books in a transitional period like this are so confused and confusing (I know that all periods are transitional, but the beginning of a new century, with a world war just behind is obviously transitional to the n^{th} degree). They are confused because the majority of modern books, like the majority of modern men, are a complex of the old world and a new which has not yet clearly defined itself. That complex is the significant item. Ideas that belong to the nineteenth century are interwoven with practical beliefs which are quite alien to them. Mr. Babbitt would find Thackeray's London rather shocking and a little absurd (we can imagine what Thackeray would think of Mr. Babbitt!). The idleness, the hard drinking, the piety, the snobbish worldliness of people who never shook hands with their inferiors would have upset that little gentleman. And yet Babbitt's ideas of God and of conduct in a moral sense are identical in form at least with Dobbin's. Imagine, if you can, the president of an Iowa woman's club in Meredith's county society. How utterly foreign its frank assumption of special privileges for the rich and well-born—or the conviction that women are game and men the hunters—to her experience of democratic feminism. And yet she would be unable to phrase a theory of sex relationship that differed radically from Meredith's own. Or put one of Kipling's race-conscious gentlemen in American business and let him knock about the natives a little, and see how it works. In books the public-school code is still so familiar as to be sympathetic but in life we have pretty well thrown it over. We have in fact rushed out of the Victorian paradise where a gentleman was a gentleman and one knew where one was, and yet we have brought many conventions and most of our formal thinking through the gates.

Therefore, our judgments of the painting, architecture, music, literature, which belong entirely to this new epoch and no other, are likely to be heterogeneous. H. G. Wells, for example, fills histories with hard, vulgar characters who spend their lives trying to improve education, increase comfort, and provide free and

easy love for everyone. "Nice" people do not like Mr. Wells, because "nice" people as a rule retain the personal standards of Thackeray or Dickens and prefer that their heroes should have the instincts of a gentleman. Mr. Wells is more honest than they are. He writes upon an assumption which they affect to believe, that the common man must be allowed to grasp the opportunities which science has provided for him. When he grasps them, he may still remain common; Wells cannot help that. Granted this conception of a developing society, and the nature of his characters inevitably follows. Our own Theodore Dreiser is criticized for indecency by the same "nice" people. They fail to see that Dreiser's society is completely equalitarian, a pathetic mass whose instincts were always the same, and whose intelligence approaches nearer and nearer to a level. Codes mean nothing to it, religion is just an emotional charge, those who hold back out of fear do not live at all. It is, indeed, the mass life of the whole, not the character of the individual that makes his story. And, therefore, he describes every phase and characteristic of his animal species, and ignores the differentia that separate the fine man from the plodding beast. It is his fundamental assumptions, so different from Fielding's or Jane Austen's, that account for his ignoring of taste, his distrust of ideals, his minute and tiresome realism. We may not believe in him or like his ideas or his people, but there is no sense in damning him for what is after all a necessity in his scheme.

Of course no society exists in one time only, except among primitive savages. There is usually a confusion of pasts, presents, and futures with every shade and admixture between. Soviet time, for example, is centuries removed from the time of the Russian peasant. In the United States, where there are the vaguest of class lines and where people of every economic and intellectual status read much the same books, the result is particularly disastrous to clear thinking. We need not worry about the Harold Bell Wrights or the Gene Stratton Porters. They exist in past time and their appeal is strictly romantic. No confusion results because no modern ever dreams of applying their fundamental ideas to life. The ultra moderns, too, can take care of themselves. They think they are living in the present when they give us their new moralities and their emancipated individuals. Actually, they are interpreting the present in terms of what they think will be the future and, like all prophets, they must take their chance with events. Shaw was a major prophet in his prime, and must be so acclaimed; but the world did not become precisely Shavian, and will not. The modernists need protection only against misconception. We must not let them shock us by what they write; it is what they think that is important. If we who have a foot in each century wish to bastinado the Lawrences, the Andersons, the Huxleys, and the O'Neills, let us spank them on the right place, which is upon their fundamental assumptions if, as is by no means certain in the best cases, these need chastising. But most of our novelists and playwrights and short-story writers, and poets too, are like most of us readers—time with them is compound and complex, and they need protection from the young intellectuals who scorn them because, let us say, marriage is still admired by them, and the old fogies who abuse them if their characters possess a mentality that dates later than 1896.

The real turn of the century was fifteen odd years ago and if it is true, as I think must be evident, that in spite of all lagging, blending, and confusion, there has been a change in fundamental assumptions, then we should begin to call our writers and critics to account. What do our writers believe, if anything? Why don't the critics tell us instead of chattering about manners and too much or too little realism? Even a detective story has some kind of moral basis, which is part of the data for a good judg-

ing of it. Literature should not be judged by its morals, but it cannot be understood without them. Admitted that most writers have no beliefs but only a muddle of conventional ideas and native instincts, upon which they sometimes skate very easily. Admitted that even critical readers are as a rule no better off. Admitted that a story may be real when the author's ideas about life are only stale patterns. Nevertheless, good writers believe in something whether they know it or not; they have made a philosophy of life even if they have not rationalized it; they have an instinctive theory of living which checks the moves of every character. Such writers will tell you that their people go their own way. That is not true. They follow, as Colonel Newcome followed, or Tom Jones, a typical path through society, and it was the writer who created both the society and the path out of his own times *as he conceived them*. A call to accounting in this transitional period would, I think, result in a new criticism. Some readers would be appalled at the implications of the books they were reading, and others disgusted at the stale idea behind so-called "strong" stories. Having begun a literature for a new century, we should begin to criticize it for its basic ideas as well as for the art which cannot be understood without them.

For you, reader, the pertinent question is, are you nineteenth-century, or twentieth, or are you trying vainly to belong to the hypothetical twenty-first? If you are nineteenth, is it from laziness or conviction? Are those indignant judgments you pass upon modernism merely an irritable reaction to change, or are you willing to defend in your own actual living, as well as in your opinions, the values of a passing world? If the one great factor in modern literature, scientific thinking, oppresses you, are you willing to throw overboard all science, or will you try to discriminate between false science and true? Do it, and you may become a different man, at least in criticism.

And if you think you are twentieth-century, what do you mean by that? Do you hold instinctive and inconsistent beliefs (like most of us) and use whichever is convenient at the moment to attack what you dislike or do not understand? It is the duty of a mind in an age of transition to move, either backward or forward, but certainly to move. Are you moving, with some intelligent thought as to where you are going? Or—since this is no sermon—are you following your authors sympathetically in their immensely difficult task of recording change? And if you aspire to be of the twenty-first century—which even if impossible is irresistible to certain types of intellect—are you one who believes that by reducing the universe to disorder a real triumph can be had over a past that at least was decorously intelligible? Having demolished God and the Unities, and poetic justice and self-control, and (some of you) form and even language itself, are you content to dance on the ruins? Are futurist art and the jargon of Gertrude Stein and the chaotic jumble of a modern city ends in themselves? Or is this just the dizziness of escape and the drunkenness of freedom?

No convinced lover of the past, and no rabid prophet of the future, ever listened to appeals like these. Here we are in the twentieth century, with the nineteenth on our backs and capering like clowns to get rid of it, while the old fellows cry shame on us for our lack of dignity and the youngsters say that we are merely absurd. But there must be some middle-aged moderates to sympathize with the poor Transitionalist. He is trying to hold on to permanent values while they change, like Proteus, into new forms. He is trying to escape from the delusion that convention is truth, while avoiding the illusion that change in itself is a virtue. After all he, and not the shellback or the novelty monger, is the person that counts. He works while the others carp or prophesy. With all confusions it is he who is writing our best books.

SEVEN DEADLY SINS OF WOMAN IN BUSINESS

BY ANNE W. ARMSTRONG

NOT long ago I called on a woman who is doing, as we women in business and professional life love to say, "a big piece of work." Her importance, achieved in an incredibly short period, was attested by the location of her New York offices and by the crowded reception-room in which I was asked to sit down and wait. "Could you state what you wished to see Miss A. about?" her secretary had asked in a rather toplofty manner. I could not, and this answer, strangely enough, seemed to give me precedence. I was conducted almost at once into Miss A.'s presence.

She sat at her desk, facing the door, a youngish person, unostentatiously dressed in a white blouse and dark skirt.

"Will you sit down?" she invited, though invited is too strong a term to express her impersonal, detached tone. I took a chair near the door, feeling I should not obtrude myself farther than was necessary, not, at any rate, until Miss A. completed what must be, I thought, an urgent report.

After pencilling a number of annotations on the sheets before her she tucked them away in a filing cabinet in the most deliberate manner and, seating herself at a typewriter, typed away for some ten minutes. Then she rang, told the messenger she would see Mr. So and So now, gave the man some instructions when he appeared, and dismissed him.

I was immensely impressed. "Is it possible," I thought to myself, "that we women in business are taking ourselves so seriously as all this?"

At last Miss A. glanced in my direction and, without the ghost of a smile, indicated she could give me her attention.

I stated my purpose in calling. I wanted advice. I was thinking of making a change and entering the business field in which she herself was a pioneer, though I must confess that during my long chilling wait I regretted the impulse which had brought me to see her.

To my amazement, Miss A. entered at once into my project, assuring me there was plenty of room for others besides herself, that the opportunities in the field were indeed almost limitless, and that there were particular reasons why it was one suited to women. She traced modestly her own beginnings, the discouragements she had met, the obstacles she had had to overcome, but insisted that the difficulties had been exaggerated and should prove no deterrent, even going so far as to offer to take me under her tutelage without charge. She was, it turned out, when it came to what she was doing, not only human but disposed to be thoroughly helpful.

As we shook hands in parting Miss A. suggested I should see a Miss Brown, I may call her, who was also (Miss A.'s words) "doing a big piece of work," in a related if not identical line. She offered to give me a note of introduction or to telephone that I was coming, but I declined both courteous offers, feeling, not without amusement, that I should have a better opportunity to observe what Miss Brown's "big piece of work" had done to her if I went unannounced.

There was no anteroom, no oppor-

tunity to send in my card. At the end of a spacious, rather empty-looking office I saw a woman I judged to be Miss Brown, a forthright capable-appearing person, of what we used to designate as the school-mar'm type before the teaching profession came so largely into the hands of the pretty, girlish, smartly dressed young teachers of the present day. Miss Brown was explaining something in a thoroughgoing manner to a gentleman who was listening with meek attentiveness. Although it was about eleven in the morning and she gave no evidence of having just come in or being on the point of leaving, Miss Brown wore her hat. The fact of her wearing her hat in her office was, as I had learned years before, eloquent.

I paused inside the office door, waiting till it was convenient for Miss Brown to come forward or send the girl sitting at a typewriter near by. It was evident that Miss Brown was aware of my presence. She kept snapping her eyes in my direction as she went on with her discussion. The girl at the typewriter lifted her eyebrows in my direction once, with a vague inquiry in her otherwise expressionless face, then resumed her pounding.

I advanced cautiously, trying to make it apparent I did not wish to interrupt. "I'll wait," I had started to say to the girl at the typewriter in a low voice, "till Miss Brown—"

But Miss Brown had sprung from her chair and with a movement of shaking her flounces, though she had none to shake, challenged me, "What is it you want?"

"Well, not," I answered, suppressing a smile, "to sell you insurance—or anything else!"

Miss Brown stared at me for an instant, then taking a step forward, reiterated, "Well, *just* what is it you want?"

My reason for coming to see her proving not wholly unflattering, Miss Brown consulted her watch, her calendar, the girl at the typewriter. "Well, I can't possibly see you to-day," she said finally. "I have an important conference at two o'clock, another at four. And to-morrow—" There were other important conferences on the morrow. "But day after, promptly at three, I might give you a few minutes."

Next morning, however, her secretary called me up to say that it would be inconvenient, after all, for Miss Brown to see me at the time appointed. "Miss Brown would prefer next week."

I failed to avail myself of this opportunity to see Miss Brown again, but I must say I blessed her memory. I shuddered to think how often I must have prated of "important conferences," and sought to give the impression that my time was more valuable than Judge Gary's.

II

The habit of taking ourselves too seriously grows, no doubt, out of taking our jobs too seriously. What every woman in a business organization knows is, that if a woman earns, say four thousand a year, she must make the showing of a man drawing ten. In our nervous anxiety to succeed, straining every faculty to the uttermost, we overlook the part our lighter, the more purely feminine side of our nature might play. Women in business are constantly surprised, not to say shocked, to find how much time men "waste," how much frivolous interchange goes on among them. If business men work hard, in spurts, they play not only at lunch time and on the links, but all through the day apply to their toil the lubricant of agreeable intercourse with one another. In a word, they have made of their business life, if not actually an exciting, at least a pleasurable affair instead of a sad necessity. Gossip and jokes enliven their most important councils and a raconteur among them possesses a valuable business asset.

Yet we women in business are afraid to take time to be gracious, almost afraid even to smile. I do not refer, of course,

to the vast number of girls and women who are in business only for a season, till they marry or the family situation improves, but to that smaller, though ever-increasing, proportion who, either through necessity or choice, expect to make business a career. It is those who work so feverishly. The business world may conceivably grow to be a far more beautiful and joyous place than it is to-day. Yet they add neither beauty nor joy. They rattle the dry bones. They increase what is already, with all men's efforts to freshen it, the too great aridity of the business atmosphere.

Nor is business alone damaged thereby.

A business woman, herself a shining example of success in whatever she undertakes, remarked one day:

"I wonder if we women in business are not overreaching the mark and failing, where we fail, not because we are unintelligent or untrained, but because we are too much in earnest, too conscientious, and above all, too hard-worked."

"The great fault of women," she added pungently, "is excess of virtue. Those who strike the happy medium are really the most successful. When we women play more, we shall create more."

Another business acquaintance comes to my mind whom I met first soon after her graduation from one of our leading women's colleges and entrance into her first position. Brilliantly endowed, she was a lovely creature at that time, wore simple but becoming clothes, was sparkling, responsive, generally charming. I heard of her from time to time and after some years met her again. She was dowdy, ill-groomed, tense in her manner, and self-centered to the last degree. She still gave evidence of what is termed a "steel-trap mind," talked fluently and ably about her work and the problems involved, but was interested in nothing else in the world and had lost every vestige of her former attractiveness.

A masculine associate in the business house where she started her business career, in discussing the change, said to me, "We all admired her so much. She was a girl of rare promise. But we saw it coming a long while ago. Her gayety and enthusiasm grew to be sharpness, then hardness, and now it is—well, I might say, hysteria. And the sad part is, she seems to think this furious attention she gives things, the high-speed, ruthless manner she has developed, are aids to business success.

"As a matter of fact," he went on to say, "I happen to know she was asked to resign from one position and shut out from another for which her name had been considered, solely because in her ardor to make good she has developed a personality few care to encounter."

III

In taking our jobs so solemnly, we have, of course, little time to indulge in sports or social diversions of any kind. Largely unawakened, as a class, to the fact that it is the quality rather than the quantity of service we render that counts in business, in order to give it heaped-up and running-over measure of ourselves, we let our tennis go by the board and only the most audacious among us dare go in for golf. I played golf myself for years before I entered business, but have never touched my mid-iron or brassy since. We seem to think that we can keep physically fit by no more exercise than the daily gentle whirl in our office chair or a little marching about indoors from floor to floor. At most we allow ourselves the tame diversion of driving back and forth to business, when walking might furnish a certain exhilaration to our sedentary day. We bring to business exuberant health and spirits, and more often than not in a few years grow seedy, stodgy, or obese, haggard and with frayed nerves, as the case may be.

Being constituted as we are, we business women need to give our health even more intelligent attention than business

men do theirs. Not that they, with the dietary crimes they daily commit, their high blood pressure and chronic sleeplessness just when they reach the big job, are any too good as guides. But what we do, as women, is to trifle even more flagrantly with the mechanism that keeps us going.

I mentioned one day to the president of a big business that a fine young woman in his employ had recently been committed to a state institution for observation.

"Miss R. is the third," I said—not accusingly, but as a matter of interest—"that's been committed within a short time, all of them ten to twelve years in your employ. Did you know that?"

"What is the diagnosis in these cases?" he quizzed, after a pause.

"Overwork, I believe."

"Nonsense!" he said. "Nonsense! Mighty few people, in this company, anyway, work too hard. But a lot of them don't have enough fun. That's the trouble. There isn't enough fun in business itself except in a very few jobs, like your own," he laughed, "to furnish the requirements of the human system. And yet these humdrum deadly things have got to be done. The only solution I see is to fill up on fun of some sort outside. And if you knew the inwardness of these cases you speak of," he went on, "you'd find they're simply cases of starved lives. It's not what people do in business that hurts them. It's what they don't do outside. It's the reason," he ended, "I'm in favor of decreasing working hours as rapidly as is feasible. Most people have got to find satisfaction for their human cravings outside of business, and they need time to do so."

The president was right, I found out later, at least in regard to two of the cases in question. These young women, when the prospect of marriage had receded, had narrowed themselves zealously to their narrow routine jobs, in the hope, no doubt, of finding there a compensatory interest. Not only had they had no social life to speak of, even less had they attempted to keep abreast of events, read fine fiction or poetry, cultivate an appreciation of nature or the arts. In a word, they had drunk scarcely a drop from any of the great wells available for human refreshment during years and years of pouring over columns of figures and of filling customers' orders. But columns of figures and customers' orders will not, it appears, yield all that the mind and body of women in business (being yet women) need to keep them healthy. Business houses abound in nice girls past their first youth who are growing a trifle "queer" as the result of a too steady and unmixed business diet.

It is so easy, I admit, to sink into a rut, to consider we have time for self-cultivation only along the lines of business, and as tired business women to develop even more childish and barren taste in what entertains us in our hours of relaxation than has the tired business man. Let anyone who challenges the truth of this last statement secure the yearly program of almost any one of the innumerable business and professional women's clubs that have sprung up all over the country.

The American business man has long held the world's record of being, to people of *esprit*, the dullest of dull companions. Observe him on one of the present popular Mediterranean tours, where he is conveyed, without having to exercise his higher cerebral centres, from the Casino at Monte Carlo to the Parthenon, from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to the Great Pyramid of Gizeh. Observe, and with compassion rather than gibes, how he seeks, and is sought by only his own; how he is happy and at home with himself only when he resumes his endless discussion of prices and production costs, or what he believes may affect one or the other. It was when waiting together at Port Said to cross the Canal that I asked one of these captains of American industry how he liked Athens. "Athens. Athens. Oh, yes, I got

the best shoeshine there I've had on this trip!"

But let the American business man take note he now has a rival. We women in business propose to become even more dull, more thoroughly confined, if possible, to one subject of conversation. Why, however, should we not leave him his precedence in at least this one province? The more so, that we may again be on the wrong track.

Very recently a woman in New York was elevated to one of the highest positions any woman in business has yet attained. It is, I think, of real significance that interviewers who seek her in her office find, and apparently are surprised to find, a vase of pansies on her desk and a Martha Washington sewing-table in one corner. The fact that she has not permitted that side of her nature which flowers in pansies and sewing-tables to wither and die has helped her, I do not doubt in the least, to her present high post. She has been, according to all accounts, a very busy business person since she entered business fresh from High School more than twenty years ago. But she has taken time on her way to becoming president of a great corporation to read, to ride, to shoot. She has even taken time for the humanly enriching adventure of matrimony.

IV

In striking contrast to this picture, a slim dark-eyed woman, no longer young, of distinguished bearing, and with every evidence of an exceptionally intense nature comes up before me. For convenience I shall speak of her as Miss Black. She entered the huge business organization where she still works till late every night and on Sundays as well at a time when the presence of women in a business organization, except in routine jobs, was far more keenly resented than it is to-day. Being perceptive in some directions beyond the common, she soon perceived that any open move on her part to secure control of the important department of the business with which she was connected would be defeated. She developed cunning subterranean methods of securing her ends, became in time a master-strategist. She was not primarily concerned with outwitting men, not especially antagonistic to them as a sex; from my observation and knowledge of her, was never overweeningly ambitious for recognition and reward. But she craved contact with the most intimate affairs of the business. All the tremendous store of emotion she had to bestow, diverted from other possible objects, she bestowed on it. She loved the business for itself, everything about it, from bottom to top—all its dustiest details. She invested it with the charm with which she might have invested a lover, guarded its interests with the fierce devotion she might have given a husband and children.

To-day, after thirty-five years of this, business has entered into her very bones and tissue. She eats and drinks, wakes and dreams business. Meddling in every business department, she magnifies trifling business errors into monstrous proportions. She never consents to take a holiday, unless of the briefest, and when she hears of an associate running off to Europe or elsewhere for rest and recreation, it is certain to draw from her some such ironic comment as, "How nice! I never find time myself for such junkets!" If she does take a few days off and goes to some city, she cannot enjoy the theater, opera, or even shopping, for rushing back to her hotel to see whether "long distance" wants her. Poor woman, she is as restless and unhappy, in fact, on these occasional jaunts as a mother who has left a small child at home and fears it may tumble into the fire or swallow a fishbone. She feels she never for an instant can take her fingers off the pulse of the organization, and when confined to her home from frequent illness, notwithstanding her doctor's orders, constantly dictates to a girl at her bedside, only stopping to

talk over the telephone to this executive or the other.

Miss Black has given herself unstintingly to business through a lifetime, given her youth and maturity. In return? Well, she has seen man after man pass her, often attain his rank through her coaching, while she is subsequently expected to report to him, a man it may be without a tenth of her knowledge of the business but drawing thrice her pay. She has always been too proud to fight—as men frequently have to—for a proper stipend, but has brooded without doubt over the fact that one has never been proffered her. She is an embittered joyless woman, whose barbed tongue scourges associates, paralyzes subordinates, and diminishes or even destroys their usefulness to her.

Yet possessing more than ordinary attractions of mind and person, with a generous and ardent nature and superior breeding, Miss Black held every possibility within herself of a rich rounded life, to say nothing of an openly recognized, highly remunerated position in the great organization she has served.

We have long been familiar with the effects when men have deified business. It is only lately, through figures that arrest our attention here and there in the business field, we have had opportunity to study what happens when we women prostrate ourselves before the same jealous god and allow devotion to become obsession—a sin, I maintain, even at the risk of being charged with distinguishing sins that do not differ—that differs at least by degree until it takes on the guise of a separate and signal vice.

V

Granted Miss Black is an exceptional case—we are more familiar with this figure in the making than as a finished product, verging on the pathologic—there is, on the other hand, nothing at all unusual in the spectacle of women in business sharply antagonistic—as sharply as they dare be—to their men associates. Every business woman, doubtless every business man, recognizes the type.

These are usually, like Miss Black, women of superior ability, and perhaps have played brave parts in the feminist movement. It is for the honor of the sex, rather than as an individual matter, they feel it incumbent upon them to demonstrate at every turn that the feminine brain per se is in no wise inferior to the masculine. There is something gallant in this attitude, and I should be the last to charge it against them except that their gallantry stops too often with their own sex.

There was a Miss Barnard with whom I had frequent contact. She was one of those "fierce athletic girls" Walt Whitman predicted for the republic, superb physique, vitality, and what I may call a lordly air and even stride. No staying overhours for her! Miss Barnard dispatched her business responsibilities with lightning rapidity, had plenty of leisure for horseback riding, tramps, music—whatever she chose. In addition, she was a first-rate administrator, respected and liked by a large corps of girl assistants because of the patience and justice she exhibited in her relation to them as supervisor.

With the men she dealt with daily it was altogether different.

Miss Barnard once confessed to me that the greatest surprise of her life was in finding so many muddle-headed men in business. She had supposed, before she entered it, that every man who attained any business prominence whatever was mentally keen, as she expressed it. She had once looked with awe on every one of the masculine figures imposingly arrayed at the speaker's table at a Chamber of Commerce dinner. She now knew better. "Nothing," she said, "raises my gorge like seeing these little men in business give themselves such big airs—and purely on the ground of their sex, their historic position as males." Miss Barnard delighted, in

fact, as I more than once witnessed, in taking them down.

But she paid a high price for this delight. She had made the mistake of letting the little men, as well as larger men, know how she felt, and she had failed to take masculine solidarity into account. It was impossible to get Miss Barnard's salary raised beyond a certain point, or to secure her promotion to one of several higher posts that yawned for a person of just her capacity. The men in a position to determine these matters, while freely acknowledging her competence, without exception heartily disliked her. "She's too smart, that's what's the matter with Miss Barnard!" one executive said of her scornfully.

It was not, of course, excess of brains that had damaged Miss Barnard in this executive's estimation. It was her well-known habit of showing up some man in the organization as a dolt on a business problem she herself could grasp with ease.

That there was another side to Miss Barnard was proved when one day, to the surprise of everybody, her engagement was announced to a business associate, a man of character, and like herself, able, but a man she had by chance been thrown with socially, giving him opportunity to discover engaging qualities she had never thought it worth while to add to her business equipment.

Above every other, an instance stands out to me of a woman even more highly endowed than Miss Barnard, a woman of superlative mind, with broad outside interests added to a positive genius for business. I do not cite this woman as a case of failure. She would lead a full life if she never saw the inside of a business house again. Her relationships with both men and women outside of business are ideal. And the one thing, I am convinced, that has prevented her from reaching as high a station in the business world as any woman has yet attained, is the technic she employs in her business relationships—relationships with masculine associates, to be explicit.

True, her technic is tied up with her honesty, with some of her sturdiest attributes. She has been unwilling to practice in business those arts which no woman who aspired to social leadership would dream of disdaining. She has failed to establish a camaraderie with her masculine associates, at once gay, dignified, impersonal, and perfectly possible for her, had she agreed to its importance.

The man who sits beside us at dinner may be a frightful bore, but quite apart from any humanitarian impulse, the last thing our social training permits us to do is to give him a hint that we are aware of his dullness. On the contrary, we exert ourselves very particularly, help him score wherever he can.

Why do we feel that the fine art of making people happy about themselves is so out of place in business? Certainly we can not overlook much longer the number of women with social background—I can count a dozen in New York City alone, without stopping to think—who have gone into business, and as a result, not of "pull," but of actual performance, have quickly outdistanced business sisters who could, as they say, run rings around them in business knowledge.

The thing we women in business are prone to do is to look on our male associates as rivals, instead of as partners. Let me be plain. I do not charge this iniquity to others more than to myself. I know very well I should come up and take my place on the mourners' bench. We should, no doubt, be judged rather leniently on this score. Most of us have had a fairly hard time of it to gain any recognition at all. We are still unable to dissemble our satisfaction in business triumphs, however small. But what we're apt to forget is, that it's a good deal of a fight for the man, too, who gets anywhere in business; that he is faced with many, if not all the obstacles that impede our own progress; has as much, nay more, at stake than we have. Leaving out of consideration family responsibilities, which neverthe-

less, broadly speaking, are heavier than our own, failure to succeed in business spells ignominy to him. To us, as yet, it spells nothing of the sort.

There are, to be sure, often those airs of his, those airs which Miss Barnard found so insufferable.

But are we, after all, patient enough with the men? Consider their predicament! When we women invaded business we invaded one of their last strongholds. Heaven knows we were not invited, except to do monotonous routine work they wished to escape themselves. We came of our own volition. And the average business man is still smarting under our all-too conspicuous presence in a house he thought he had built for himself. We must give him time. More than one business man still has the feeling that business—in its higher reaches—is no place for women. More than one doubtless shares the feeling which an executive expressed in referring to the rapidly increasing number of women who are succeeding in business positions formerly regarded as incapable of being administered except through masculine wisdom. "When it comes to taking orders from a woman, I'd as soon," he said, laughing, but in all earnestness, "take orders from a Chinaman or a negro."

It behooves us to be indulgent!

VI

It was this same frank and merry executive who reminded me that women in business talk too much—not gossip, far from it.

If American business men talk only of business when they leave it, during business hours, ironically enough, they are willing and eager to listen to a little sprightly chatter on almost any subject under the sun, provided it has nothing to do with business. They have, in short, as I have previously hinted, developed a social art of sorts under the business rooftree. What they will not tolerate, from my experience, is one of those lengthy disquisitions we women sometimes seek to deliver, in order to impress them with our seriousness of purpose or our acquaintance with the field we represent. A sage bit of counsel given me when I entered business by a woman wise in the ways of the business world was, "Be brief! Boil down every business matter you have to present to the fewest possible words."

"They wear you out, telling you things you don't need to know," the good-natured executive referred to insisted now, still laughing. "There's Miss G. in the Purchasing Department, an excellent woman, I admit, but—" He held up his hands. "I flee her like the plague!"

"But business abounds," I countered, "in long-winded men."

"Oh, yes! But don't forget," he warned, "that your sex is still on sufferance in business. You can't afford to imitate quite all our vices."

VII

And I'm not sure but that, after all, unfortunate as is our drift when we regard ourselves as men's rivals and competitors, the deadliest of all our sins is imitation of man.

Time was, only a few years ago, when a woman proposing to make business or any of the serious professions her career thought she must don masculine attire. Few went the lengths of Dr. Mary Walker, but many adopted severely cut suits, masculine collars and cravats, cultivated a brusque address, and even adopted stentorian tones. It is almost as hard now to find one of these near-men among our thousands upon thousands of business and professional women as to find the proverbial needle in the haystack. When we do come upon one, chances are we discover a rather wistful example of thwarted ambition. We have learned at least one lesson: that imitation of man, when it comes to our clothes and our manners, does not necessarily lead to business and profes-

sional triumphs, and may as likely as not defeat them.

But most of us are still striving, either unconsciously or through deliberate self-interest, to absorb and imitate the business man's point of view, though it seems, sadly enough, that we play the sedulous ape more often to his weaknesses or his hardnesses, his prejudices and his limitations, than to his virtues.

I have rarely heard any business man so blunt as a woman executive who recently remarked that she had no time to listen to employees' grievances and had delegated a subordinate to hear all the "sob stuff." I was especially distressed in this instance because, so it happened, I had been instrumental in securing her job for her. I had recommended her to her present "boss," under the impression that she would put more humanity into a group of factories where the handling of workers had been along the old bullying, but no longer so successful lines.

What she did was promptly to fall into the worst defects she found in her new environment. Though her higher education should have made her proof against such hysteria, she at once began to echo loud and empty talk about "Bolshevism." This must have been foreign to her nature. Surely it was a betrayal of her scholarly training.

It takes no mean courage, I may add, to express in the business world one's feminine faith. It is hard to admit having ideals in a realm where ideals are looked on so frequently with suspicion. I remember that in so trifling a matter as taking in hand a bleak office-building lunchroom that looked as if it belonged to a penal institution, introducing fern-boxes and cretonnes, I was jeered from more than one quarter. "What's this, the Ritz, you're giving us?"

These women jobs are, all the same, ours to do, I believe. It was his woman secretary, I have understood, who introduced tea into the office of the hard-pressed president of one of New York's great banking houses. I suspect she was twitted, that it was dubbed "British side" when she imported this admirable custom for use in an American business house. But *she* knew what the president and some of his associates needed—a breathing space by way of the tea-caddy just before the final conference each afternoon.

A highly temperamental business executive, who is regarded as the foremost man in his line in this country, said of his secretary, a winsome young woman, "I've had more accurate secretaries, in the matter of shorthand, but upon my word, I wish I could pay Miss W. ten thousand a year! She's worth it. It's the atmosphere she creates around her. I don't hesitate to say she increases my output."

But so few women seem to see that it's the woman in them, above everything else, that business needs—needs, frankly, more than in mere matters of tea, cretonne, and flowers on the desk. More than one woman close to a big executive and enjoying his respect has abrogated her ancient right to warn as well as comfort.

The motto that so long fed our complacency—"All's right with the world," is out of date. It is a certainty that all's not right with the business world. But it is equally certain that all's not wrong. The amazing thing is, that it's no more wrong than it is. Both sexes are highly involved, directly and indirectly, yet the point of view of only one sex has entered thus far, to any appreciable extent, into the conduct of business. Is it too unreasonable to hold that neither society at large nor the business world itself will profit greatly by our entrance into it, until we women, no longer content solely as understudies, shall offer, at whatever hazard, our own contribution—all we have gained through our special inheritance and experience—until we seek to supplement, rather than duplicate the parts in business that men play?

THE FIRST STONE

A STORY

BY GRACE SARTWELL MASON

TWO men sat talking on the observation platform of a transcontinental train. They had met for the first time that morning at breakfast, but there was between them a certain conviction of congeniality, though they were quite unlike. Marlton, the younger of the two, was a dark-eyed, sensitive, finely tuned sort of man, and Bettinger, middle-aged and growing stout, was of a cheerful, purely objective type, saved by a capacity for friendly sympathy.

It was late in the evening. The train had been standing on a siding for a long time, on account of some accident to a wheel. The other passengers had left the observation car and gone to bed. The two men were alone, enfolded in the vast, velvety darkness of a Kansas prairie. The quiet around them was thick and soft. Far away, up ahead, a light was moving, and the voices of trainmen came back to them faintly. But the world they looked into from the platform was utterly dark and void.

There had been until a few minutes before one tiny light in the darkness to their left, in the window of a solitary farmhouse. When they had stopped on the siding it was still twilight, and two boys had hastened across the field from this house. They had stood on the other side of a wire fence, knee deep in a windrow of tumbleweed, staring at the long train. The eyes of the smaller boy were filled with a shining solemnity.

The sight of these two boys had prompted Bettinger, the middle-aged man, to speak of his childhood, when the two men were alone. "You know, sometimes I think it's the bunk, this talk about childhood being the happiest part of a man's life," he said, in his slow, pleasant voice. "It seems to me I remember going through some things when I was a kid that I wouldn't like to wrestle with now—you know, frights and doubts and disillusionment. The older I get the more I seem to remember them. Of course, there was plenty of fun, but—it's queer—what really sticks in my mind are the other things, the things I couldn't understand."

The other man, Marlton, turned his head to look quickly at his companion. A light flashed up in his dark eyes. "Exactly. I know. Queer things happen to children." He glanced behind him to make sure they were alone. "Look here," he said, "I daresay this will sound odd to you—it sounds odd to me, for I'm not a religious man—but did it ever occur to you that God lives in some children for a little while?"

His voice sounded eager, as if there had been something opened up he wanted to talk about, perhaps had wanted to talk about for a long time. But at the same time he was embarrassed by having to mention divinity. He avoided looking at Bettinger. Bettinger took off his cap and rubbed his head. They were both glad of the darkness.

"I don't know much about God," said Bettinger finally, "I'm not a religious man either. But kids, well, they're funny. It may be—"

Marlton in the dark gripped the arms

of his chair. "I *know* it may be," he declared. "I believe there's a time, when a child has stopped being a little eating-and-sleeping animal and hasn't yet become a human being—a time between babyhood and school-days, say—when the world is—enchanted. When *something*—may as well call it God—lives in that child for a little while, a year, or a week, or a day."

"What makes you think so?"

"Something I remember. Or rather, something I can't forget! Did you notice the eyes of the younger of the two boys who came across from that farmhouse?"

Bettinger did remember that the boy's eyes had shone and that they had appeared, at the same time, not to see what he was looking at.

"Yes, that's what I mean," said Marlton. "That's because he's living in a world of his own, which has its own special meaning. And everything in that world is different from the real world—out of focus, so to speak; brighter, more shining—and more terrible, too. I know, because when I was that boy's age and living in a country town I saw, really, two towns. One was made up of ordinary things which I took for granted, the orchard, games, my parents, and the house I called home. But the other—ah, that was quite different. A sort of invisible town, seen between the objects and persons of the real town, as on a foggy day gray wraiths may be seen between trees in an orchard. You see, this invisible village was created and peopled by my imagination. But—and this is the point—my imagination created this invisible world out of the material supplied me by my elders, by the careless words, the hints, the glances, that grown-up persons always believe a child doesn't notice. For instance, take the matter of my brother, Frankie. It's a bit out of that queer, twisted world I'm talking about."

Marlton went on to explain that his brother Frankie had died before he was born, but there was a photograph of him in boots and a jacket with brass buttons. It was the buttons that made Frankie a real person to his brother. It was impossible for him to believe that Frankie did not live, though it had been explained that he had died and gone to heaven. He wanted to know where was heaven? Up there. Was "up there" as high as the church steeple? And some elder, weary of questions, replied, "Yes."

"This church steeple had green shutters high up in the belfry," said Marlton, "and instantly Frankie lived for me behind those shutters. Sundays when I was going to church I seemed to catch the glint of brass buttons behind the shutters, and always I was aware of Frankie looking down watchfully. It gave me a thrill and a shudder, and yet it was a cherished sensation. You see, this invisible world of mine was strange and beautiful and always a little askew. I have a theory that during the brief time a child lives in this world of his own creation queer things of importance happen to him, things both good and evil, which stay with him more or less vividly all his life."

"Hold on," Bettinger interrupted. "How about your theory that God lives in a child at this age? How can God and evil?—"

"Oh, I know there's no logic in all this. I suppose what I believe is that God sometimes rests from judgment, forgets evil; that he lives in the soul of a child through sheer love of walking abroad on the good earth. Especially in the springtime. Anyhow, I know He lived in me, because"— he hesitated, started to glance at his companion, and then looked off into the enormous blackness at his right—"because I know the hour, the very minute when He left me."

Bettinger did not move, he scarcely breathed. It was the most extraordinary statement he had ever heard. And yet—perhaps it was the breathing of the dark prairie around them, or something in the other man's tone—he did not say to himself as usual, "Screw loose in this

fellow's bean!" Instead, after a moment he prompted, "What had you done to—to make God leave you?"

"I had thrown a stone."

"A stone? But all kids throw stones."

Marlton gave a short laugh. "This was an unusual occasion."

He paused again, and Bettinger took the opportunity to light a cigar. In the brief flare of the match he glanced sidewise at the other man's profile. It had in it a lifelong question, a melancholy and ironic question. When he began to tell the story of the stone, he seemed to talk more to himself than to Bettinger.

"I can remember," he said, "almost every detail of that occasion. And that's odd, for there are whole chunks of time out of my childhood that are like old photographs which have faded, only the dimmest suggestion of features remaining. But that June—I was between five and six—remains clear and bright in my memory as if fixed by some special acid. I can remember the very shade of weather-beaten yellow a certain house was painted. It stood on a little street that climbed up a hillside. It was the last house, and the green hill seemed to run right down into the kitchen when the door was open. It was always open that June—for me.

"Of course I didn't know it was kept open for me, not until I grew up and straightened my perspective on the woman in the yellow house. I knew then that she left the door open when she saw me playing on the hillside above, as an invitation. She never asked me in, nor urged me to come back again—she knew her code. She probably knew that my mother would have fainted with horror had she known how often I ran down the hill and in at that open door. And so the woman in the yellow house did nothing, merely set the door open, and was herself. That is what puzzles me to this day: what was she, that she could draw me so naturally to that open door of hers?

"Of course, I know what she was called. My mother told me in two words, the Bad Woman. 'Don't you ever go into that woman's house or yard,' my mother exclaimed, when I told her that the woman in the yellow house had given me a cookie. I had stopped at her kitchen door—it was the first time—for a drink of water on my way home from playing on the hill. 'But why?' I wanted to know. 'Because she's a Bad Woman,' my mother replied.

"Then she turned to the neighbor who had come in to borrow a cup of something, and over my head a look passed between them, a significant, smiling curl of the lip.

"You know, people wonder—" Marlton disgressed, "where children get their knowledge of evil. Well, I could tell them. They get it from the looks that pass over their heads between grown-up people. Not any straight, useful, unbiased knowledge, but twisted, inflamatory stuff."

Up to that time his outer world had been made up of clear, comprehensive things, Marlton went on: the freshness of mornings, the enormous height of the hills, the delightful fur of dogs and kittens, spring water flowing over rocks, arbutus under cold wet leaves, the pines on the hillside under which he dreamed day dreams in autumn when a blue haze drifted through the streets from bonfires of leaves. A happy enchantment, this world, made solely for his use.

But now, with those glances exchanged between his mother and the neighbor woman, Marlton declared that a secret wonder possessed him, and from it was projected into his invisible world a new shape, the Bad Woman. All about her was a fog, murky and mysterious. When his mother said "the Bad Woman," he thought at once of a witch. But what confused him, the contradiction that made the fog about her was the fact that the woman in the yellow cottage did not look like a witch.

He knew about witches from the fairy-tale books, and it was puzzling that this woman should look of a morning very much as his mother did. When he

stopped at her door the first time she had been wearing a gingham dress of some clean faded tint; it reminded him of the pale spring flowers at the edge of the woods. An apron of blue-and-white check, exactly like his mother's, had been tied about her waist. Through the open door he could see the floor of the kitchen, scrubbed white, the shining stove, and on the window sill three little flower-pots with "slips" in them. They were being coaxed to grow up into plants by means of jelly glasses turned upside down over them. The sun caused a film of moisture to gather on the inside of the glasses, so that they were like tiny hothouses. "Heliotrope and fuchsia, one for looks and the other for smell," the woman explained to him.

That was the first thing he liked about her—she made jokes but they were not baby-jokes, and she did not call him Sonny or Bub. She had a wide, impersonal smile and she said "Hello!" like another boy. He liked her white sugar cookies with a raisin pressed down in the exact center of each. She kept them in a putty-colored jar with a brown-glazed lining and a clean tea towel over the top, exactly as his mother did. It was puzzling, trying to reconcile her witchlike qualities with her appearance and her kitchen.

After he had heard her called the Bad Woman he sat on the hillside safely above the yellow house and gazed fixedly at it, half hoping he might see her riding on a broomstick above the lettuce bed. In half of his mind he knew this was nonsense, but in the other half there was a curious excitement, a sort of irritation which kept his thoughts a great deal upon the yellow house.

And then, the first thing he knew, one dull morning—he was alone a good deal, his playmates being in school—he found himself swinging a leg over the low wall and sliding down toward the kitchen door of the yellow cottage. He felt guilty and half afraid, but there seemed to be something he wanted—something that would protect him from the oppression which crept over him as he sat there aloof on the hillside, with the noises of the village coming up to him, faint but clear. He often had those moods in the very midst of the brightest ecstasy. Strangely enough, they were like a kind of homesickness.

"I've never been able to understand it," said Marlton, "for I had a good home. I had a good mother. She gave me the best of care. But, I don't know, perhaps she was not really the maternal type. Maybe most of her love had been expended on my brother who died. There was—not coldness, exactly, so much as a lack of warmth, about my mother. I think there can be a lack of fundamental harmony between a mother and her child, and I guess that's the way it was with us, though we cared a great deal for each other. I've always thought that had something to do with those queer homesick spells I had.

"But that doesn't explain why I was pulled toward the woman in the yellow cottage. There were other houses I had gone in and out of all my six years, good homes that had no particular attraction for me. Why, I've forgotten," cried Marlton, "what my mother's kitchen looked like, and I can see that other woman's as clearly—"

And yet he found, when he tried to describe it to Bettinger that only one or two actual details stuck in his memory: a rocking-chair with a turkey-red cushion, a white apron sprigged with little bouquets that hung behind the door, a shelf edged with paper lace. Something less tangible and more vivid remained in his memory. Strangely enough it was a sense of deep peace.

"Now how can you account for that," asked Marlton, "considering the sort of woman she was? It wasn't as if I didn't recognize her as a bad woman. I did, not alone because my mother had called her that, but through some sixth sense of my own, developed over night. I knew there was something—sinister? No, that's not quite the word. I knew there was something *dark* which set apart

the woman and the yellow house from my mother's world. But once I was in that kitchen, it did not seem to make any difference. The kitchen itself was the happiest place I had ever known. It seemed in some way to be a part of my own world, it seemed to be the very heart of that imaginary world where I roamed dreaming, free—"

Marlton broke off to light a cigarette, and to exhale the first puff of smoke with a long sigh. "Oh, Lord! I wish I could adequately describe that world of mine in that one short June. The sheer shimmer and gleam of it, the cobwebs like tents in the meadows of a morning, the enormous dome of the blue sky, the pine trees on the hillside, with bright bits of the sky caught in their branches as I lay under them—it's no use, you can't put into words an ecstasy like that. If there ever was a man named Adam he must have felt that way when he was young and the garden was still cool and new to him. Before he got knowledge, and lost wisdom. Well, that was I, when I had stopped being a baby and was not yet a so-called citizen of the world."

He was silent then so long that finally Bettinger asked how a woman of that kind came to be in a little town where each family knew every other, and immorality must have been too conspicuous to be comfortable? Was she a native of the place?

"No, I don't think so," replied Marlton. "But I'm inclined to think she may have been a country girl. Perhaps she became homesick and drifted from the city to a temporary anchorage in the yellow house. She was the only one of her kind in the place. Perhaps she was making a half-hearted effort at reformation. I don't know, I only know that I could not keep away from her house.

"I would be playing on the hill, on a little level plateau where there were four tall pines and a spring, and all at once I would want to get away from there. I would have that sense of homesickness. Perhaps it was just loneliness, I don't know. Anyhow, pretty soon I'd be looking in at the kitchen door. And she would look up with her indescribable smile, impersonal, warm, alive. Then she would go on with whatever she was doing. Whether she was baking cookies or scrubbing the floor or just sitting rocking in the little chair by the window there was something about her that was like the pine trees on the hill, something effortless and kind, as if she had all the time in the world. I often felt underfoot in my mother's kitchen, for she was an intense housekeeper, easily flurried. In that other kitchen I always felt wanted, and yet as free as the wind. She never looked at my muddy feet, she never petted me, she scarcely seemed to notice me, and she asked only sensible questions—was the wintergreen plentiful that year, would I advise her to paint the back steps green, and did I know where she could get a maltese kitten?

"But it was something deeper than all this, deeper even than her kindness which flowed out to me like spring-water. Sometimes I've thought we were like two travelers who had known each other well somewhere else. We had met again and words were superfluous. The walls of that kitchen received us after our wanderings, they shut out whatever had been, whatever was, and encompassed us in a deep friendliness. We were at home with each other.

"Only once was this harmony disturbed. One morning when the woman was making sugar cookies and I was decorating each with a raisin, there came a cautious rapping at a distant door. I looked up inquiringly; it was the first time I had heard a rap at her door. And I saw the expression of peace that had been in her face shattered. She seemed to draw over the broken bits of it a mask with strange harsh lines in it.

"She dusted her hands on her apron and went toward the inner door to the part of the cottage I had never been in. 'You must go now,' she said to me. But I was busy sticking raisins in the cookies and I didn't want to go. She came over

to me and, putting her hands on my shoulders—it was the first time she had ever touched me—she put me outside the kitchen door. So gentle, so soft had been her hands upon my shoulders that I was surprised to find myself staring up at the closed door. I went home feeling again that odd homesick aloneness."

Marlton went on to say that he never knew the succession of events that led up to the woman's final day in the yellow cottage, but he remembered vividly a certain night. It was a warm June evening and, unnoticed by his mother, he had gone to sleep after supper in the hammock on the porch. He was awakened suddenly by a loud, thrilling whisper.

"I lifted my head," he said, "and there was Mrs. Lennox, our neighbor, whispering excitedly to my mother. What had awakened me so suddenly was the stealthy zest in her voice. She was urging my mother to come along and see something that was going to happen up at the yellow cottage. She said that Mag Doverley was on a rampage, on account of her husband and 'that creature,' and she had got her friends together. They were now marching up Main Street, gathering adherents as they went.

"Mag Doverley was six feet tall, a coarse-mouthed bully of a woman, who boarded the mill-girls in order to support a worthless husband. My mother did not want to be dragged into any row of Mag's picking, and she hung back. I was glad to think of that, afterward. Mrs. Lennox I hated the rest of my life in that town, though I didn't understand why. 'Come on,' she urged my mother, 'it'll be a circus. No one needs to see us. We can go up the back way, through Taylor's Lane, and see the whole thing from the hill.'

"My mother was finally persuaded, and the two of them hastened through the back garden. I was tingling with curiosity. I wanted to know what it was that could make them whisper so thrillingly. I was still a little befuddled with sleep, but I stumbled along through the darkness after them. They struck upward into Taylor's Lane, which was only a sort of cow-path leading to the pastures on the hillside. I was so near to them that I could hear their repressed laughter when they stumbled in the dark lane. I could sense their half-shamed excitement. And my own excitement grew."

When the lane rounded the shoulder of the hill it came out only a narrow field's width from the back of the yellow cottage. Here the two women halted and stood staring down, leaning their arms upon the top rail of the fence. Marlton said that he, too, came to a stop and kept very still for fear his mother would discover him and send him back home. By now he was wide awake, for, looking down the street on which the yellow house was the last dwelling, he could see, moving in and out of the lights from windows, a dark procession, massed well together. It climbed upward solidly. In the yellow cottage a steady light in one window burned, unaware.

Then suddenly, as the dark procession reached the yellow cottage and flowed into its yard, over the fence like a wave, the quiet night was shivered by a brutal noise—cat-calls, hoots, shrieks, banging of tin pans, of sticks upon the palings of the fence, and the hideous blatancy of horse-fiddles and tin horns.

"God, I'll never forget it!" exclaimed Marlton. "It raised goose-flesh all over my body. I had never heard anything like it before. I was terrified and yet somehow horribly stimulated. I clung to that fence, staring down through two rails. And I saw the light in the window go out, as if the frightful noise had been a breath that blew it out. There was a cow sleeping in a bed of fern just near my side of the fence. She lurched to her feet and went woof! through her astonished nostrils. I thought it was the devil, which shows the state of nerves I was in."

Then his mother and Mrs. Lennox climbed over the fence and began to creep down through the intervening field

to get a better view of proceedings, since the charivari was beginning to concentrate at the front of the cottage away from them. And he crept through the fence and followed. Before he knew it he had reached the low wall back of the cottage, he had climbed it and had run past the familiar kitchen door, now tightly closed, around to the front of the house. He had springs in his legs and he felt gay and light-footed, as he did on circus day when the calliope first began to tootle. He was not thinking about anything except that here was something exciting happening and he wanted to be in it.

There was the darkness, too. That lent a strangeness to everything. Back of the cottage was the great dark huddle of the hill; there were the unseen flowers in the yard, giving up their fragrance as they were trampled upon; and there was the yellow cottage, huddled, mute, trying to hide in the darkness from the blows of the cruel serenade. But stranger than anything else were the gleaming eyes of the grown-up persons.

"You see, I couldn't understand," said Marlton, "that gleam. There I was capering with other boys on the edge of the crowd, stimulated and excited—and wondering. All the pores of my being, so to speak, wide open. Up to this moment I had inhabited a world that was cool and clear. Now the braying voice of that mob broke through into my world, shattering it, leaving me exposed to—"

He paused, searching for a word. "Raw poison, that's what it was! It poured out from that crowd. I don't suppose, in the history of our town, it ever had a moment quite so ignoble. There were a few good people in that mob, of course. But they too had been overcome by the poisonous hysteria. They were shamefaced to be there, but they would have been afraid to leap up in front of that silent house and speak of Christian charity. So they hung in the background; the women tittered and hoped no one would recognize them and the men looked at one another out of the corners of their eyes. But pretty soon that gleam had come into their eyes, too, the same expression that was in the faces of the mill-girls and the half-grown hoodlums from the poolroom. No wonder I looked up at them and felt bewildered and horribly stimulated! I wanted a horse-fiddle or a tin horn, too. I wanted to make a noise. So I put my fingers in my mouth to make my whistle more shrill like the rest of the boys, and I wormed my way in and out between knees, until I got to the front and there was Mag Doverley ranting and shrieking at the house, 'Come out o' there! We've got something to say to you, we have. You—'

"The insistent rhythm of the charivari went on beating up against the closed eyelids of the yellow cottage. The door remained mutely shut. Mag Doverley made a rush up the steps, calling back, 'Come on, girls, we'll get her out of here if we have to smash down the door.' A group of mill-girls, shrieking with laughter, five or six older women, members of a purity league, with stern, red faces crowded up behind her. And behind them the crowd pushed and craned, trampling the flower bed along the walk and guffawing. The half-grown youths twirled their horse-fiddles, beat upon tin pans, and yelled encouragement to Mag Doverley.

"I forgot I had ever known the woman who was hiding behind the closed door," sighed Marlton. "It shows how completely she had been a part of my secret world. For now that I had stepped out of that world into the grown-up world, and was drunk with its excitements, it was as if I had awakened from a dream. I forgot her. I was a hunter, surrounded by other hunters, primitive and cruel. I was hunting down a witch, a Bad Woman.

"So when Mag Doverley yelled at us, 'Hey, you boys go round to the back door and see that she don't get out that way!' I scampered willingly around the house with the other boys. We were led

by one Torrey Knowlton, a half-grown bully, who put great zest into his assignment. He grabbed up a clod from the little stony garden patch. 'Everybody get him a chunk o' dirt,' he commanded us, 'and if she tries to get away, paste her one.'

"I obeyed," said Marlton, "with a nervous alacrity. I fastened my eyes as bidden upon the familiar kitchen door, now so oddly unfamiliar. Growing beside it there was a great bush of bridal wreath in full bloom. The woman was very proud of this shrub, though it was only a rented possession, and every day she emptied the dish-water about its roots. In the darkness it was like a proud ghost waiting there beside the kitchen door. The hill at our backs stood up against the little stars.

"Our figures must have melted into this dark background, for it was plain the woman did not see us when a moment later she opened the door. She crept out so quickly and quietly that even the vigilant Torrey was a moment in recovering himself. Then he shouted at her to go back into the house. 'They want you at the front door, chippy!' he roared manfully.

"Taken by surprise she was not able at once to recover herself and retreat. Fury, perhaps panic, seized our leader and poured out through him to us. He raised his arm, he let fly his clod. The others automatically did likewise. The clods and stones spattered about her, they hit the steps, they muddied the branches of bridal wreath. And the woman made a sound more dreadful than any scream—a small squeak, like a rabbit caught in a trap."

Marlton fetched a long breath. "Those clods may really not have touched her—afterwards the boys declared they had not thrown to hit her, only to scare her back into the house. I don't know. I only know that in that instant I was certain only one had hit her—mine. My hand was empty.

"I can't recall taking any further part in the proceedings. It is in my memory vaguely that the woman was escorted from the yellow cottage to the railroad station and put upon the midnight train.

"But what I do remember," said Marlton, "is a strange and terrible moment. I stood alone in the dark. The woman had stumbled back into the house, the boys had run whooping around the house to boast. And there I stood, aware of my empty hand. Dreadfully aware of it. There was dirt in the palm of it where the muddy stone had been. I wiped it quickly off upon my jacket. All at once nausea seized me. And something more—a sense of unbearable loss, a sort of terrible desolation. I could not stand it. I climbed over the wall into the hillside field. I ran across it toward home. As I crawled through the broken fence rail into the lane a great sob wrenched me, tore me open. I was empty as a house for rent. God had gone out of me with that stone. I had become a human being."

POSTMARKED DRESDEN

FURTHER NOTES OF AN EMIGRÉ

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

DRESDEN—I would like to see three or four Irishmen saunter into this restaurant with their hats on the back of their heads. I wish my Saxon waitress were a Roumanian or a darky. The truth is, with all my unbounded admiration for nearly everything that is *echt* German, I am beginning to be a little fed up with the *echt*ness of the *echt*. No, that is not it exactly, either. I am getting fed up with the fact that the German himself is never fed up with it and apparently never will be. I concede that the Germans are far and away the most highly civilized people in Europe, and that their way of doing things is usually the best way, but I wish they would sometimes get restless under their own excellences. It seems only human that they should do so, but I see no signs that they ever do. They are not hundred-per-centers; they do not cultivate homogeneity at the expense of a stranger's self-respect. But their temperament makes no room for the great and saving grace of cussedness, whereby one gets tired of a smooth monotonous best and skirmishes around for a look at something that probably is not so good but is restfully different.

In this they are like the French. I have always regarded it as nothing short of a national calamity that all Frenchmen understand French. Even in the Basque district, or in those regions where the vernacular is practically the old *langue d'oc*, French is understood. The power of words is so great, the social function of language is so far beyond that of a mere vehicle for ideas, that it is an enormous factor in making the *echt* preponderate. Belgium's civilization is in some respects inferior to that of Germany and France, yet I have always found it ten times more interesting than either; and one great reason for this is that half the population cannot understand the speech of the other half. About three million of them speak only Flemish; nearly as many more speak only French; of the remainder some speak only the Walloon dialect, some only German. When a French-speaking Belgian from Brussels finds himself over by Hasselt, he converses by a kind of primitive sign-manual. All this tends mightily against the ironing out of a whole civilization into a uniformity that no doubt has its uses but is dismally dull. As I read Milton's great epic I should be willing to bet good money that Satan started the revolt of the angels because he was dead bored by the appalling monotony of the celestial civilization.

Our politicians have not discovered that an *interesting* social life is the natural food of patriotism. Burke knew it. He showed himself a great statesman when he said that "for us to love our country, our country ought to be lovely." My country is in matchless luck in having a population made up of all peoples, nations, and languages, which is the raw material of an intensely interesting civilization. As usual, the United States does not know its luck, or Congress would decree that any attempt

to direct or accelerate the natural processes of amalgamation should be made a capital crime, punishable by boiling in oil. The worst enemies of civilization in America are the Americanizers who, instead of encouraging all these people to stick to their own tongues, literatures, customs, and views of life, lie awake nights thinking up new ways to throw cold water on them. Any artist would instinctively know better than that. Indeed, I have long wished that our society would toss all the politicians to the kites and crows and turn the practical direction of affairs over to the artists. They could not possibly botch them worse than the politicians have done, and in some respects they would be almost sure to do better.

II

The Scopes trial at Dayton scared me out of a plan I had formed to write a theological essay which might have reached the proportions of a book on God as an individualist, based on the fact of His having created innumerable millions of human beings warranted positively no two alike. He has never had proper credit for this stupendous achievement. When I contemplate its colossal quality, the little matters which our theologians quarrel over seem so insignificant that, for all I care, either side may have its own way about them. One could draw a great many important and plausible inferences from this fact, the most obvious probably being that all attempts to standardize and mechanize mankind are impious and atheistical. Again, it might be argued that God likes mongrels, since He contrived to make the race run so readily to mongrel strains, and to make the human mongrel, like the mongrel dog, the most interesting and delightful of the whole species, in that his instincts run back to any number of types without being true to any in particular. The French-speaking Belgian, for instance, is bound to have somewhere in him a dab of Flemish, Walloon, German, or what not; and the persistence of cognate life and institutions around him keeps it from suffocation in a mephitic atmosphere of the *echt*. Yet all these diverse strains are solidly Belgian. The Flemish will tell you that they are the only real Belgians—none other genuine—and the Walloons will tell you that the Flemish are all right in their way, probably, but if you want simon-pure, eighteen-carat, stem-winding, self-cocking Belgian patriotism there is only one place to look for it. The fact is that both are as absurdly patriotic as they can be without busting, and that the cultural attrition which our Americanizers dread is the greatest factor in keeping them so, because it creates for them a civilization that is uncommonly amiable and interesting.

The Americanizers might have learned something about their job from the ship's company with which I have just now crossed the ocean. It being off-season, there were only about forty passengers, perhaps half Americans, as follows: New York business man, Scots-English stock, good-natured, buoyant. Young man, Irish-Massachusetts, commuter type, gregarious, reflective faculty absent; Irish wife, pretty, chatty, untroubled by mental stirrings of any kind. Middle-aged Mid-western doctor, alfalfa-fed, a solid person; young wife also Irish—Irish as Murphy's pigs—good instincts, quick intuitions, lively, inquisitive. Young Southerner on business trip, good looks and manners, agreeably reticent; wife rather pretty, shiftless, helpless, drawling, petulant, inconceivably vacuous. Elderly German-American and wife, well-to-do, obtuse. Norwegian-American mother and daughter, cultivated, charming, alert, thoughtful. Two pair Jewish honeymooners, lifted straight from the pages of Mr. Montague Glass, their ways a marvel to behold. Young wife of brisk Dutch go-getter, composite stock, probably polished off in some Northwestern state university, rangy, capable,

diplomatic, keen to help her husband in his business. Three of the old New York breed, now almost extinct, which Mrs. Wharton celebrated in her *Age of Innocence*, representing everything that is accomplished, distinguished, courteous; their stock the standard compound of Dutch, English, French. Finally little "Broadway" as she came to be known, a blondined and hand-painted rack of bones who was not as young as she looked and had evidently been out in some rough weather, but who had made the port of successful matrimony with a well-to-do young foreigner and was doing the right thing by him *con amore;* hard-boiled to the limit, coarse as cord-wood and good as gold—and what a dancer! American girls dance well as a rule, but such dancing as hers can be learned only in one school. While dancing she still kept an unseeing stare fixed on the fifth row from the front, over her partner's shoulder, even as she had been taught to do in the old days, now happily gone forever. Her husband had a lively crew of five business cronies with him homeward-bound, and it was a great sight to see the tact and resourcefulness with which she floor-managed and close-herded the whole party into what Mayor Gaynor used to call "outward order and decency" throughout the trip. I was interested to observe that, while the rest of us were still looking a bit askance at her mannerisms, the aristocratic New Yorkers immediately got her measure as a sterling good sort and a first-class artist in her line, which she really was. The Little Sister of the Roughneck is a hard role to play, and probably no one in the world can put a Ristori-Rachel finish on it like the Broadway chorus-girl when once she signs up for the job.

Well, there those people were, all Americans—not one in the whole pack of joyous mongrels could possibly be taken for anything but American. Yet it was chiefly the diversity of their racial and cultural marks—was it not?—that made them collectively interesting. What I wish the Americanizers could see is how much more interesting our whole collective society would be if alien cultures were encouraged to persist. How much more personable those two Irish wives, for instance, would be—and yet no less American—if their minds and tongues moved habitually in Gaelic sequences, and if they had a strong nucleus of Irish cultural institutions at their elbow. If I were an Americanizer my ideal would be to have at least seventy languages, literatures, and cultures established side by side all over the land, rooted deep and going strong. The theory of the melting-pot is first-rate for purposes of industrial exploitation, but it is death on the humanities. My country will begin to be truly civilized on the day when first some citizen of New Haven, stepping off a train at Worcester, absent-mindedly feels in his pocket for his passport.

III

The German opera-goer has his opera served up to him in German, by and for Germans, no matter what the opera may be. The Germans would Germanize the "Beggar's Opera" or Gilbert and Sullivan, and manage to make something interesting of it too. I remember going to hear "Traviata" in Berlin some years ago, out of frank curiosity to see what they would do with it. This being the op'riest opera there is, I judged it was naturalization-proof. But I was wrong; they not only changed its essential character but made it convincing, so that it touched off unsuspected mines of emotion in the listener. For instance, whenever Violetta's sophistication dropped off at the touch of a true sentiment for Alfred, instead of the volcanic young creature that we usually see, it left her a simple-minded, trustful, anxious little German girl with whom one found oneself working up quite a bit of genuine sympathy as the play went on. Alfred's father produced an effect even more remarkable. Instead of hating him

as a sinister figure or loathing him as a pompous old meddling swine—these being the two standard Italian presentations—one felt actually sorry for him when he came on as an humble, unpretending, almost shabby middle-class German, sad and perplexed under the terrible *echt* German obsession with family responsibility. All in all, hearing "Traviata" done German style was an instructive experience, and it increased my respect for the power of *Gründlichkeit* and the genius for *durcharbeiting* things. Still, one would think the Germans might like the chance to see it done Italian style sometimes, or even *doch* occasionally French or Russian style, if only for a "flyer," as the poet says.

Fritz Busch, the musical director here in Dresden, is the best of the younger German conductors—already the best in Germany, I should say, leaving out the incomparable Muck and the more experienced Bruno Walter. I have been spinning out my stay in Dresden, hoping to hear him do something that I really want to hear, but the time of year is wrong. The symphony season has slacked off, and there is nothing much doing at the opera but "Parsifal." Three performances of "Parsifal" in four days—think of it! The Dresdeners certainly take their spiritual sustenance by the shovelful. I have reached the time when I would rather sit in an armchair comfortably of an evening and read one of Wagner's later scores instead of hearing it performed, and I am encouraged to say this since I notice that Walter Damrosch said something of the kind the other day. What a remarkable triumph of sheer *Gründlichkeit*, by the way, his career has been! On the strength of it alone he has managed to do more for music in America than any other man except Theodore Thomas. He is not only the best program-maker there is, but probably the best there ever was; ditto, lecture-recitalist. His range and depth of musical literacy is almost inconceivable, and his taste is flawless—he has been for years a bulwark against sensationalism and mountebankery. At the desk, on the other hand, he is about the world's poorest. Yet such is the power of his enormous *Gründlichkeit* that somehow, no one knows how, the boys buck up and do about what he has in mind for them to do, and lug him along with them in a highly acceptable performance. I feel like saying this because when I was reading his praises last year, on the fortieth anniversary of his connexion with the Symphony, it seemed to me that he was missing the exact tribute—and therefore the highest tribute—that he deserves.

In Germany the advertisements not only tell you when a performance will begin, but also when it will end, and it ends at the precise moment nominated in the bond. The Munich opera house has a clock over the stage, and the curtain goes down at exactly the scheduled second. I do not see how this is possible, but there it is. One admires this miracle, of course, and yet it is a good deal of a nuisance because one really loses the last couple of scenes by timing the soprano while she holds her top note and gambling with oneself on the chance of her throwing the final curtain a fraction of a second late or early. All this is futile, however, for she never does it. The wonderful discipline of German audiences has often been remarked, but I do not remember ever having seen the question raised whether German discipline in general is enforced, or whether it is merely the natural expression of an order-loving people. Are the people regulated by the *Polizei*, or are the *Polizei* an expression of the popular disposition? Ten years ago, of course, there was but one answer for an American to give to this question, unless he wished to go to jail. To-day he is probably free to have his doubts, and I recommend my friends on tour in Germany to look into the matter. In many small ways one sees evidence of a great dislike of disorder and noise. Even the children and the dogs are quiet, and I

noticed in Munich how heartily and yet how quietly people laughed. The general Continental foible of noisy eating is not so afflictive here as in France, but one can find it by looking around a bit. I dropped into a cheap fixed-price lunch yesterday just as the mulligatawny mazurka was starting off, and it occurred to me then that German ingenuity would some day find its crowning glory in the invention of a noiseless soup-spoon.

IV

Going up from Munich towards Nuremberg one sees the women begin to smarten up and the men grow plainer. This is a curious phenomenon. All the women one sees in Munich are so plain that they keep one wondering how they produce so many uncommonly handsome men. Heaven-sent homeliness is not a thing to be spoken of where the victim makes the most of it; but these women do nothing about theirs but "let it ride." Many of the men have a distinctive and agreeable style, while the women have no style of any kind. One is justified in complaining about this, for as every American knows, it is possible to be homely successfully. Nine times out of ten my countrywoman capitalizes her plainness and gets Standard Oil dividends out of it. The Bavarian lets hers lie as a dead asset, and hence its display is dispiriting and "ornery"—ornery as soapweed, especially on a rear view. Why is it, I wonder, that women generally are so indifferent to the fact that men are looking at their backs most of the time, since our social usages make women precede men in walking, standing, and sitting? If they got themselves up to be seen of men, like the Pharisees of old, as it is commonly assumed they do, one must suppose they would notice this and arrange accordingly. My conviction is that they do nothing of the kind. I have long believed that women get themselves up to be seen of women, and that the critical and practiced eye of other women is the sovereign deterrent from dowdiness. My feminist friends at home are welcome to this idea if they can make any use of it in their business—no extra charge.

This notion gains something from my observation that in the great professional undertaking of keeping their husbands interested and docile the Bavarian women appear to win. Their men-folk like them and make much of them in a quiet way, and they radiate great contentment, not of a bovine kind by any means, but the experienced and highly intelligent contentment that one remarks in the cats of Brussels, for example. There seems no ground, speaking generally, for suspecting a *partage* with some sly little girl around the corner, for the men have not the ear-marks of the roving type and, furthermore, the girl around the corner would look just like the others. At first the stranger can not make out what it is that gets the Bavarian woman under the wire so handily, but it soon dawns on him—amiability. This is the one human quality that in the long-run invariably knocks the persimmon, so to speak, and a few days in Bavaria give one a lively and admiring respect for it. Amiability does not mean an indolent and blockish good-nature—these ladies have starch in their character and plenty to say for themselves—but the active virtue that the Psalmist had in mind when uttering the mighty truth that "the amiable shall possess the earth." You can see them possessing it here every day.

Just here is where the Bavarian woman cleans up on the American sisterhood. My countrywoman, by and large, is rich in everything else you can think of—looks, *éclat*, money, adaptability, independence, good temper—but she runs steadily short of the market on the one quality that is a sure winner wherever you play it, from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand. European men of the better sort are no end interested in our girls. They like to run about with them, chat and dance with them and pick their brains, but marrying

them, except on a strictly cash basis, is something else again. One can not say how far this reluctance is rationalized; perhaps in most cases the fear of being stranded in the shallows of amiability is instinctive only. I wonder if it ever occurs to the sociologists to follow this lead in their studies of the high American divorce rate. Probably it is too simple to interest them, since you can not very well work it out by charts and graphs and make it the basis of tom-fool legislative bills to pester Congress with. But it has significance. Speaking as a patriotic American, I must say that one could imagine oneself racking along very happily through this vale of tears in the company of a Bavarian wife, if one might just look over the fence once in a while—no more than this—at an American girl, merely to ward off eye-strain.

At Nuremberg I saw some middle-aged women who had an air of diffused and bustling responsibility, and looked as if they might belong to a woman's club. The only really pretty girl I have seen in Germany got off the train at Zwickau. As she passed down the platform she caught my eye and gave me a frank and lovely smile with yet a little touch of reproof in it, as if to say, "You are old enough to be in better business than admiring me, but if you insist, here goes to do my best for you." At my age these casual benevolences of youth are infrequent enough to be jotted down among one's sentimental recollections. As Josh Billings said, "it is hily important for us older peple to lern that we air merely tolerated in this world." Well, but if at any age one gets toleration—real toleration—is it not enough? It is the blighting error of youth to be always coveting more and demanding more. The experience of age knows better.

V

This country is in the grip of the bankers. In fact, the world at large has pretty well taken on the aspect of a usurer's paradise. Hitherto the bankers have worked through the agency of the politicians, but these latter gentry have now sunk to such an abysmal level of incapacity that they are only employed on window-dressing, while syndicates of bankers quietly carry on the actual conduct of affairs. The intelligent observer bears this fact in mind and pays no attention whatever to the doings and sayings of politicians and publicists. He watches the immense exportations of capital from America, and perceives an exact repetition, on a larger scale, of what has invariably happened in the world's history upon every definitive shift in the international center of exchanges—from Babylon to Rome, Rome to Constantinople, Constantinople to Venice, Venice to Antwerp, Antwerp to London. This is all that interests him. Meanwhile governments pop up and pop down in kaleidoscopic succession without actual consequence, and the "cannibal newspapers," as Mr. Jefferson called them, work through their poor old besotted repertoire of shuffling venalities about the League of Nations or the World Court, or this-or-that great forthcoming "conference" which is just about to begin to commence to get ready to take things in hand and "stabilize" them. Of such is the kingdom of journalism, and such is the hypertrophy of what is called technically, I believe, the "news sense"!

The general effect of all this swill is to make people believe that the course of public affairs is recondite and that one must sweat blood to understand it; whereas in fact it is very simple. All one need do is to remember that "England" and "The United States," when those terms appear in the political news or in editorial comment, mean simply two enormous agglomerations of vested interests which between them hold a mortgage on pretty much all the future producing power of Western Europe. The irresistible attraction of the British economic system which drew us into what Mr. Jefferson called a "sneaking neutrality" against France in 1789,

drew us again into a sneaking neutrality in 1914, and finally in 1917 drew us into the war. Nations in general, as John Jay remarked, "will go to war whenever there is a prospect of getting anything by it," and the prospect of wielding an unexampled economic imperialism was overwhelming.

Well, according to the last figures I noticed—and that was a long time ago—the amount of capital exported from the United States to Europe since the war is seven billion dollars. This is in itself a thundering lien on future European labor and, besides this, there are the public debts which must also be paid out of production if they are ever paid. The fundamental situation, therefore, is that productive labor is getting sway-backed under these immense masses of paper obligation—a situation easy to understand but impossible to deal with, and, therefore, none of the political rogues and mountebanks who hobnob in recurrent "conferences" dares face it squarely or talk about it frankly.

All paper must finally be redeemed in goods or services. Its value must come out of production, out of the application of labor and capital to natural resources. There is nowhere else that it can come from. The running yield of production must bear three charges: wages, which go to labor; interest, which goes to capital; and rent, which goes to monopoly of natural resources. The trouble with the "stabilization" of Europe is that the fixed charges of rent and interest are so heavy that labor cannot produce them, to say nothing of producing wages as well. Naturally, no one cares to loosen up. Labor does not want to work for nothing, capital does not want to forgo interest, and the very last thing imaginable is that monopoly should let go—the prime instance at present, perhaps, being that of the British coal-land owners. Such is the nice kettle of fish that the bankers are stirring in their efforts to "stabilize" Europe, and what it will finally taste like I do not know.

Its smell is not appetizing at this stage. The normal expectation of life gives me at least twenty years to look forward to, and I sometimes wonder whether so many are worth spending in a world dominated by the too, too solid flesh of the banking brethren whose social ideals must perforce be narrowed down to "speeding up production" through an indefinite future. There will be little else doing for twenty years, and nothing at all doing in my line. By sticking in obscure nooks and corners one may rub along passably on one's own cultural resources, perhaps occasionally squinting through a knot-hole in the left-field fence to observe the progress of the great game. Well, we shall see.

V

My literary acquaintance D. has introduced me to a couple of American heiresses who are moving about Germany after a season of winter sports in Switzerland. From Dresden, I believe, they go to Wiesbaden. D. tells me that their mother has an eye out for certain sprigs of nobility in their orbit. I thought the American market was low on this specialty nowadays, but D. says that occasional transactions still go on, more or less of the kerbstone type. The girls stroll and sit about idly, letting their bodies crumple into indolent attitudes, and giving the impression of great age, as if they were now in the full aggregate experience of seven or eight successive incarnations. It would not surprise me to hear one of them casually mention knocking about of an evening with Petronius, or having been presented at the court of Shalmaneser I. They speak in monosyllables, and their manner has the torpid frankness of pale boreal sunshine moving upon an illimitable Siberian waste.

"Gunning for husbands?" I inquired pleasantly.

"Yes," the older one replied in a lifeless voice, "if you'll show us something worth shooting at."

"But why marry, since you don't have

to be supported? Wouldn't you rather be free?"

"That's the point," she said. "Freedom is worth only what you can get out of it. Girls are freer married than single. You can get what you want with less fuss and trouble if you manage right."

"Then the principle of the thing doesn't interest you?"

"Not a bit."

"H'm," I ruminated. "Rather a rough spin coming to John Henry, wouldn't you say?"

"Why, no," she replied. "We've got a good deal to offer. Money's something, and neither Polly nor I has a stingy hair in our heads. Besides, we are fair and above-board. He can play his game and I'll play mine."

"What is your game?"

"Same as yours or anybody's—having a good time in my own way without being interfered with."

"Then sentiment doesn't appear in the matter particularly, I take it?"

She made no reply to this, and I risked Henry Adams's stock question on her.

"Tell me," I asked, "why the American girl is such a failure."

"We're not," she replied. "We're there to our graft, like everybody else, and we jolly well get what we want. That's not being such a failure, is it? We take the world as it is. We didn't make it, and we don't say we like it, but we can beat it easier one way than another, so we take that way.

"I have heard of you," she went on. "I read what you write. You needn't look surprised—I can read. So can Polly. We're no keener on things than you are, but what can we do? Tell our world to go to the devil, stand from under, and build one of our own inside our heads? Fine for those who can do it, but it's too much work for me, and I don't see enough in it. You say that's wrong, and maybe it is, but I can't see it. The only other thing is to boil ourselves hard, stand up to our world and make it deliver."

"But is it ever going to deliver anything, really?—that's the point," I asked.

She looked at me steadily, and I thought her glacial expression softened a little. "It seems to," she said, "but I declare I don't know. I wish I did."

There was not much more to say, so I yawned politely, stretched, and strolled off up the embankment of the Elbe, thinking that whatever may be said about my countrywomen's amiability or intelligence, there is no discount on their sagacity. But twenty years of life where sagacity does duty for all ruling impulses—no, decidedly, twenty years are much too many.

STORY IN DESCENDING DISCORDS

BY ARCHER WINSTEN

Awarded First Prize in the Harper Intercollegiate Contest, in which undergraduates of eighty-four American colleges and universities competed. An announcement of the results of the Contest, with the names and colleges of the prize-winners, is made on page 395.—*The Editors.*

Sept. 29, 1925.

Dear Mother;

Well, I am so busy that I can only drop you a line and there is not so much to tell yet but I thought you might like to hear it. I got here alright on the train but I met Len Colt who was going to Yale on the train and we got into an argument. He said all about how Yale was better so I told him Princeton was the only place. He could not see that but even at school he was always kind of simple.

Well, I got here Saturday morning like we planned and I started right in to look for a room. They were not so much but I finally got one on Bank St., which is supposed to be awfully handy for the Commons where all the Freshmen eat. My address is 18 Bank St. I was sort of disappointed because it looks a lot like a slum to me but a lot of fellows seem to room there and the land lady said I was lucky to get it because usually the boys like Bank St., so much that they stay over for their Sophomore year too. The land lady does not look like much either but I guess that is the way with all of them because I saw a lot that did not look like much. The room costs nine dollars a week and I thought that was too much for a single room in the rear but there were lots that cost more than that and the land lady said that her boys always told her that it was a good bargain and I could ask a fellow who is a Sophomore if that is not true so I signed the lease.

It is a pretty big place here and there are a lot of different buildings so I have a tough time finding my way around but I guess I will get used to that pretty soon. Last night I went to a Freshman class meeting and some big gun told us all about how we were Princeton men now and how much that meant. It made me feel good all over and I said to myself that I would make good and have you proud of me.

I went out for the Freshman football team yesterday and there are about a hundred fellows out so I guess there will be a lot of competition. We just sort of limbered up the first day. There are two fellows in the house with me a little dark fellow named Wisner and a big light one named Hendel. They are alright but its pretty lonesome around here without knowing anyone to talk it over with. I have not seen those two Cleveland fellows I know and I guess they do not want to talk with a Freshman anyway. Well I guess I will soon know a lot of fellows in the class and then when I begin to make good everything will be jake. Give my love to father and do not forget to send those extra pennants and the rug.

Your Loving Son

EDGAR.

Sept. 29, 1925.

Dear Louise;

Well here I am in Princeton and it sure is great to be in the best college except I hate to leave you back in Cleveland with

all those birds there hanging around you. I know you will be faithful to me like you said out in the automobile on Shaker Heights ~~but~~ some times I feel rotten to have you so far away. This is dam sentiment but I want you to know about it although I wouldn't tell anyone else in the world.

There is not much to tell you about because nothing much has happened yet but maybe you want to know what Princeton is like. It is pretty big and has a lot of buildings and it looks a lot like a park. Freshmen cant get on the grass either and they have to wear little black caps. I felt kind of funny at first but everyone is doing it so it does not seem so bad and anyway its part of the game and I am here to play the game hard and win out.

It is hell to know I wont see you till Christmas and last night I got pretty lonesome thinking about it. A fellow named Wisner that lives in the house with me here got to talking with me last night but we did not talk long because I did not like him much. I guess he is pretty sinacal about women and everything and he said some things about a girl back in his home town. I wanted to talk about you but I could not with a fellow like that so I just kept thinking about you while he was talking. I thought maybe you were thinking about me at the same time and I felt a little better although I felt pretty bad about it all.

Not much has happened yet on the football squad but I guess I have got about as good a chance as the rest of them although there is an awfully big squad and they say there are eleven fellows out who were captains of their teams in school. Of course I do not weigh as much as a lot of them but I weigh as much as some of the biggest stars Princeton has ever had and if I have the spirit I guess my 150 pounds will get as far as a lot of those big cows.

Tell me all about what you are doing because I certainly do want to know and it will cheer me up some maybe and I keep thinking of you all the time so dont you go and forget me right away like some girls do to their fellows as soon as they get out of sight. But I know you wont because you said you would not so write me a nice letter soon,

Yours in love

Ed.

P. S.—Pardon this writing as I have a punk pen and it does not work good.

P. S.—I would write you all night only it is late now and I have to go to bed because I am training for the football team and I cant stay up late but I guess I wont sleep much because I think so much of you.

P. S.—My address is 18 Bank St., so write soon.

Oct. 3, 1925.

Dear father;

It sure is great here although at first I was a little homesick because I did not know anybody but now I know a couple of fellows. I met a fellow named Wallace Teter who is out for the backfield like me and we go around a lot together. He is from St. Louis and he does not know anybody much here any more than I do so we eat together in Commons and go to the movies together and it is not so bad. There is one fellow in the house with me who is a nice fellow and I guess he is pretty bright because he reads a lot and is quiet and his name is Will Hendel. He does not even smoke but there is a fellow named Wisner in the house who smokes and drinks too I guess and he is always trying to start a bridge game so I guess he is pretty dissapated.

All that money you gave me is all gone now so if you want to give me any more I would like to have it. There are certainly a lot of things a freshman has to have and everybody comes around to get you to sign up for them or pay something. They are all upperclassmen so I guess it is best to get a pull with them and be a sport and take everything or else they will get mad. Anyway I guess you really need the things or they would not come around like that. I joined the

University store because everyone else was doing it. I also bought a pressing ticket, a soccer ticket, a shoe shine ticket, a football season ticket, subscriptions to the Princetonian, the Nassau Literary Magazine, the Tiger and a New York paper and I joined the Nassau Club which is a club just for freshmen that meets in 17 Nassau hall but I have not been around yet although I am going soon to see what it is like. So you see where all of my money went but I guess I am in pretty good with the upperclassmen and Wisner who did not get much of anything will be pretty sorry. Well I sure do need some more money so if you can spare any send it soon. I guess from now on I wont have to buy anything any more.

Your loving son,

ED.

Oct. 5, 1925.

Dear Chuck;

How in hell are you at Cornell and have you made the first freshman team yet? They put me on about the sixth team here for signal practice yesterday but that did not really count because we have not had scrimmage yet and I have not had a chance to do my stuff. You ought to be here. Met a fellow named Wally Teter from Saint Louis and he is out for the backfield too so we bum around a lot together.

You ought to see the movies here as all the fellows talk out loud and yell and whistle and some of them make some pretty dirty wisecracks and I dont think they ought to because sometimes women are there but I guess they can take care of themselves. When there is not any music they yell for music and then some fellows dont want any music so they yell no music and it makes a hell of a racket but its a lot of fun and I like it. Everyone goes to the movies right after dinner and I go about four times a week so I dont do a lot of studying. Another funny thing is the caps us freshmen have to wear, they are little and black and I felt sort of funny at first but now I am getting used to it so it is not so bad. Its good too because you can tell who are freshmen and you are supposed to speak to all your classmates whether you know them or not only not many do except the funny looking fellows.

We all eat together in a big place called Commons and it sure is a struggle. If you get there early theres a mob that nearly kills you and when you get in some of those birds have not any manners at all and they take all the butter before half the table has had any but there are not many like that. Well I have to quit now because I have to do a hell of a lot of reading for a hard boiled bird named Green and I do not want to flunk out of here before Xmas. I will bet you have not half as much work to do at Cornell but it is pretty good here just the same.

Write me as everyone else around here gets letters but me and I have not even heard from Louise yet. Have you heard anything about her or Cleveland?

Your friend

ED.

P. S.—I nearly forgot but my address is 18 Bank St. and it is not as bad as I thought it would be.

Oct. 8, 1925.

Dearest Louise;

It sure was good to get your letter and I had been waiting for it for three or four days so I was nearly crazy when I got it. Its to bad you are not having such a good time but if you will wait till Christmas we will have a great time together and remember that I dont do a thing here except think about you and I wish I was with you. I get pretty low in my mind sometimes just thinking about how far you are away and so when I get a letter like that one of yours it makes me feel like a million dollars so you ought to write me one every day.

I had a funny thing happen to me the other day when I was coming out of Commons a bunch of upperclassmen I guess they were sophomores got all of us freshmen and marched us over to a

place where someone had painted our class numerals on the sidewalk and they made us scrub it off with bricks and water. It made an awful mess and I got awfully dirty and angry but there was not much that I could do about it so I just grinned and played the game but I dont see the point of painting numerals around when you have to scrub it off and ruin your clothes.

Well I have not had much of a chance yet in football because the team Im on has not got much of a line and they came through and smeared me each time before I had a chance to get started but none of them are so very good so I guess I will show them something yet and with you behind me I know I will. The freshmen play their first game day after tomorrow but I guess I wont have a prayer of getting in as there are about twenty fellows that are ahead of me. Well, I will get my chance one of these days and then you will see because I just have to make good in football because thats the only way I can get to the top of the ladder here at Princeton and I want to get to the top and be popular so you will be proud of me.

I had a talk with Will Hendel, he lives in the house with me, and he does not drink or smoke or anything and he certainly is a peach of a fellow. He does not like that little Wisner any more than I do and he said that he thought fellows like that ought to be called down by the upperclassmen and so did I. Wisner came in drunk the other night after he had been in Trenton and I was pretty disgusted and so was Will but we cant get out of the house now so I guess we will have to stand it. The worst of it is that he keeps coming around laughing at what Will and I say we are going to do. I get pretty sick of it and Will got mad the other day and told him to shut up and there was nearly a fight only Will is so much bigger that it would not of been fair. Will says that Wisner is one of the dissapated fellows that come from these big eastern tutoring schools and that is why he is so sinacal too. ——

Well I have to beat it for football practice now but I hope you will write me a nice long letter soon and tell me all about what you are doing. Remember that I dont think of any one but you.

Your own

ED.

P. S.—I wish you would send me a big picture of yourself as lots of the fellows have them and I feel kind of funny with only that little one of you.

Oct. 11, 1925.

Dear Mother;

Today is Sunday and I am writing you because I said I would write you once a week and I have owed you a letter for a while now. I got the pennants and the rug only that big Yale pennant is not there and lots of fellows here hang up Yale penants upside down and thats what I want to do with that one of mine if you can find it and send it.

I guess you know that the Varsity beat Washington and Lee yesterday 15 to 6 but they did not look too good and I thought I could of done some things better than some of them did it only it looks sort of funny for me to say so because I did not even get in the freshmen game on Friday. But just wait I am all set and if I do not do something this week out on the old field Im going to start playing chess or something.

I remember that you asked what courses I was taking but I thought I told you in my first letter. Well I am taking English, French, Historical Introduction, Field Artillery and Latin. They are all awful and hard and uninteresting except the Artillery and the Historical Introduction and Latin are even worse because I cant see the stuff at all. But lots of the other fellows dont know what its all about either so I am not the only one. Wally Teter he is my best friend here now pulled a good one the other day and said it was lucky most of the freshmen have not any brains at all because if they did they would go crazy with the work we have to do. Some times I get to feeling woozy myself

especially when I try to learn all that stuff for the Historical Introduction course because I dont really care anything at all about that kind of stuff. I just want to graduate and get through and make good without wasting my time in books and I guess I will get through in the pinches alright.

Well now I have to stop and study some

Your loving son

ED.

P. S.—If you hear anything about Louise Elder tell me because she does not write as often as I like and if you hear anything else tell me that too as I dont seem to be getting much news about the old place and it sure does seem a long way off.

Oct. 16, 1925.

Dear father;

Well I feel pretty blue because I did not do much in football like I planned to do this week. I got a chance alright but everything went wrong and I fumbled once and another time I lost a lot of ground on an end run and the coach gave me hell and took me out. Well I dont know whats the matter but the team I am on certainly does not open up very big holes in the scrimmage and I am not the only one that says so because Wally does too and so do the other backfield men but I dont see what we can do about it except do our best and play the game and thats what Wally says too. But some times I feel a little funny and blue because this is not what I planned to do at first but I guess I was overconfident and now that I have all that taken out of me I guess there is still time for me to show them what I am made of. The freshman team plays another game today but I am not even on the squad that is going to report for the game but that does not surprise me much because I have not done anything good yet. The first freshman team is pretty good and they have some fellows on it who have brothers that have been big stars at Princeton like Strubing and Caldwell and Stinson and some of the fellows on the team I am on think it depends on what prep school you come from and how much pull you have whether you make the team but I dont see how they could do a thing like that in a place like Princeton. I just guess that theres so many good fellows that some of them get lost for a while but they finally come up so dont you worry about me.

Last night a fellow came around and said he was collecting money for the Philadelphian drive or something and I did not want to get gipped or anything so I asked him how much everyone else was giving and he said as much as they could and that lots of fellows were giving $25 so I gave him that much and I guess I must have a pretty good drag with him now. I thought that if I did not maybe the upperclassmen would get down on me and that would be bad so you see that was absolutely necessary and that is where most of the fifty you sent me has gone. Even Wisner gave fifteen dollars to the Philadelphia although he said afterwards that he only did it to get rid of the pest. Well I dont like a fellow like that because he laughs at sacred things and Wally and Will dont like him either. I tried to call him down once but it did not do much good because he thought it was funny. He cuses a lot more than most fellows too.

Well if you want to send any money soon go ahead because I sure do need it

Your loving son

ED.

Oct. 18, 1925.

Dearest Louise;

I got your letter yesterday and I sure was glad because I was scared for a while that I would have to wait until Monday for it so you can imagine how happy I was when I recognized your hand-writing on the envelope. It sure did give me the big thrill and I had a big laugh on Will and Wisner because each of them thought they were going to get a letter from their girl and I was the only one that got one.

No I was not kidding at all about that picture because I really want it and the sooner I get it the better because I wont feel so far away from you when it is on my desk even through some times I wish I could go right back to old Cleveland and be with you all the time. If you want to you can come over here and live and that would be even better but no kidding I do want that picture awful bad so send it right away.

I have been to some discussion groups that nearly all the freshmen go to as they are held by the Philadelphian Society for the benefit of the freshman and each discussion group has a few freshmen and one upperclassman and he sort of tells you what is what around Princeton. Well they are pretty intelectual and most of the time it is pretty deep for me but once in a while they get pretty personal and I dont know whether that kind of stuff does so much good because I heard Wisner talking about them and it certainly did not do him any because he thinks he knows everything anyways and I dont know if the upperclassmen could change his morals if they tried and Wally and Will and I thought just about the same as the fellow in charge about women and morals and everything. But I guess it was mostly pretty fine because the fellow in charge of the group I was in was a senior and a football man and an all around man on the campus and although he did not say any thing much he was mighty friendly and he invited us to come and see him any time we wanted any advice or if he could help us in any way and he told us how to make good only I knew that and that is just what I am going to do.

Tell me all that you have been doing and has the rink opened yet I forget when it opens. Now Louise dear don't forget about me just because I am far away but keep on writing me and all I hope is that you think of me one half as much as I think of you.

Yours always

ED.

P. S.—Have you seen that big halfwit sissy Ruggleston James any this year? I just wondered because I saw a fellow here the other day that looked a lot like him only the fellow here was not so crazy. I always wondered why you ever let him hang around but I guessed you just liked the crowd.

P. S.—Pardon all these P. S.es but I dont ever seem to get everything I want in my letters to you. I just wanted to ask you if you remembered that ride out to Ashtabula and please think of me every once in a while and dont go tearing around too much. I am awfully lonely for you, lots of love—ED.

Oct. 18, 1925.

Dear Chuck;

Thanks for the information only I dont think it is true. Probly she just went to a dance or something and as soon as the fellows saw her there they thought she was giving me the air but I know that is not so because she still writes me nice letters and you ought to see the last one I got it was a peach. Anyways you see she is not going with any especial fellow so I guess that proves that she is still stuck on me like she was last year. But just the same I wish you would hurry up and write to your sister and find out if there is anything else in it than just what you said because of course I trust Louise absolutely and then I could warn her of what people are saying about us only now I dont know what to say and I sure am up in the air although of course I know that Louise would not treat me like that. So write me as soon as you can about that and dont forget.

I guess the football team sort of showed up pretty good yesterday even if they tied the Navy because I guess the Navy was lucky to get an even break. I did not go on account of my finances which are not so good just now because I will be dammed if there are not more things around here to take your money than you would expect and I dont know but it seems to go just the same. How are you coming now in football? That

was tough luck you had to hurt your arm right at the first but I guess you will come through in the end just the same. I have not been doing so good myself and sometimes I wonder what is the matter with me but I guess the truth is that I have not got any of the breaks yet and you know what they mean. Usually I get smeared two yards behind the line of scrimmage and I will bet Grange could not get much farther with a line like that and I dont want to look like I am just crabbing either but I think that is the truth. Well I dont see how they can keep me down much longer so you can begin to look for me in the Princeton freshmen lineups pretty soon.

The other day I was at a discussion group where they were talking about a fellows duty to women and some of the fellows sure did have some funny ideas. This Bird Wisner spoke right up and said he did not agree with the upperclassman who was in charge and he said that he did not see what was the matter with going with good and bad women both and he said he thought it broadened his education. I was sort of shocked but I expected something like that from Jim Wisner and it did take some nerve to talk like that to an upperclassman who was on the football team. Well at first he got mad and then he did not know what to do so he just said that Princeton gentlemen dont do that and then we talked about the football team the rest of the time. Wisner said afterward that the upperclassman changed the subject because he was wrong and Hendel got into an argument with him and they both talked a lot and they were pretty deep for me and thats the way with a lot of fellows around here they are pretty clever when it comes to talking but I guess the old religion wins out in the end if you play the game hard enough and dont stop to argue over it. Just the same I am a little more broadminded than when I came here and I dont think Wisner is as punk a fellow as I did at first before I got to know him at all although he is not the kind of fellow I want to know or take around to the family.

Well, remember to write me as soon as you can all about Louise that you can find out and take good care of yourself.

Your friend,

ED.

Oct. 21, 1925.

Dear mother;

Well I was out for football today and I guess I might as well tell you the truth. Its all over with me I guess because the team I was on has been broken up and all I do now is to stand on the sideline and watch. They dont cut us I guess but they just get us tired of standing around so I am pretty sore on the whole thing and I dont think it is fair but maybe it is all my fault and maybe I am not any good after all. I dont guess it matters much anyways and you tell father because he will know anyways and I dont care who else you tell either because I dont want to come back to Cleveland any more at all. I guess I feel pretty rotten about it so lets forget all about it for good. I hope you are feeling alright

Your loving son

ED.

Oct. 25, 1925.

Dear Louise;

I got your letter and it did not sound a bit like you or else you are mad at me because of something or other and I dont know what it can be because you know I am in love with you and I would not do anything to make you mad for all the world. What is the matter and if you will tell me I will do anything you want me to only it makes me feel terrable not to know what is the matter. I feel pretty terrable anyways because I have not been making good in football and that is bad enough without you getting sore at me too. I thought maybe it was because I did not invite you to the Harvard game which is two weeks from now or the Senior Prom which is only a week off but I could not of done that be-

cause of a lot of reasons and the main one is that I am only a freshman and the upperclassmen might not like it if I did something like that and anyways besides it costs a whole lot of money and I do not see where I can get it because father says I have had enough money and he does not realize how the money goes here. Well I thought you would understand that but I guess it is better to tell it to you so you will understand absolutely and I hope you will not keep on being angry at me because I do not know what I will do if you do that. I think I would go to the dogs absolutely if you did that so please do not do that.

The weather here is awful and rainy and I feel just like the weather and when I sat out in the rain yesterday at the Colgate game I kept thinking about you. We lost the game 9 to 0 and Wally Teter asked me what was the matter with me but I did not tell him anything but I wondered and I guess I am making a mess of college but the worst of all is to have you mad at me. Well I do not feel much like writing so you will have to excuse how rotten this letter is and I am going to stop now but I hope you will answer soon and tell me it is alright

Still yours

Ed.

P. S.—If any thing else is the matter tell me about it to because I want to know whatever it is and I know I can explain it.

Oct. 30, 1925.

Dear father;

Thanks for the money because it came in pretty handy but I do not feel any to hot these days and Wally Teter feels just about the same although tonight they have the Senior Prom. Wally is not going and neither is Will Hendel but Jim Wisner says he is going just so he can beat out all the upperclassmen but I dont think he will although he sure has enough nerve.

I remember you asked me all about my teachers and subjects and I do not think they are very good or at least I do not like anything but the field artillery because that is pretty practical and it may be a help to me some day but I will forget this other stuff just as soon as I learn it if I ever do learn it. I have a french teacher that thinks he is pretty funny and he is always pulling wisecracks and getting sarcastic but I do not see much point in them and I think he is as crazy as he looks. I also have an English teacher that is too deep for me but I guess the truth of it is that he is to deep for himself to because Wisner he is in the same class says that the teacher does not know whether Macbeth is the name of a headlight lens or if its two words. Well I guess he knows that alright but I dont think he knows much more or else he is to deep for me.

Well I have to beat it now as Wally and Jim and I are going to the movies because I hear it is a good one tonight and Jim says that a lot of good looking girls will be there. I don't think Jim is as bad as when I first saw him because he is kidding a lot of the time and I guess a lot of these religious birds around here are just fakes anyways and Jim shows them up pretty good

Your loving son

Ed.

Nov. 4, 1925.

Dear Mother;

Well here it is Wensday and the Harvard game is this week-end and so is the freshman game with Yale but I don't even know if I want to go because it makes me feel kind of rotten just to think about it all. Just the same I guess I will go because that is the thing I like to see most.

Nothing much has been doing lately so there is not much to tell you about except the weather and I guess you dont care so much about that but I did get a cold the other day and I finally went down to the infirmary but that was all the good it did me because it got a lot worse right afterward and I can hardly talk with it now but I guess if I stay

away from the infirmary it will get alright.

I noticed in your last letter that you said that father thought that Jim Wisner is not a good influence on me but I dont see how he can say that because he does not even know him and I do and I think that he is a pretty clever fellow and so does Wally but I dont guess that he will influence me so much because I guess I know what I am doing a lot of the time. And it would be absolutely impossible for me to stop going around with Jim now like Will Hendel is doing because he would think I was trying to high hat him and anyways that would not be broad minded. I do not think so much of Hendel as I did just because of that he is so narrow minded and cannot see you if you do not do exactly what he wants you to do and I dont think so much of a fellow like that. Wally says the same and so does Jim.

I wish you would tell Aunt Mary that if she wanted me to get her tickets for the game she should of written me three or four weeks ago and now I can not get her any at all. Yes I did get that Yale pennant only I forgot to write and tell you about it because I never did put it up. I was going to but Jim came in and said that only the hicks put up a lot of pennants and especially Yale ones upside down so if you want to send me any pictures that you dont need I would like to have them.

I dont know what has happened to Louise and she has not answered a pretty important letter that I wrote her over a week ago so I am awfully worried although I dont know what is the matter but I guess she is mad about some thing or other and I thought maybe you could find out from some of your friends what is the matter.

Your loving son

ED.

Nov. 8, 1925.

Dear Chuck;

Well you sure could of knocked me over with a feather when I got your letter and found out that she is nuts over that Ruggleston James bird of all fellows but that sure does explain a lot of things that I have been wondering about and now I know why she was so cold to me in her last letter although at the time I thought she was just mad because I had not invited her down here for the Prom or the football game. Well I sure did not think that Louise would pull a trick like that on me and it sure does make me feel rotten but that just shows what women are like and I am going to write to her and tell her just what I think of her because she sure did lead me on and lie to me. I told Jim Wisner all about it and he said he could of told me that would happen and that I ought to drown my sorrow with him and he would drown his just to be company for me but I said no I dont drink but he said why not so I said because a fellow ought not and he said bull and that was on Friday. Well I kept on feeling pretty punk about Louise and everything because I have made a mess of football here too and then I went to the game with Jim and we sure did wipe up the earth with them I never saw such a game and Wally was along so Jim said afterwards that we would not be Princetonians if we did not celebrate so we took a couple of drinks that he had in his room and then we wanted some more so he went to a place he knows in Princeton and got some gin I think it was two quarts. Well I did not get boiled or anything like that but it sure was a funny feeling and Jim tries to claim that I was really boiled but I know he is trying to kid me because I knew what I was doing all the time and Jim laughs at me because I fell down the stairs but those stairs are mighty steep and I might of done that any time even if I had not had one drink. Well today I dont feel to hot but neither does Wally or Jim so it is not so bad and Jim says that lots of good men have bad hang overs.

There were a lot of drunks at the game and it sure was some game but I guess you know all about it anyways so I will say good by and wish you better luck

than I have been having but I dont see how I could of done much different.

Your friend

ED.

Nov. 8, 1925.

Dear Miss Elder;

I guess I know why you did not write to me in answer to my last letter and also I guess I know why you were mad at me in the first place because I have got all the dope on what you have been doing back in Cleveland while I have been far away. Well I sure would not of done a thing like that to you and I think it is a dam low trick if you ask me and I do not see why you will not even tell me but keep me all in the dark about it. Well I guess I will turn to a sinick because that sure is enough to turn any one to a sinick and Jim says that you can trust girls about as far as you can hold them with your hand and I guess that is just about the truth.

I do not see what you see in Ruggleston James but when I said what I did in one of my letters I did not know that you were stuck on him so if you will forgive me I will take back all that I said about him. Well I sure do wish you would think over that offer because I still like you a lot and maybe when I get back in Cleveland we can patch it up completely and have as good a time as we ever had. Well I have to close now as it is very late but I sure do hate to think of not ever seeing you again or talking with you or going for a ride Still ED.

Nov. 15, 1925.

Dear Mother;

Well I sure have just got a kick in the teeth because I have had some uniform exams and I flunked them all except the Field Artillery and I did not get very good in that. Well I expected to flunk a couple but I thought I knew a lot about that Historical Introduction but they flunked me anyways it was the same way in the English. It is pretty serious to flunk so many exams and I had been studying pretty hard for them and that is why I have not written you so many letters lately. But it is not as bad as you will think though because there are so many flunks that they would kick out half the class if they bounced all those that flunked and now I am going to study pretty hard for the next uniforms and I guess I will go to Huns tutoring school where a lot of fellows go that do not study at all and they get good marks to. Jim went there and he got through in everything although I know that he has not done any studying at all. Well dont worry about me because now I am going to buckle down so that I can stay in.

I wish you would not get so set against Jim Wisner because I am getting to like him a lot and so does Wally and we go around a lot together and Will Hendel is just a greasy grind that does not know any thing outside of his books and none of us go around with him any more and he does not go out with any body. He is out for the Princetonian but I will bet a cold fish like that will not make it because you have to be a good fellow to make the Prince and that is what Jim says to. Well I have to quit and study now like I said

Your loving son

ED.

P. S.—I know all about Louise so you dont need to tell me any more.

Nov. 20, 1925.

My dear Miss Elder;

Thanks for your nice letter and I am just writing to tell you I know what kind of a girl you are and I do not give a dam if you start running around with James and a hundred like him because I guess you must have a good time together as you are a lot alike. Dont worry about me seeing you again because I dont want to any more than you do.

ED THORNE.

Nov. 20, 1925.

Dear Father;

It is to bad that you are so angry because it is not entirely my fault that I

flunked all of those exams and there are a few reasons that I will tell you. In the first place the school I went to did not prepare me so well as lots of these prep schools and then I went out for football and that took a lot of my time at first when I should of been doing a lot of work and even when I would have the time I would be to tired after practice to do it and I know that was the way with Wally to. There is also another reason and it is because I did not go to Huns tutoring school before the exams and that is the place where all the fellows that are not grinds go if they want to get through and I remember you told me when I came here not to be a grind. Well I am sorry if I am so much of a disapointment but I guess I am as disapointed as anyone else so it is not much use rubbing it in.

I sure did enjoy the Yale game because it was the best I have ever seen and lots of fellows said it was the best Princeton has ever played against Yale. I was in the snake dance and I lost my hat and got a punk one and there were a lot of drunks there but I was with Wally and Jim and we had a pretty hot time only it sure did cost a lot of money to go up and support the team so if you could spare me a little money I would like it a lot. Well I have to study now as I am studying all the time so that I will pull my marks up in these next uniforms and get off probation

Your loving son

ED.

P. S.—You should of seen the bonfire. I helped carry wood for it and it was about fifty feet high or more and when it was lit I have never seen such big flames even in a real fire. You should of been here because there were a lot of speeches to and it sure was a real night.

No. 26, 1925.

Dear Chuck;

Well I have been intending to write you for a week or two but I have been tearing around some and I have not had much time. That sure was a funny party of yours you told me about and I guess we have both of us changed some since we were in Cleveland because I have been hitting the old bottle some here lately and I guess you have been doing the same up at Cornell. Jim and Wally and I are out together all the time and after the Yale game we certainly were woozy because the next day I did not even remember Slagles run but I saw it later in the slow motion movie and it sure was a wonder. I went over to Trenton a couple of times with the bunch and we went to a place called Ryders where lots of the students go and we were all pie eyed when we got there so it looked pretty good but I am not so sure how good it really was because Jim has told me that he went there once when he was cold sober and he nearly never went there again. Well I had a hot time just the same and whatever I saw looked pretty good to me so I am not kicking and it sure is a great life if you dont weaken as Jim says only it takes a hell of a lot more money than I get and I am already in debt a little and I do not see how I will get out because father is down on me because I flunked a few exams and he will not send me any money. Jim owes a lot of money to so I can do whatever he can and he does not seem to worry so why should I. This bird Will Hendel is a funny duck. I guess I told you about him before but the other day he came into my room and said he wanted to talk serious with me so I said alright shoot and what do you suppose he said. It was all about how I was being ruined by college and the influence of Jim Wisner and I will be dammed if this bird did not think he was going to do the mishunary stunt and he asked me please to promise him not to drink any more and I told him where he got off at and we have not been very friendly since that and Jim and Wally and I have had some good laughs over that dam ass. It sure is funny but I thought he was a pretty good fellow when I first came here but I guess he has changed since then.

Last night Jim and I had a little some

thing to drink and he took me out to see a couple of the town girls that he knew and we had a pretty good time. So long

Your friend Ed.

Nov. 30, 1925

Dear mother;

Well I am awfully busy now because I am studying so hard but aside from that not much is happening. I wish you would get father to send me some money again as I have to tutor for the next set of exams which are not so far off and if I dont get some money to tutor with I am afraid I will go out of this college on my ear so please get him to send a good amount right away. Also Xmas vacation is not so far off and remember it will cost something to get home and I have not any money now as it all seems to have gone in that trip up to Yale to support the team.

The weather here is not so bad but that Thanksgiving vacation was not worth anything as it was only one day and you cannot do much of anything in one day so I just stayed in the house with Wally and Jim and I did some work. I guess I will come through pretty good with my next set of exams or at least I hope I do and I dont see how I can flunk if I have that tutoring at Huns. Jim says that they know almost exactly what is going to be on the paper so I guess that is a pretty big help.

Well I hope you are alright and if I do not write any more for a while you will know it is because I am studying so hard and anyways I will be back home again on Dec. 19th and that is less than three weeks off. Well do not forget the money

Your loving son Ed.

Dec. 7, 1925

Dear Chuck;

Well I got your letter alright and I sure was surprised that they do so much drinking up at Cornell. Well I have sort of given the stuff up because Jim and I think that its only the prep school fellows that drink until they are sick and make fools of themselves so Jim and I do not drink so much because we do it for the pleasure. Wally is like that to.

I did get some money from father at last and I guess it was a pretty clever scheme because I said I was going to use it to be tutored but I did not. Jim does that and it has always worked with him whenever he had to do it and he sure is a slick all round customer to. Well the funny part about it is that I did not get tutored and then in these last uniforms we had I flunked all four again so I am just barely in college and I may go out any minute now but Jim says that if I tell a good story I can stay in a while longer and then if I see I am going to flunk out at mid-years I can resign and come back next year. Well that sounds pretty clever to me and I will bet I can work it to because everything is just a game and I guess the slickest player wins out.

Well anyways I will see you in a couple of weeks in Cleveland and then we can see how the old liquor is going down and I guess we will shock the old town.

I have not heard a thing about Louise in a long time and I feel about like Jim that if I do not hear about her forever that will be much too soon. I met a couple of upperclassmen from Cleveland here the other day and one of them was pretty simple looking to me and Jim thought so too and I do not think the upperclassmen are so much anyways.

Well as Jim says heres to crime and Christmas.

Your old friend

Ed.

TWO SONNETS

BY AUSTIN LEE

I WATCHED the stars in their eternal dance,
So silently they stepped about the Pole,
Like masqueraders, moving in a trance,
Knowing their parts, yet nothing of the whole.
And slowly from the East I saw the moon
Climb with a gentle tread the southern sky;
And, as I looked, a shadow passed me by,
Whistling a bygone, melancholy tune.

"There goes another lover, Moon," I said,
"Another fool, another broken heart:
We are all mad, we play a foolish part;
The play, it will not end till we are dead."
"And yet" I sighed, "I would not change, O Moon,
We can but dance till death, and death comes soon."

II

The moon smiled down, was it disdainfully?
I could not tell, she was so far away.
She raised her skirts, and hurried down the sky,
And in the East I heard the spears of day,
The old, unconquerable army of the sun.
And the stars smiled softly, and like weary flowers
Closed their white petals; and the daylight won
Slowly upon the sky; and the night hours

Wrapped their dark mantles closer, and sped on
Over the western world. A cock crew loud
In the gray light, and birds began to sing;
And love seemed now a pitiful, woman's thing,
A fragile fancy, like the little cloud
Hiding the door through which the moon had gone.

FEAR IN SMALL-TOWN LIFE

ANONYMOUS

FOR a long decade now I have lived in a small city, old as age goes in America, a city as much on the defensive against the raucous newness of New York and the Far West as a medieval town against its neighbors. The people of Durham—as I shall call this new hometown of mine—are delightful, and secure in their sense of perfection. Our best families bear themselves with the suave importance of the peerage; the chamber of commerce shrieks "Durham is the place for your factory." Our streets are blatant with the smartest devices in traffic control. Certainly there is no place like Durham; but as I live here and grow familiar with its people and its mind, I am puzzled by the discrepancy between its external mask and inner reality. Why are the people of Durham so afraid? Why are these men and women, so conscious of their own rightness, so proud of their municipal park system, afraid to read a realistic novel, terrorized by an unfamiliar idea?

Why must we lordly Americans, one and all of us, grow up to fear? This is the bogey of life, but I never thought about it until I came to Durham.

Before I came here, I lived in New York, and intermittently abroad. I was a stranger to the true American scene. New York to my youthful mind was the life, the center of the universe, the apex of experience. Here were sensations and experiences exhilarating and enriching. One's friends were an everchanging procession—all trying to express themselves as completely as possible. Some of these young people are now significant successes; most of them have remained amusing, likable nobodies. But one thing they all had—an attitude towards life. They demanded something more of that stubborn sphinx than mere birth, food, love, and clothes. They asked more of Time than its mere passing. They wanted to live splendidly, to love perfectly. They were conscious, always, of the shortness of this life, of its fleeting significance. They were sometimes boring, but always candid and unafraid.

When I say that they were unafraid, I mean that they expected life to war upon them, to besiege them with disappointments, and sordid facts, and shocks. They even found variety and excitement in the prospect of disillusionment. Unless they were utterly foolish and stupid, they knew that in life, even as in school and marriage, half the fun is in the fighting, and those who go home wounded in the attempt to wrest a victory have great consolations in their age because they remember what life was really about. They wanted to live, work, and be happy; they were not afraid of literature, life, love, or the police. At least, they thought they were not afraid, and there is something in that. There was nothing they would not try, nothing they dared not say. It was easy to be intellectually honest and ruthless because in a big city it was easy to escape the bores and the censors.

From this crazy world of expressive contemporaries I moved my wife and children to Durham. I exchanged cosmopolis for a microcosm. In prospect,

this complete physical change had seemed adventurous, and in Durham, month after month, as I adjusted myself to small-town life, I found its differences enthralling. I was unjaded enough to relish the taste of this new world, and yet old enough to weigh its virtues and its defects.

At first I was a spectator, gaping at the play, a fan watching the other players. I was bewitched, too, by the physical ease of living. In Durham people have homes, good schools, the country in the summer, tennis, horses, all the pleasant things of life, with none of that fierce, nervous strain which accompanies metropolitan life. In New York tenseness is an accustomed habit of mind, as taken for granted as the tumultuous streets, the gigantic buildings, the violent unnoticed sunsets. One is tense in taxis, in offices, at dinner tables. But in Durham one can earn a good living and enjoy life without financial or nervous strain. This ease, this familiarity with sun and air at first seemed miraculous. The very procession of the seasons, now that one had time and space to observe it, was revelation. Was this sort of thing going on, all this bursting and flowering and fading, when I was living in high-walled Manhattan?

Inevitably, I began to appraise the values of these blessings, to stack up the gains and losses. What is there missing in this pleasant, seductive life? What does one look for and never find? Why does one sit at parties, and wish, for God's sake, that something awful would happen to crack the glassy smoothness of these happy ordered lives? I do not include young people, who are the same the world over, or poor people, who rarely repress their tongue, or ne'er-do-wells, or outcasts. I am concerned with the upper business and professional classes, the grown-up married people, men and women, who foregather at one another's houses, and create all the taboos. What price does one pay for assimilation into their world?

II

For their world has a price. As I see it, it is an adaptation, slow but irrevocable, to the small-town mind. Just as one adapts the household to an earlier dinner—maids in Durham fall into a faint if dinner is ordered later than six-thirty—so must one prune the reckless city-bred mind to an earlier un-metropolitan habit of thought. Axioms on Forty-fifth street are blasphemies in Durham. In the early winter of my content I learned a lot about dinner-table talk. I made some unwitting "breaks," and started arguments which, in a larger world, would never have been arguments at all. One evening I discovered the true significance of the Soviet crime. I mentioned casually that a friend of mine had returned from Russia.

"What does he think of conditions?" boomed a pillar of the town, a patrician dowager.

I remarked that he didn't like Russia now as well as he had during the first revolution, because the Commissars were getting dogmatic and overbearing. Nevertheless, all things were possible in revolution which never had been and never would be a pink tea.

"But did Mr. So-and-so have any sympathy for those dreadful murders?"

"Which murders?" There are always so many murders in any social upheaval.

The lady gave me a look only to be described as dirty. Any murder was unpleasant, but the murders which harried her heart were those of the Royal Princesses, "those lovely girls." I spoke hotly against the cruelties and infamies of an absolutist government, of the necessary terrors and passions of any political upheaval. "Remember Danton and Marat," I explained. But the Russian outrage was too near, too shocking, too fearsome to be comparable to the French Revolution. This lady, like a hundred others of her kind, rejected this revolution because of the extinction of a royal family, as if that were the only argument against it. I could think

of a hundred reasons why I shouldn't like to live beneath Bolshevik rule, but the Romanoff extinction did not head the list. Were these Romanoff executions alone on the calendar of Russian crime? What of the thousands exiled to Siberia, the countless political martyrs? We were at swords points verbally, over the soup, until someone steered the conversation into another direction.

This lady was shocked by the murders —atrocious and piteous, I grant—of these princesses who represented to her both royal girlhood and established order. She was afraid to look squarely at the true Russia, at the squalor and injustice of its government, and at the facts of an inevitable political upheaval. This lady had a charming house, a lovely character, but a completely untrained mind. Yet I expected her to talk of Russia, the tremendous political problem, a great mutilated wreck of an empire, burning, rightly or wrongly, with an idea; whereas she wanted to weep over the wrongs done to her symbol of security. Apprehensive of reds, radicals, and violence, she had not learned that men and deeds are the products of the inescapable past behind the frantic present.

As the months go by I have grown more wary. I say less at the wrong time, and I think more. I think more and more about fear and what it does to the human mind, that instrument potentially so daring and so precious. It is fear which makes Durham's nicer people so wary to avoid experience, so careful to stay with accustomed friends, to cheer for the happily ended book, to rush to the innocuous movies, to avoid the harsher plays when in New York. I notice these little things now because I live in a world small enough to reveal people *behaving*, rather than in a cross section of a metropolis with a few selected companions of my own taste. Here one must adjust oneself to tastes, types, interests unlike one's own, all at close range, but all masking from one another the knowledge of the inescapable heartbreak which is the core of life. For how could we admit universal heartbreak in a small city, where we must go on living together, peaceably and amiably? The strain would be unbearable, it would be impossible to live. The Durham Chamber of Commerce would go mad in an attempt to stem the drop in population as people rushed away to avoid their neighbors' despair.

Now, I see that the mask is essential to polite society. In the slums one can insult and kick and stab, but not at the dinner table. There are times, however, when one longs for a gun. Why must certain people discuss literature as if it were a private, impeccable page of their own personal creed? One night I was talking with a young man who was supposed by his admiring family and friends to be exceedingly well read. I asked him, casually, if he had read a certain current novel which was at the time a best seller and also a work of art.

"I consider it an immoral book," he announced.

"But why?"

"It is a study of moral decay."

"But think of all the people one knows who do decay," I countered.

"But one doesn't have to have such people in one's home. Why should one have to read about them?"

"My dear sir," I answered, taking up the banner of art, "if you would confine literature to the people you would invite to your home, where would literature be? What about the Satiricon of Petronius, the love affairs of Ovid, the dalliances of Catullus? Would you trust your wife to these notorious men? And would you exclude their works from literature?" I ceased firing as soon as I could regain my calm. This nervous litterateur was afraid of ladies—such as the lady in the book—whose charm exceeded their virtue.

I am growing accustomed to these defensive reactions to reality, but I resent them. Perhaps fear is a necessary component of the small-town mind, a necessary tool for life lived at close

quarters, like the Chinese "face." Life in Durham is like life in an amphitheater, in which, from one's seat, everyone in the audience is visible—those queer people in Section B, those successful ones in Section F, those notables in the boxes. Some of the people in the galleries and the pens are obscure—who cares?—but the people in the front row cannot be missed. Life in Durham—I repeat—is like life in an amphitheater except that the audience rarely changes its seats, and never goes home. It is eternally there, boxed off into groups, staring at one another and the spectacle, showing an amiable, complacent face. If the things in the ring get too horrible, too bloody, they turn away temporarily, or look curiously at the orgy—through their fingers!

III

This small-town mind may be necessary, but I maintain that it is out-dated, adolescent, cowardly. The prizes of life do not go to the cautious. Fear is based upon emotions which no longer actuate people in a large city, because there one has the confidence of similarity; one can find one's own level of conservatism, radicalism, flippancy, or nuttiness. The pattern of city life is more brilliant, constantly changed by new and daring designs of thought. In the provinces the pattern is insistent, regular; it stays put. The innovators who clamor about changing it go off to New York or Chicago to live; women may begin to smoke at the country club, girls may outrage their parents, but the assumptions and the cornerstones of society are immovable. Doubt never really makes her debut. The reaction of Durham to reality is dictated by ideas which city people of the same social and intellectual background have long since discarded.

Timidity of mind is no longer fashionable in sophisticated centers. People in New York chase after the latest image-breakers, dine the modernist, exploit the journalist and the writer—the people who live by their wits. In Paris, in London, a fashionable salon is nothing unless its talk, its exchanged ideas result in social dynamite. It is better to be damned than to be dull. In Durham let us be dull, forever, rather than uncertain or threatened by the unknown. Let them give "Hamlet" in plain clothes in New York, and what does one hear of it in Durham?

"Of course, it must have been horrible," says Mrs. Henry Cobalt, who has seen the great tragedians and who derides the stripping of costume from the naked, heart-breaking lines of "Hamlet."

"It was marvellous," exclaims her light-minded niece. "I never could bear the stuff before. At last I know what it was all about."

"I'd rather not see Shakespeare ruined," insists Mrs. Cobalt. "'Hamlet' cannot be 'Hamlet' in tweeds."

Mrs. Cobalt is an able, intelligent woman, a reader of the *Atlantic Monthly*, a pillar of rectitude. She is courageous in behalf of her ideals, some specially chosen, others inherited from her sheltered youth. The ideals of other people are of little moment; her face assumes a granitelike frigidity when confronted with the unfamiliar and the unapproved. She distrusts immigrants, sophisticated novels, young people and women who long for careers. Indomitably, she stands guard at the door of her own mind, lest any disturbing novelty enter in.

The worst of it is that young married women who were flirts and hoydens in their day, as they approach the middle thirties and acquire children and a house and other hostages to fortune, take on Mrs. Cobalt's tone. They exaggerate the dangers of the day and cling to the seclusion of their own social group. Security makes them afraid of change. They forget that avid chase after experience which is the gift of youth, and which the brave and the intelligent hope never to lose. What, asks the barbarian from without, is the use of living unless one knows or suspects everything that is going on?

The longer I live in Durham, the more and more people I confront who seem to live deflected from the pity and comedy of living. They live that way from choice, and are proud of it. Perhaps this attitude is preferable to that state of mind which afflicted us in the early nineteen hundreds, when the muckraker ran riot, and the white-slave peril and the poisoned hatpin were the nightmares of mothers. But it is a shock to meet people who lay down a book or a newspaper, who hear the facts of tragedy, only to say, "I'd really rather not know about those things." When I was young the idea of a big European war seemed inconceivable; yet it happened. Once it occurred, there was no escaping it; it had to be faced and borne. The shocks and trials of life are no less a part of the variegated drama in which each of us plays a part. To ignore life's unpleasant facts is to miss the point of the play.

Wherefore, whenever I meet Mrs. Lacey I feel less irritation than pity. I am now able to wax philosophical about Mrs. Lacey. She is very careful about her reading, and will not read *Anna Karenina* because she is sure it is unpleasant. Why, she asked with virtuous indignation, must she read these unpleasant books which depict a side of life unknown and out of her experience?

"I can't see the value of it for me," she insists fluently and convincingly. "I am happy, my home is happy, my husband and my children are happy. They mean life to me. They do not resemble life in *Anna Karenina* or *A Lost Lady* or *The Great Gatsby* or what not. Why should I take all these disagreeable, disordered impressions into my consciousness, and make myself disturbed and therefore less able to give my family what they need from me? Now, why should I?"

Well, why should she? In Durham Mrs. Lacey can live unto herself, safe, happy, and sheltered in her social groove. But her children are already out in the world, tearing up and down the noisy alleys of school life. They are thrilled by the realities of contact. Their world is already more to them than the happy home Mrs. Lacey walls off from the crudities of existence. Will she find herself looking over the walls of that home at her runaway children, who have foresworn her vision of life for an eyeful of actuality?

This will be a trivial tragedy to all but Mrs. Lacey. Some fear, acquired in her youth, falsity in her education, inexperience, lack of receptivity have made her the way she is. I sometimes wonder what life would be like if the world knew no fear. Crimes, murders, atrocities, insults would increase, but what a burgeoning socially there would be; what reservoirs of human feeling, now dammed up by self-consciousness and social fear, would flow over Durham. Now beset as we are by repression, prohibition, shyness, dignity, it is difficult for people over thirty to have a good time at a party unless they are jazzed up with liquor.

At the Durham country club we hold each winter a set of dances, inclusive, large parties for the married set. Yet, as the months go by, the committee in charge finds it hard to keep the dances going; pair by pair, couples drop out. Mrs. Henry Payne keeps her husband at home because he likes too well to dance with pretty Mrs. Duncan. The men are bored by dancing with one another's wives. The younger married set finds the parties dull. "It's impossible," says the chairman of the committee, "to keep these dances going unless they all give one another dinner parties beforehand and get jazzed up with liquor." Upon a newcomer these connubial routs make a strange impression. In the ballroom, to the music of a jazz band, rhythmic but not riotous, one sees Durham's best, dancing about in one another's arms: the prominent, pudgy Mr. Henshaw with chattery Mrs. Dunn; the attractive, lively Mrs. Henshaw with the dull Mr. Dunn. The impeccably well-dressed Mrs. Evans parades by with her saturnine, indifferent spouse, who hates dancing. Oh, dear God!

The next dance will present a fresh re-alignment. The couples smile, reverse, banter; assume masks of hopeful gayety. But the spectacle has neither the dignity of a ritual nor the abandon of a bacchanal. Few of these men and women dance together because they want to dance with each other. They are husbands and wives, breaking for one evening the routine of monogamy. Where is that electric spark of sex—the man pursuing the woman, the woman eluding the man—which pervades all youthful parties, debutante balls, and college dances? Yet how to introduce sex into a Durham ball, safely to enliven the evening without breaking up homes, is a problem for no committee, but for the gods.

For sex in Durham is politely ignored, in a fashion disrespectful to one of the fundamental facts of life. After all, we have all been born, most of us are begetting, we all want to be happily in love—three things dependent upon the sexual act. Yet in the upper levels of comfortable Durham the complications of sexual adjustment might well never exist. The world's greatest bore, I am sure, is the sex-obsessed New Yorker who has been and always is being psychanalyzed. But the veiled superiority of nice people in Durham towards all sexual calamity is more irritating and harmful. Except for a few cynics and doctors, we assume that married people are always happily married unless one or the other party to the contract deliberately does something which he or she could easily avoid doing. Mrs. Tommy Gates could easily have prevented her husband from becoming the town drunk had she been less of a sobersides herself. Yet Mrs. Sarah Gates was from childhood a serious, solemn soul. Only a youthful passion, throwing them into wedlock in the early twenties, could explain a marriage of two such dissimilar natures as hers and Tommy's. Having nothing in common, Sarah, strong and full of character, took to children and good works, while Tommy, weak and mercurial, took to drink and gayer ladies. One shudders in Durham more at the thought of a marriage deliberately broken up, than at the individual indignity suffered by either mate.

Certainly, life sustained by these evasions and reticences is less racking, superficially, than if one could never escape day after day the ultimate truth. With innocent enthusiasm, we in Durham welcome early marriages. The obvious unpreparedness of some youthful mates is obscured by veils of sentiment, chiffons, and wedding presents. Indeed, financial suitability and perfectly darling girlhood, the world over, make a perfect match. Yet a decade later, when these young people are in their early thirties, the best time of their lives, there are few to recognize the sad plight of a wife emotionally and intellectually mature mated to an eternally adolescent husband. She married him, and she is a sinner if she does not love him, says society. Even if this were recognized as a marital problem, who would deny that Yale boys will be boys? Are not all men "boys" at heart?

As for passion, outside of its role in procreation, it is an explosive which might better stay in the movies. When it flares up, like fitful lightning, and a thunderbolt of infidelity racks a home, we are awed and interested, as one is by other peoples' calamities. But a veil of refined disdain, of controlled gentility is cast over the entire business of sex, over its hypocritical pretences and injustices. This same nicety of attitude is instanced in the general feeling of horror at the thought of a large family. To bear six children is revolting, ostentatious, sloppy, like a disordered, vulgar house. Birth control, as a social policy, is anathema, yet all the nicest people have three children or less. How? The inevitable irregularities of men are known, but rarely commented upon, and mistresses, if they exist, are never mentioned. Society condemns them as a sad flowering of French depravity. Love in Durham is like a nymph who has but two

places to go—the restrained chambers of conjugal bliss, and the sordid ugliness of certain rundown shabby side streets. Is it not inevitable that the nymph should weary of both her playing fields?

IV

The answer to fear, of any kind, is experience. Defeat timidity with variety, counter prejudice with a succession of truths. But salvation by variety is hard to attain in Durham. Variety in social life is a luxury of the big city where the celebrity, the personage, the visiting foreigner leaven the mass of ordinary people, spice the routine of ordinary life. There worlds exist within worlds, any number of them, interlacing, vitalized, charming; in our town, there are only so many pyramided groups, each one a little inferior, even in its own eye, to that above it. At the base are the unimportant thousands who live happily from one Saturday night to the next; at its top the elect few hundreds who for three generations, or two, have had banks, factories, surpluses, a tradition of importance, and the proper clothes. The layers of the pyramid merge in the distance; the city might be, to the naïve eye, "just one big family." Oh, profane delusion! There is the group that takes its fun at the lodges and the ladies' nights; the ladies who foregather day after day at the countless small social clubs—the "Just-For-Fun Club will meet Tuesday at the home of Mrs. Elmer Hixey at 16 Crescent Terrace"; the bustling world of the fraternal orders with their balls and meetings; the subdued wealthy middle class, who never leave home except for the office or the church; their rampant, richer offspring, who jazz at the country club and whose parties emphasize the failure of prohibition; and lastly again, the brahmins who keep rigorous social lists, entertain delightfully, flit from Europe to New York to White Sulphur and home—rare adventurous nightingales in an aviary of prosy nest builders.

The group system is a necessary evil in this smaller world, for the hazards of social life stifle the adventurous spirit who would buccaneer about socially, seeing all sides of life. The pity of it is that each group is so small, so homogeneous that stagnation inevitably results. People hesitate to leave their accustomed circles for fear of being suspended in an outer vacuum, in no group at all. There are few souls whose inner resources are so sustaining that they can face the risks of isolation. Intellectual and social loneliness are the terror of us all; there is less danger of it in the city where the strangest people find themselves duplicated a hundred times. But in the small city God pity the individual who does not fit naturally into a group, or through ignorance or carelessness, lands in the wrong groove!

There is that strangely attractive Mrs. Chadwick who always looks so well dressed but so obviously has no place to go. A stranger observing her on the golf links—usually alone, or with another woman—would wonder why he did not meet her elsewhere. His queries about her are met with the reply, "You must mean Mrs. Chadwick. Yes, she *is* beautiful." At the Ritz, on an ocean liner, at a first night Mrs. Chadwick with her admirable sense of line, her amused alluring face, would be a cynosure—behold a grown-up woman who knows what life is about. But in Durham, alas, these significances have little chance. Mrs. Chadwick came delightfully introduced by some people from somewhere who had met some of the right somebodies at some other place. She was said to be distantly connected, too, to the Van Diggles, which places her high. But Mrs. Chadwick was imperceptibly dropped into the outer limbo; her taste, her beauty, her exoticism availed her naught. There was something too adult about Mrs. Chadwick. She was bored by the interchange of domestic alarms indulged in by the young matrons of her group. She read French novels and painted her face.

She liked to talk to men, impersonally, frankly, freely. Wherever Mrs. Chadwick was, there also were inconsequent mirth, reckless talk, irreverent gayety. She disturbed the pattern of what a wife should be; and socially Mrs. Chadwick is no more. She might just as well have committed adultery.

There are of course in Durham a few souls, confident, audacious, who do as they please socially, and get away with it. But usually they take off from the top of the pyramid to begin with, and they are endowed with a selfless enthusiasm for a cause, for politics, or the mere fun of living. Whenever they appear the party begins, where they are the fight commences. They are the rare birds, the social sports. Mrs. Alec Tower is one of these. In her youth she tamed wild horses; once she rode from here to the Junction on the front of a locomotive to win ten dollars. She can swing a devastating ax, can swim like a salmon. There is no cause she does not sponsor, no movement she does not defend or attack. The politicians fear her; the junk dealers and the ashmen admire her; her girlhood friends, safe in their homes, deprecate her enthusiasm, while they love her for her heart. Fifty years ago, she would have screamed for suffrage; heaven only knows what she would want if she lived another half century.

The world would be unbearable if we were all like Mrs. Alec Tower, but it is a pity that most people lose in the early thirties their passionate hunger for living. It is as if the grave opened prematurely to our anæmic starved desires and, to save further trouble, into the grave we throw them, to await our now complacent body. It is so easy to cherish monotony, for fear of something worse, so easy to shudder at the bogey of the unknown rather than fertilize the barren psyche with new ideas. Men afraid of the Pope run to join the Klan, although people who marry Catholics are seldom afraid of Rome. The Evangelicals who live close within their religious group, the rural or small-town citizens who fear Rome as the devil fears holy water—these find comfort by wrapping themselves in the defensive and mysterious sheets. Each symbol of the unknown is in its turn a terror. I heard a few months ago much talk of the marriage of Ellin Mackay and Irving Berlin. "How could she do it?" cried the same people who exclaim at the mere mention of Al Smith as president. They are impervious to the suggestion that love can jump racial and social barriers, and that ability may not be denied by a just God to an upstart Irish boy from the East Side.

The puzzle of Durham is the mystery of America. This is the puzzle—why the amazing adaptability, north, east, south, and west to everything new but ideas? Thousands of young men and women are students, teachers of pure science; the marvels of applied science beset us on all sides—the telephone, the wireless, the movie have torn down the walls of distance that once kept the human spirit isolated. Now everyone goes everywhere, sees everything, hears everything. Up-country, far north of my city, the flappers in the little villages have shingled hair, wear beige stockings; the pianos in the five-and-ten-cent stores hammer out the tunes of Broadway. Houses are standardized, people of similar financial level buy the same type of divan and floor lamp, young girls in all classes demand the same underwear, the same privileges, wear the same impudent empty mask as a face. They are all so ready to be imprinted by the newest thing—in everything but ideas. Why has the individual human mind lagged behind in this extraordinary receptivity of sensation?

It has lagged behind, no doubt, out of exhaustion. To-day there are so many things to do, to know, so many things going on, that the over-impressed consciousness ceases to formulate, is satisfied only to register. What is the need for thinking anyway, when the newspapers, the movies, the radios, the motors will hand one the news and the

thrills, absorb all time and leisure? There are few empty hours, solitary days in modern life, days when the mind can retreat within itself and assay its own resources. We are so busy buying things, going to all the places that everyone goes to, and doing all the things that everyone does, that it is hardly necessary to think. It is easy to escape, therefore, by any of these mechanized diversions, that insistent, pressing demon within each of us which asks and asks and insists upon an answer, "What are you good for and what are you making of your life?"

It is harder to answer that demon, harder to keep it cowed in Durham than it was in New York. One is confronted at close range with conventions, faced by prejudice, irritated by the close pressure of other people's opinions. Why can't they let one alone? What is it to them what one does, what one feels? The surrounding microcosm is always there, watching, judging, a nightmare of nearness. The easy, ordered ways of Durham lose their charm, the great tree-lined avenues their dignity, the pastoral countryside its peace. Durham becomes a mere ugly town, reeking with industrial ugliness, shrieking in self-importance, staining the immemorial beauty of the country. For the works of man on a small scale are not inspiring; in New York or London one's blackest despair is diminished by a sight of star-hung bridges, of the shafts of skyscrapers soaring against the vivid sky. The ambitions and the feats of men become once more heroic, and it is easier to go on living.

But in Durham the very smallness of things, the clear sight one has of every thing at once, day in and day out, the tininess of this life against the immensity of time become a challenge to the individual to hold out, to resist its enemies. Hold on, persist, one says to one's own integrity, and you shall endure in the end. It is a trying contest, and who knows yet what the end will be? Yet I would not want to leave Durham, this exacting mistress, now that I know her, and perhaps she will let me stay with her, free, until the end.

JOANNA GODDEN MARRIED

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART II

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

"TAKE him to Crown Dips."

The words came out of her mouth almost before the thought came into her heart. In a sudden vision she saw him warm and tended, dry and comfortable between clean sheets.

"He's dead," said somebody.

"Nonsense! Not he!"

"He's been wounded though! Look! There's blood!"

Once more the ineffective little party was quickened into use by the call of human need. Mrs. Light produced a handkerchief, and Mrs. Boorman remembered some first-aid lectures she had attended at the Women's Institute. A broken arm was bound up not too clumsily, and during the operation the men fetched a hurdle from Joanna's paddock, so that when it was over the sufferer could be gently carried across her land to the refuge of her house.

Mrs. Light and Mrs. Boorman helped her make up the bed in the spare-room, light a fire, and put on the kettle. At the same time Boorman went off to the doctor's at Sidlesham. All the while the patient lay unconscious—only his deep breathing told them of life. He was a middle-aged man, lightly grizzled about the temples, and lavishly tattooed all over his body and arms. His undressing—performed by the matrons, for Joanna still considered herself a spinster and more suitably occupied in making tea—was a revelation of ships and anchors and flowers and love-knots and girls' names.

"You can tell he's a sailor," said Mrs. Light, clucking her tongue.

Joanna was glad to see him comfortable, lying there bronzed and still between her sheets. She hoped that he was not seriously hurt, that he would not pass from one stillness into another. She was also curious for him to wake and tell them about himself and what had happened to him in that terrible dawn at sea.

When the doctor came he was reassuring. The fracture of the arm was quite a simple one, the concussion not serious. He had been struck on the temple by the spar to which he was clinging when Hickman reached him—that and exhaustion only were responsible for his present state. The doctor thought he would soon regain consciousness. Meanwhile Mrs. Godden had done exactly what was best.

Mrs. Light and Mrs. Boorman went home to their breakfasts, and Joanna, feeling suddenly hungry, set about preparing her own. Rosie was now once more a sober handmaid and Martin, though full of questions, had recovered from the night's shock. Of course there would be the house to clear up, the insurance people to visit, new window-panes to put in, and endless trouble, but at the present moment Joanna felt her spirits rising. Adventure and man had come again together into her life, and though she would not have acknowledged that this was the seat of her content, nevertheless, she felt a new buoyancy in her outlook, a new expectation.

While they were having breakfast two coastguards arrived to inquire into the disaster. A trawler had struck a mine off the Bill, they said, and apparently there were no survivors except the man who had been brought to Mrs. Godden's house. He was not able to speak to them, but she promised to send to the coastguard station as soon as he came to himself. Meanwhile her sense of her importance grew. Neighbors called—on flimsy pretexts or boldly to inquire. She received a telegram from the Shipwrecked Mariners Association at Portsmouth. For the first time for years her morning was not entirely occupied with cows and poultry. Indeed, she left the latter almost entirely to the Roots, and fussed about the house and her patient, looking in upon him every other minute in hopes that his change had come.

It did not come till the evening when, as she was putting a newly filled hot-water bottle into the bed, he suddenly opened his eyes.

"Hullo," he said weakly.

"Hullo," said Joanna, taken by surprise in spite of her hopes.

"Hullo, ma'am," he repeated.

She felt that the conversation might go on indefinitely like this.

"How are you?" she inquired, coming round to his pillow.

"Oh, I'm fine. Leastways, I've got a bit of a headache . . . and my arm . . . Lord, what's happened? Where was I last night?"

"You were blown up," said Joanna soothingly.

"Blown up. . . ."

He stared at her. Then suddenly the gap in his memory was filled. He tried to sit up in bed, but fell back with a groan which turned unexpectedly into a laugh.

"Good Lord! So I was. Blown sky high—that's it, ma'am. But came down on my feet, seemingly. Where are the other chaps?"

"I dunno. There was nobody picked up but you."

"My God, you don't say they're gone! Old Gunning and the boy, and Phil . . . not anybody saved?"

Joanna feared his distress.

"Don't fret yourself or you'll be ill again. Maybe they've got ashore somewhere else."

"Maybe—I hope to God they did. I remember now . . . no time to launch a boat. She just broke in two. We were all in the sea. Gunning could swim. . . ."

Joanna went out to send Root for the doctor. She feared that the patient was growing excited and would make himself worse. She tried to persuade him not to talk. But his mind was seething with curiosity, anxiety, thankfulness, and disgust. She realized in time that it did him good to talk—that he was better talking than thinking.

"What a bust up! . . . Well, I never! And scarce a mile out, all as quiet as sleep . . . a mine . . . well, I'm damned. We thought we was as safe as houses. I've been on bad jobs—I've been on a mine-sweeper, and got sent up in that. That's why they'd given me a spell ashore. And then I go up again, in my own boat this time. Did you ever!"

He was a Portsmouth man, he told her, and owned a couple of trawlers. His name was Carpenter, he was in the Royal Naval Reserve and had done a lot of secret and dangerous war service in home waters. No, he was not married, but he'd be obliged if she'd send a telegram to his sister, Mrs. Beaton at Seaford, in case the tale got round. Oh, the *Princess* was insured all right . . . but he was miserable about the lads—a mate, he had, and a man and a boy besides. Something would have been heard by now if they'd got ashore anywhere else. . . . And might he take the liberty of asking the name of his kind friend here? . . . Indeed—he was obliged to Mrs. Godden. She'd done him more than a kindness. He could never repay her for what she'd done . . . and the chaps who'd pulled him out—he'd like to see them sometime.

Thus he rambled on until the arrival of the doctor, whose only treatment was to send him back into the sleep he had come out of. His mind was working too hard over the broken pieces of the past—the puzzle must not be put together yet.

XVII

His recovery, though never in doubt, was a slow one. Owing to his war experiences he was not a robust man, and for a few days pneumonia threatened. Joanna waited on him untiringly. A week ago she would have denied that one single minute more could have been squeezed out of her day, for any purpose whatsoever. But now she found time for continual runnings to and fro, bed-makings, and meals—even for times when the patient wanted her to sit and talk to him, or listen while he talked to her.

When she learned that his stay was likely to be a long one she had ordered Mr. and Mrs. Root to come up from their cottage to the house. She considered it unseemly that she should be left alone in attendance on a sick man. But the Roots were merely there to regularize the situation—nothing more clinical was, perhaps fortunately, required of them. Joanna herself may not have been a very good nurse; but she was at least a pleased and pleasant one. At first he had made some offer to go into a hospital, but she had indignantly rejected it. She would feel ashamed if he left her, she said.

So he stayed, and in time she grew to know that she liked his staying. It was not only pity for his misfortune or the sense of her own importance in the disaster. She liked having him there to nurse and talk to. He gave her an interest and a society which she could enjoy with a clear conscience. . . . She would be sorry when he went.

She had never met anyone quite like him before. The men of her world were the farmer, the parson, and the squire. Here was somebody altogether different —a seafaring man, who yet was not quite what she expected a seafaring man to be. He was not a "gentleman," but he had ways which she had associated exclusively with gentility until now. For one thing, he read books.

"Have you got anything that I could read?" he had asked her one day, just as he was beginning to mend. "I feel like a bit of reading if you could oblige me."

Joanna brought him the *Times*, a volume of the *Farmer's Encyclopaedia*, and *Little Lucy's Prayer* as light relief.

He received them politely, but before long she discovered that they were not the sort of thing he wanted. He asked her if she had any of Dickens's novels.

She shook her head.

"Anything by Sir Walter Scott?"

"No. I'm unaccountable sorry, but that's all the books we have in the house, except Robertson's *Sermons* and the *Pilgrim's Progress*."

"I'd be glad if you'd let me have that one. I've read it before but I could read it again. It's a fine book."

"There's some terrible fine pictures in it. When I was a child I would scarce open it for fear I should see Satan. I had a lot of books in my old home, but I sold them when I left, all except these few."

Once or twice he had asked her questions about her "old home," but Joanna had frozen into silence, and he had not persevered. On the other hand he told her a great deal about his own past life, where he used to live and the places he had seen.

As he recovered his health his conversation opened a new world to Joanna. He had been a seafaring man all his life, chiefly in the Merchant Service, and had sailed over every ocean before the war called him to service at home. He told her strange tales of the Indies, of Australasia and the cold seas by the Pole, of the grim coast of Tierra del Fuego, where the fires go up from a hundred craters, of little coral islands like rings

of ivory in a sapphire sea, of huge pink temples towering over palms, of Buddhas ninety feet high, sitting in eternal contemplation, of lanterns and dragons and gongs in a Chinese city, of devouring jungles in Yucatan where the forest eats the towns. Joanna listened delighted. She always expected the male to be informative, and Jim Carpenter was in the true tradition here. She might be listening to Martin Trevor telling her stories of the drowned Marsh. . . . Hitherto foreign parts had meant no more to her than Paris where she was to have gone for her honeymoon, the Riviera to which Ellen had wickedly escapaded, and Africa where Martin's brother was a missionary. Even the recent upheaval of the map of Europe had not brought it much into her notice. To her the combatants were men—brave Englishmen, gallant Frenchmen, dashing Italians, noble Russians, brutal Germans, cowardly Austrians—there were no actual territories involved, nor national characteristics beyond good and evil.

But now she began to catch glimpses of a life beyond her own, whether as lived in her house, her poultry yard, her past, or the pages of the *Times*. She too began to read. He sent for some books on foreign countries that he had in his lodgings at Portsmouth, and she read them with difficulty and delight. Her mind and imagination were beginning to disturb her with the pains of growth—now that she was forty and had put the first part of her life behind her like a tale that was told.

There was no denying that she would miss him when he went. She was determined to keep him till he was completely recovered and able to go to sea again. He had no home of his own, only lodgings, and his sister, who came over to see him once or twice, was, she discovered, the mother of many children in a cramped house. Manhood was near enough to Portsmouth for him to be able to transact without much difficulty the business attending the loss of his ship. He was very well off with her, she told herself, when she sometimes had qualms at her clinging, and was of infinite use to her, with entertainment and advice, and often with the care of little Martin, who would sit for long hours playing on his bed, and even so picking up a certain discipline. . . . Ah, the Man in the House.

On one occasion it suddenly struck her that, though he talked to her so much about the foreign places he had been to and the queer people he had seen, he had never told her anything really personal. How was it that he, a man of past fifty, was a bachelor—owned two trawlers and yet had no home? . . . and all those girls' names tattooed upon him. . . .

The sleeve of his sleeping-suit fell back as he took the cup from her hands, and she read "Milly" over a heart. They were on easy terms now, and he sometimes teased her. She tried to do the same to him, but Joanna's tongue had never been light enough to tease.

"Aren't you ever going to tell me about Milly?"

He looked at her with a smile.

"Yes," he said, "the day you tell me about Billy."

"Billy? Billy? What d'you mean?"

"Well, whoever in your life matches my Milly. There must have been someone."

"I—I—I don't want to tell you about myself."

"Very well, then I won't ask you. But you mustn't ask me either. I don't know anything about you, so why should you know anything about me? No questions asked, no questions answered. That's fair."

"I shan't ask you nothing."

Her face was crimson, and she quickly set down the tray because her hands were trembling. He had shown her. He had shattered her content. He had shown her that after all it would be a good thing when he went away.

XVIII

He was well enough to come down to meals, and they were sitting at their supper together when the post arrived. It was the one post of the day; for a harassed government could not be supposed to worry about the needs of Manhood's End. After all, it brought only one letter—addressed to Joanna in a hand she seemed to know.

She turned it over slowly—yes, she knew that hand, but wasn't sure whose it could be. Not Sir Harry Trevor? No—it looked feeble somehow. She felt afraid—it woke memories within her heart that made it beat uncomfortably. The letter had come a journey in search of her—first to her old lawyers, Huxtable and Son, of Rye, then to Ellen, since Huxtable was not allowed to know where she lived, then to herself. Someone was writing to her out of the past. Who could it be? Now suddenly, without reading it, she knew.

Carpenter saw her grow pale. Her face whitened under its tan and freckles, the corners of her fresh, hard mouth seemed to sag. She opened the letter, and as she read it she frowned and her hands quivered. She gave a little gasp, and for a moment—not knowing her—he thought she was going to faint.

He poured out a glass of water, and pushed it over to her.

"I'm afraid you've had bad news."

"No—no. Only a surprise. It's from a young chap I used to know, and he's been wounded."

"Dear me. I'm sorry. Not anything serious, I hope."

"I dunno . . . the writing seems queer. But he wants me to go and see him. He's at Bognor—only to think . . . and the letter's been to Rye and then to London, and here am I not ten miles off."

She did not seem to notice that for the first time she had slipped out a forbidden name.

"He seems bad," she continued. "I must go over and see him to-morrow. Reckon I was a fool not to give my address to Edward Huxtable, but I didn't want . . . "

She realized now that she had given away a secret. But her agitation was too great to be increased on any fresh count.

"I can easily manage it—I can go on the train as far as Chichester and then get the bus."

She was talking to herself and had forgotten all about her guest. Supper was forgotten too—she rose and went over to the window. A flood of angry light was pouring across the sea from where in the west the sun's globe hung above purple fogs.

"If you'll excuse me, I'll go and see about the milking."

XIX

But of course she did not go to the milking. Her heart had been rapt out of everyday business. Milking was now a mere piece of routine that could quite successfully go on without her. Her whole being seemed to be focussed on the scrap of paper she held in her hand—Bertie's poor scrawl of a letter that had gone such a roundabout way in search of her.

She ran up to her bedroom for security, and there she dared read it again.

DENE CREST HOSPITAL,
BOGNOR.

My dear Jo,

I know that I have no right to write to you. But I hope you will forgive me when I tell you that I am wounded and in hospital at Bognor. I was hit on the Marne and they tell me I will have to have a tin inside for the rest of my days. Cheerful, isn't it? I have been lying in bed a long time and have had six operations. I have been thinking of you a lot and I see now that I have behaved like a swine. I wonder if you got a letter I wrote you years ago. You did not answer it and I heard afterwards that you had left Ansdore. It struck me that I could send this to your lawyers in Rye. I do want you to come and

see me, Jo, and tell me that you forgive me for all that is past. I am very lonely. Mother is dead and Maudie is married to a sergeant in the Durhams. But perhaps you are too far away to come and see me, and of course I shall quite understand.

Yours,

BERTIE HILL,
Lieut. 28th Middlesex.

For some reason Joanna had never thought of the war engulfing Bertie as it had engulfed Tip Ernley and a few million more. She had somehow pictured him remaining eternally what she had left him—a little singing clerk, busy at his office, happy on his evenings out, eventually marrying his employer's daughter. . . . That last ambition had not materialized, anyway. And here he was, wounded and done for, one of a long list of names in the *Times* that she never read, lying in hospital only ten miles away, pathetically longing for her to come and see him.

She would go of course—at once—and take Martin with her. That much she owed him, though she realized with a strange pang of fear that he did not even know the child had been born. It was all strange, and rather terrible—this—that the dead should rise. For years now she had grown used to the thought of Bertie in her past, but she could not adapt herself to the thought of him having power over her present. . . . Suppose he should want a share of the child. . . . Oh, but he couldn't have it. That was where the law befriended her, and rewarded her for having put herself outside the law. Martin was hers and hers only. Bertie could not claim him, except morally . . . and she was afraid, because she knew that claim was just. A father without his child, a child without his father—it was all wrong. Yet what was she to do?

XX

She started early the next morning, after writing out a telegram to prepare Bertie for her arrival. The farm must be abandoned to Tom Addis and the Roots. Jim Carpenter must be abandoned too and, as she went to fetch away his breakfast tray—for he still had breakfast in bed—she felt as if she were being deprived of some strength.

"I hope you'll find your friend much better," he said, wishing her well on her journey.

"I dunno . . . maybe . . . he says he's had a terrible time."

"Well, I hope it's over now. He's home in Blighty, anyway. Don't you fret, ma'am. I'll keep an eye on the youngster while you're gone."

"I'm taking Martin with me."

"Won't he be a bit of a nuisance to you? It's a difficult journey."

"I can't help that. He ought to come. Leastways—Mr. Hill used to know him when he was a baby. I reckon he'd want to see him now."

Her cheeks went crimson at the lie, which she felt, moreover, had not been a particularly good one. She swooped up the tray and went out of the room.

Martin was waiting for her, dressed in his new knickers and little blue jersey.

"I'm going in the train!" he shouted triumphantly to Rosie Pont. "I'm going in the train. Puff-puff-puff—to see a genplum."

"Well, you be good, that's all," said Rosie unsympathetically.

Joanna took his hand and led him skipping beside her down the drive and along the shingly road to the Falcon, where they were to catch their first bus. They would go by bus to Sidlesham Station, then by train to Chichester, and then another bus would take them to Bognor more conveniently than the railway.

Martin was fortunately disposed towards good behavior. He was delighted at this unexpected treat, proud and satisfied to find himself in his new clothes, and off for a day's adventure amidst the wonders of locomotion.

"First we'll go in a bus," he shouted, "and then we'll go in a train, and then we'll go in another bus, and then we'll go in a bus again, and then we'll go in a

train again, and then we'll go in a bus again."

"You'll be a good boy in hospital, won't you, duckie? There's a poor gentleman there who's very ill . . ." she hesitated whether she should add "and he's your daddie," but the next minute even Joanna saw the madness of such words. Martin had not reached an age when he could be expected to keep secrets. . . . By the way, she'd better see Bertie alone first.

None of their different conveyances betrayed them, and they were in Bognor soon after one o'clock. It was a hot blue day, such as it always seems to be in Bognor—the sea was a great blue glare under the great blue glare of the sky, and the white parade and houses glared at Joanna, making her blink. There was no use going to the hospital till after dinner. Besides, she and the child were hungry, so they went into a pastrycook's and had buns and milk. Martin was luckily still cheerful and untired. He talked unceasingly and gazed about him—he had never been in a town or a big shop before—it was another delightful addition to the new experiences of the day.

Joanna scarcely heard his chatter. A strange abstraction had come over her, a strange weakness. Incredible as it seemed, she was trembling at the thought of meeting Bert. A kind of sickness was in her heart, such as used to be there when she waited for him to come to her at Ansdore. But then the sickness had been nearly all joy, with only one part of fear—and now it was nearly all fear, a nameless fear of she knew not what. A fear of her own memories . . . of the resurrection that was taking place within her? In Joanna's heart the graves were opening, and long-buried emotions were rising again. Perhaps they were only ghosts, but they troubled her none the less as she sat drooping there over the marble-topped table at the pastrycook's, amidst all the tinkle and clatter of china and glass and human tongues, gazing out through the open door at the blue and white glare of the seaside: passion, the unforgettable . . . troubling her once more with memories and desires . . . so brief and so long dead . . . it seemed to enfold her and Bertie once more in a dark veil, and within that veil with them now was the child Martin . . . he was part of that passion, that darkness—part with her and Bertie . . . they were three together. . . .

She paid for their food and went out. There were many soldiers in the street, and more than one turned round to look at the tall, handsome, weather-beaten woman in black who walked up Aldwick Road, leading a small child by the hand. But none of them called after her. They were perhaps afraid of her mourning, and they may have guessed that her way was towards the hospital.

When she came there she could hardly speak, and it was in a voice unrecognizable as Joanna Godden's that she asked for Lieutenant Hill.

They told her that she could see him at once, and she followed the young Red Cross nurse down a number of clean bare corridors, smelling of beeswax and disinfectant. A door opened, and she was scared by the sight of many beds. Somehow she had never realized that their meeting might be in public, and she had forgotten to leave Martin outside the room. She followed the young nurse past the beds till she came to one close to the window. Then she found herself looking down into a man's face.

It was just that—a man's face, drawn in its outlines, with a queer yellow taint in the skin and a queer glow in the eyes, the face of a man who has suffered—who is suffering still. But it was only a man's face. It was not Bertie Hill's face which had so rapt and troubled her years ago, with its secret saucy eyes and the hair that sprang thickly from the broad low forehead. There was nothing in this face to make her heart beat quicker or the darkness rise. On the contrary, as she gazed down speechlessly she knew that her re-born passion was

dead, or rather that it had never been reborn, that it had merely "walked" as a ghost. . . . She had dreamed—that was all—and was now awake.

"Jo," said Bert.

His voice struck certain chords, and she shivered. But the past was dead.

He looked at her, and then slowly smiled—a comforted smile, as if her presence brought relief and strength. Then his eyes fell on the little boy.

"Who's this?"

"Martin," said Joanna, her mouth dry.

He seemed to understand her at once.

"Jo—he's—is he yours?"

"Ours."

For a moment neither of them spoke. Their low speech could not be heard by the man in the next bed, which was lucky, as they both had forgotten him. Then suddenly Joanna felt violently, overwhelmingly silly. She must behave naturally—ordinarily—or she wouldn't be able to bear it any longer. She picked up Martin and sat him on the bed.

"Speak to the gentleman, Martin. Show him your new suit."

"Are you a soldier?" asked Martin.

"Yes, I am, or rather I was once." Then he seized Joanna's waist and dragged her down to him.

"Jo, this is dreadful. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Shut up! Don't be a fool."

"You ought to have told me."

"I couldn't. Do hold your tongue."

"Why are you lying in a tunnel?" asked Martin, shaking the arched bedclothes.

"Because my tummy's hurt and the bedclothes mustn't touch it. Take him off, please, Jo. I can't stand anyone on the bed. Send him down the room to talk to the other chaps—they'd love it—and I want to talk to you."

She had to do as he asked, though she dreaded to be alone with him. Martin was sent off to talk to a cheerful boy at the other end of the room, and she drew up a chair and sat close beside Bert.

"You haven't changed a bit," he murmured.

"What nonsense!"

"You haven't—you're the same strong, beautiful Jo. When you came into the room I felt as if someone lovely and strong had come to comfort me."

That was not how he used to think of her, long ago in the health of his young, ardent selfish manhood. The War had broken him—he was cowed by all he had been through, and wanted desperately someone to cling to. He told her that he had joined up in the autumn of 1914, had been given a commission in 1916, and promoted six months later. Then a shell had done for him—he was terribly smashed up, and had been moved from hospital to hospital, operation to operation. He had wanted Jo from the first, he said, but hadn't dared write to her till a week ago. He had not really expected his letter to find her—he had been half-dead with delight when her wire came that morning.

"It was just like you, old girl—generous as ever. Oh, Jo, it was good of you to come."

She felt nothing but his infinite pathos. He seemed to her broken and refined out of knowledge—he had lost all the swaggering qualities that had endeared him to her. His beauty too was gone—how could she ever have thought him like Martin Trevor?

They sat talking together till the patients' tea was brought in, and it was time for the visitors to go away. She told him about herself and her life at Crown Dips; after a while she lost her sense of constraint and felt friendly and free once more, though quite unstirred—rather like a woman talking to some close but not particularly well-loved relation.

Though desperately ill, he was full of talk of his recovery. He thought he would soon be discharged from hospital—"they want the bed, and there's nothing more they can do." He would have a gratuity, of course, and a pension. He wouldn't be so badly off. "But I shall be lonely, Jo—I shall be

lonely. The old home's broken up—poor mother died three years ago, as I told you."

Joanna remembered that he had not seemed particularly to love or value poor mother when she was alive, but she was beginning to see that here was a Bert wholly sentimentalized. Suffering and fear had had that not unusual effect upon him. He was dwelling in the past—in a past he had made beautiful to receive him—a past in which the drab and quarrelsome household Joanna remembered had become a happy home for mother and son, a past in which their disastrous, disillusioning love had become an idyll of fragrant memory.

It was all very strange and very pathetic, and she herself was so touched with pity that she could not refuse to enter that past with him and treat it as if it were real. She was both glad and sorry when she had to go. Bertie kissed Martin and looked long at him for a likeness.

"You'll come again soon," he begged Joanna.

She promised that she would.

"And bring the child."

"Oh, yes, I'll bring him as often as you want."

Bert wanted Martin. The boy had become a part of his dream. The first surprise and concern had given way to what seemed to Joanna a strangely easy acceptance of the situation. His thoughts did not linger over what must have been her certain anguish, but dwelt instead in the new pride of his own fatherhood. Coming as it did to a man prostrated, shattered, and weak, this realization, this vindication of his broken manhood was like a drug, an exalting wine. A flush had crept into Bert's haggard face and a look that was almost triumphant.

"You've done him good," said the nurse to Joanna as she showed her out.

"Is he very ill?"

"Very ill, I'm afraid."

"He'll never be quite well, I suppose."

"Never. Still, we may be able to do wonders for him with this new appliance."

Joanna did not bother to inquire what the new appliance was. She was full of a more vital question which she did not dare ask.

XXI

"Well, I hope you had a good day," said Jim Carpenter on her return.

"Oh, yes, thank you."

"And the man you went to see—doing nicely? I hope."

"Oh, yes." . . .

She could feel his eyes upon her. Though she looked down at her plate, she seemed to be watching their gaze as he and she sat at supper together. She saw them blue and living, set rather deep within a radiation of fine, kindly lines. She knew that he was not smiling with his mouth, but that he was smiling with his eyes. He was saying to himself, "That's another thing I mustn't ask her about." . . .

And she could not help it. She longed to protect herself from him, but she was powerless to improve her defenses. Oh, for half an hour of Ellen's cool easy dealing!

"I've been out quite a bit to-day," he remarked. "I'm quite steady on my legs; and not too stiff with my arm and I've been thinking, ma'am, that it's time I gave up trespassing on your hospitality."

Oh!—Did he know what he was saying?

"You're more than welcome," she said, "and I'm sure you've been no trouble, but a lot of help—with the child."

"It's uncommon good of you to put it that way."

"But I mean it. I—I'd be sorry for you to go."

"I'll be sorry too, but reckon all good things come to an end. I've my boats and my men to see to, and I'll do it better in Portsmouth. I can't call myself a sick man any longer now."

She answered him almost at random, desperately striving to pull the conver-

sation to another subject, for fear that he might see how she was shaken. To have him go now—now, of all times—now that a man's weakness was dragging at her strength and she must herself take strength from someone, or fail . . . What a wicked fool she was! What a mercy he was going! She saw herself as a wanderer on a wrong and pleasant road—in mercy brought back. . . .

The next morning she felt quite settled and calm about it. She was glad that he was going, glad that a complication was to be removed from her life, and that she would be able to return to the old ways—the old ways of austerity and reparation—to "go softly" once more. For two whole days the peace lasted. She spent her time in quiet busyness, her heart numb and calm within her. When on the second evening the post came and brought her a letter in Bert's handwriting she felt no alarm or distress, merely relief that it had found her alone.

She had met the postman in the drive, and walked up to the house reading her letter.

It was so lovely seeing you again, my dearest Jo. You were just your old self, not a day older. And the child. Oh, Jo! You don't know what I felt when I saw him. Since then I've been thinking a lot about you, and I've come to see that the past can be undone. Dearest, it's not too late, if you will be noble and generous, as I know you are by nature. We've hurt each other, but we can heal each other now. Let's get married and forget all these miserable years. I know I can't be much of a husband to you, but I feel sure I could make you happy, and I shall have my pension as well as a gratuity, so I shan't be a drag on you anyhow. Besides, there's the child. We ought to get married for his sake. If I'd known he was coming I'd have made you marry me long ago. Oh, darling, I want you so. Do be kind and forgive me for not understanding you when we first knew each other. I feel you are quite unchanged, and are the same old kind, forgiving, tender-hearted Jo.

Your repentant and loving

BERT.

P.S. Please don't write and say you won't have me. Come and see me anyhow.

The corners of Joanna's mouth drooped. She thrust the letter deep into her apron pocket. She hated it, somehow, and despised the man who had written it; but, oh, she was sorry—she was sorry—for Bert. He was the utterly selfish man thrown out of his security into the utterly selfish world, and crying for his mother. He wanted her to mother him and take care of him for the rest of his life, that was bound to be full of helplessness and pain. When he had seen her bending over him as he lay in bed at the hospital he had seen his mother bending over his cradle. Poor little baby! And, of course, it was all nonsense about her not being changed or a year older. It was just because she had changed so much and was so many years older that he wanted her, since he wanted her for mother and not for wife. Poor Bertie!

There was that bitter, twisting compassion for him in her heart all the evening, and at night she took it with her up to bed. But as she lay awake with it in the darkness, its quality changed. It became a queer distress of her whole being. It became her response to Bertie's call. She remembered him then as he used to be, her little singing clerk—handsome, saucy, confident, full of his own business and importance. She had made a prey of him—she had pounced. . . . Oh, there was no good denying it—it had all been her doing. Not that she ever denied it—indeed, she had acquired a habit of self-reproach, but she might just as well remind herself again of her wickedness. She had wanted him so. . . . She had caught him, and he had struggled, and he had escaped . . . and, oh, she had been angry! But it was her own wicked fault—expecting to find her lost lover in the arms of any other men. What a blind fool she had been—spoiling three lives with her folly. . . . And now Bertie really wanted her. He had not wanted her while she held him—he had been half afraid of her, as she knew now—half afraid of her vehemence and

violence, the pull and strangle of her love. Now he was no longer afraid, for she had come to him in a capacity that drives out fear. He really wanted her now.

She sat up and lighted her candle. Her apron hung from a nail on the door, and Bert's letter was still in the pocket. She took it out and read it again in the wavering light of the candle. The candlelight threw her head and shoulders monstrously upon the wall, making of her as she crouched there a huge shadow of motherhood—protection and tender strength.

The appeal of the letter came more terribly this time. Not only Bertie, but her whole past seemed to cry to her from it, and she knew now that she could not refuse that cry. For Bertie's sake, for the child's sake, for her own sake, she must pick up the ashes. This was what God wanted her to do—this was her chance of reparation. She was no more to "go softly" in her quiet lonely ways, but turn once more to her woman's striving. Passion was dead, but pity lived as it had never lived before. She could give Bertie no longer the frenzy and flame of her love; but he did not want that now, if indeed he had ever wanted it. He wanted her kindness, her support, and he should have them, and in giving them she would find peace and humble hope. . . .

When she had parted from Bertie the lover that dreadful morning five years ago, she had said, "You're not man enough for me." That had been true, and it was true still, but it did not matter now. You want a man for a husband, but you don't want your child to be a man. Bertie was to be her child—she would have two children instead of one. It would all be for little Martin's good—he would grow up with a father's name. And she—it would all be for her good. It would put her out of reach of such moments as that which had come upon her the evening before, when she had tried to make Jim Carpenter stay. He would have to go now. He would have to go at once—to-morrow. She could not carry this thing through unless he went.

XXII

She told him so the next morning, just before she set out.

"I hope you won't think me rude, but I find I—I can't let you have . . . I mean, I want the room . . . since you are going soon anyhow, do you think you could go at once?"

He eyed her calmly in the way she dreaded.

"Yes, I could go at once."

"Will your lodgings at Portsmouth take you?"

"Yes, I can go to them any time I want."

"Could you go there to-day?"

"Yes, certainly—whenever you like. You've been too good to me, keeping me all this time."

"Rosie ull pack up your things for you and get you a trap. The trains are quite easy once you're at Sidlesham. I've got to go to Bognor."

"That's quite all right, ma'am. When you return you'll find I've gone. But I don't promise not to come back."

He had been so smooth and obliging in his talk that his last words, uttered in exactly the same agreeable tone, surprised her.

"Eh?" she gasped.

He surprised her still more. He seized her two arms and held them against her sides, while his eyes laughed into her horrified ones.

"You don't think you've done with me yet."

Joanna broke from him, dashed out of the room, a whirlwind of outrage, and banged the door after her. She was shocked and frightened. She had never thought this could happen—and, oh, why had it happened now? Just then the empty way of expiation stood waiting for her devoted feet. . . . She did not dare even be angry, because to be angry with him obliged her to think of him, and she did not dare think of him to-day.

But the incident made her stronger in her resolution to marry Bertie. The touch of another man's hands, the hint of his pursuit, had only shown her more clearly that it was to Bertie she belonged. She belonged to him by law of nature—he and she were father and mother together. They were part of a trinity which she knew now could not be divided. Already she belonged to Bert; nothing—not all the renunciations nor all the years—could alter that. The other man was merely the lover, the outsider, the thief. She was Bert Hill's, and it was only natural that she should go to him.

Nevertheless, there was no joy in her heart. As she journeyed across Manhood to Chichester, and then once more back to the coast, she could picture no happiness in the years ahead. A future of nursing and caring and giving her strength. . . . Well, it was only right. It was her reparation to Bertie, to Martin, and to God. She still thought she had done well to refuse to marry Bertie before Martin was born, but things were different now. That selfish, overbearing temper would now be a mere querulousness that she could soothe, that failure of love for Joanna the bride would give place to his loving dependence on Joanna the mother. She would bring him to Crown Dips, and her marriage would give her a right to go among her neighbors; little Martin would no longer be cut off from other children, or his home from other homes. Local custom would give him his supposed stepfather's name . . . no more struggles with "Mrs. Godden" or fears of discovery. She did well by Martin as well as by Bert.

It was only by herself that she did ill. As she walked up the shady road to the hospital she was reminded of an old Bible story in which Abraham walked to the sacrifice of all he loved best on earth. The Lord had said unto him, "Abraham," and he had said, "Here I am." But the Lord had spared him in the end—the story had a happy ending. There had been a ram with its head caught in a thicket which he had offered instead, and the Lord had said to him, "Because thou hast done this thing, I will bless thee." . . . Joanna came to the hospital.

"Can I see Mr. Hill? . . . I won't be staying long."

She had remembered that it was dinner time, and there might be objections to her seeing him now.

The nurse hesitated.

"Haven't you heard?"

She was very young and pink.

"Heard what?"

"That he—he died last night."

Joanna burst into a storm of tears. She sobbed rackingly and wildly. The little nurse was frightened.

"Oh—I'm so sorry. I—I didn't know. I'll fetch Matron. Do come in."

She almost pushed her into a small green-distempered room, where Joanna sank down on a chair, hiding her face in her arms. She could not stop crying—it was no good—she could not help it; nothing would stop those tears of gasping, blind relief. When the Matron came in she was half lying across the little table, her face still hidden, her shoulders heaving and arching with her sobs.

"My dear, my dear," said the Matron kindly. Then, "Drink this."

Joanna drank it, whatever it was.

"I'm so dreadfully sorry," continued the Matron, "the news shouldn't have been broken to you like that. But of course you know that it was a release for him—a happy release."

Joanna sobbed on.

"The nurse had no idea that you were a close friend of poor Mr. Hill's. Perhaps she might have stopped to think . . . but he was dreadfully ill, you know—he could never have got better."

"I was going to marry him."

"Oh, my dear!" The Matron was shocked. She laid her hand for a moment on Joanna's heaving shoulder. "How dreadful for you to be told like that but we didn't know. He gave us only one address—his sister's. You know when men come here we have to

have an address to write to if anything happens."

"He'd only just asked me. I'd come to tell him I would. And now—and now—he'll never know."

The Matron made an inarticulate sound.

"The posts are so bad," continued Joanna, who had re-found her tongue, "I only got the letter last night."

"My dear," said the Matron very gently, "he never could have married you. He was far too ill—it's surprising he lived so long."

Joanna was astonished.

"But he didn't think he was going to die."

"I know he didn't. They're sometimes very hopeful, these poor boys, and it's pathetic to hear the way they plan ahead for years we know they'll never live to see. But often it's happier for them when they die. It's the poor things who live. . . ."

She went on with her talking and soothing. She patted Joanna's hand; in the end she ordered her a cup of tea. Joanna felt uneasy with her kindness, a hypocrite unworthy of it. But she could not possibly tell her that her tears had been tears of relief—that she had sobbed and cried like that because after all she had not to marry Bert, because after all her sacrifice would not have to be offered. "And the Lord said unto Abraham . . ."

XXIII

When she came home the house felt empty.

"Has Mr. Carpenter gone?" she asked Rosie Pont.

"Yes, mum, he went this afternoon."

Joanna sighed, then sharply chid herself. All this that had happened made no difference to herself and Carpenter. Indeed, it was a good thing that in her panic she had sent him away. That question had been settled as well as the other.

But had it? She remembered his words, which she had forgotten in the stress of her sacrificial journey towards Bert, "But I mean to come back" and "You don't think you've done with me." She seemed to feel his hands, warm and strong, pinning her arms against her sides. She had been frightened then. Her passion for Bert had proved itself a ghost, a memory, but *that* had been no ghost . . . her heart had been living then as it had not lived for years. She told herself that he would not come back—she had been too rude. But she did not believe what she told herself.

Perhaps, after all, he had better come, and end this absurd frenzy of her spirits. She would never be able to go back to the old hard ways of reparation—she was too unsettled, too disheartened by all that had happened. She ought to marry for steadiness. . . . All that evening little Martin was crying and fretting for his lost friend—she ought to marry for the child's sake. But what nonsense she was thinking! Her thoughts flowed as if there had never been any Bertie Hill, as if he was not only dead, but had never been born. Jim Carpenter wanted her because he knew nothing about her. If he knew, he would not want her any more. Bertie was the only man she could have married, and Bertie was dead.

Her tears flowed again, this time in sorrow. She sobbed on and on, forcing her grief, feeling that she owed it to him because she had wept for joy when she heard that he was dead. Oh, Bertie, Bertie . . . dear lover of a dead June. . . . She knew it was wrong, but sometimes she could not help thinking of him as if he had been her husband, since love and nature had made them one.

XXIV

A week later she received a telegram from Ellen announcing her descent upon the Selsey Bill Hotel—and all that time Carpenter had not come. She had told Rosie Pont that if he came she was not at home. "Say 'Not at home,' Rosie—just like that, then it won't be a lie." But Rosie's powers of social evasion were never put to the test, and Joanna tried

hard to convince herself that she was not disappointed.

Ellen arrived, looking rather peaked and pale after her hard-working summer in London. She was also anxious about Tip. Not that she had heard anything but good news of him, but he had now been three years at the War, and she could not believe that his good luck would continue. The calmness with which she had at first endured his absence was failing her now—and she was beginning to feel the strain of her work and of the racket of war-time London, where terror came with the moon.

Joanna tried to persuade her to come to stay at Crown Dips, partly out of a reviving maternal pity for her little Ellen, looking so wan, partly out of an unformulated desire to have her spare-bedroom occupied, and a ghost driven out by flesh and blood. But Ellen still clung to her freedom.

"It wouldn't do, Jo. I'm tired to death and want to stop in bed all hours."

"Well, you could do that here, duckie, and welcome."

"No, I couldn't—you'd disapprove of me inside, you couldn't help it, and I'd end by getting on your nerves just as I used to do. For there's nothing the matter with me, only tiredness, and tiredness of mind at that."

"I had a man lying in bed here a fortnight and I didn't disapprove of him, inside or out."

"But he was really ill"—Ellen had of course heard of the adventure—"and you felt you were doing your bit in looking after him. Besides—he was a man. Oh, no, Jo, don't start denying it. I know so well why you could bear with him and could never bear with me."

However, she came a great deal to Crown Dips, and they were sitting comfortably at their tea together one evening when Jim Carpenter walked in.

Joanna's first emotion was rage, and her first impulse to devastate Rosie Pont even before she greeted her visitor. But she suddenly remembered that Rosie had gone off to her mother's after laying the tea, and he would have been admitted by Mrs. Root, who had received no training in such matters. So there was nothing to do but shake hands and introduce him to her sister.

Carpenter seemed quite at his ease and completely unaware of the disruption caused by his visit. Had the man no memory—or no shame? Did he really think that you can seize a woman by her two arms and tell her she hasn't done with you yet and then drop in to tea as if nothing had happened? He had been to see a man at the Coastguard Station, he said. He had to prepare a report on the loss of his boat. Yes, he'd get his money all right, but he'd have to wait for it—you always had to wait when you wanted anything out of the government.

He spoke mostly to Ellen, not because he was shy of Joanna, but because she sternly refused to join in the conversation. She sat bolt upright, her arms folded, her eyes scowling from under the high-piled riches of her hair. He and Ellen seemed to get on together rather well. They spoke of books and of things in the newspapers. She could see that Ellen was pleased with him. And he, no doubt, was pleased with Ellen. . . . Joanna's scowl grew deeper. She remembered some words of her sister's, spoken long ago, "Poor, dear Joanna. I'm sorry if I've taken another of your men." She had spoken like a lying minx, for she had taken no man of Joanna's except such as her sister had given her. Neither, of course, did Joanna want Jim Carpenter. . . . Nor could Ellen take him, seeing that she was married. All the same . . . suppose Ellen's low spirits were a part of true premonition, and Tip was killed. . . . Ellen was the sort of woman who was sure to marry again.

Her sister, however, was cherishing no such thoughts for herself, for when he had gone she said to Joanna:

"That man admires you, Jo."

Joanna grunted.

"I hope you're not being a fool about it," continued Ellen.

"What d'you mean?"

"I mean you were extremely gruff and unfriendly this evening. I hope you're not trying to drive him away."

"Yes, I am."

"Then you're an idiot. He's absolutely the right man for you."

"How do you know?"

"Well, he's the right age for one thing, and in the right position. You probably won't agree with me, but I feel sure you wouldn't be really happy married to a pukka gentleman, nor would you be happy with a man who was inferior, like—"

"I know. Don't say it."

"I won't. You needn't be so cross. I'm only speaking to you for your own good. I like your Mr. Carpenter and I think he'd make you happy."

"He's too clever for me, and I don't hold with his ways."

"Nonsense, you love clever men. The reason you loved young Trevor was because he was clever and gave you ideas. You couldn't live with a stupid man two weeks, and as for not holding with his ways—I don't know what you mean."

"I mean he's a fisherman—I've never had any dealings with the sea."

"No, you've loved the land—perhaps too much—but don't you see it would be best for you to have a man whose job's different from your own? Otherwise you'd always be arguing and wanting to be master."

Joanna rose and walked over to the window, which was full of the rusty twilight of September. Before her, like a sheet of beaten copper, lay spread the sea under which King Harry's forests were drowned. Oh, drowned land . . . was there no sea that would drown the life behind her?

She turned suddenly round.

"There's no good you talking, Ellen—there's no good us arguing. All that isn't the point. The point is that no decent man would marry me."

"My dear Joanna, what nonsense! Men aren't like that—not now."

"He thinks I'm a widow."

"Naturally; you want him to."

"But he can't go on thinking it if I say 'yes.'"

"No, I'm sure you would never be able to keep it from him; besides, there might be legal difficulties in the way. But, Jo"—Ellen rose too, and came forward, laying her hand on her sister's shoulder—"You know—I was the same with Tip. He had to—had to understand, and forgive. And never, never, by look or word has he ever cast anything up at me—Oh, Tip!" She suddenly thought of her husband in the Flanders hell, and her forehead sank down on her hand. Joanna's shoulders quivered.

"I—I can't help it, dear," she said more softly, "I'm different."

"Of course, there's the child . . . but I should think he could get over that. He knows you've got him, anyhow. And if he does mind—if it's too much of the other man about the house—Jo, I'd take Martin. I'd love to have him, especially now. Tip would like him too; we've always wanted a child, and we've spoken of adopting one, now we know we'll never have one of our own."

Joanna shook her head.

"I'd never give him up. And it isn't that."

"Bert isn't likely to bother you again, is he?"

"No—he's dead."

"Dead, Joanna! When did you know? You never told me."

"He was killed—in the war."

Ellen shuddered.

"Then, Jo, can't you let the dead bury their dead? Surely the past is over now. I'm sure Carpenter wouldn't be any less decent and kind than my Tip if you told him."

"It's just that—I can't tell him. If I married him I'd have to tell him, and I won't—I won't."

"But if it made no difference."

"It would make a difference. I'd never marry the sort of man it would make no difference to. I don't hold with such ideas. Maybe he'd marry me

just the same—he might and he mightn't—but he couldn't help thinking small of me. He'd know he'd been mistaken in the sort of woman I was, even if he still wanted me. And, oh, Ellen, I couldn't bear it. I'd rather he never asked me, or I said 'no'. I couldn't bear him to think small of me. There's no good us talking any more—I see these things different from you."

"Yes, you do, Joanna, but I hope you'll have some happiness all the same."

She took her hand from her sister's shoulder and walked back into the room, which was now nearly dark.

XXV

That evening, when Ellen had gone, Joanna sat down and wrote painfully:

Dear Mr. Carpenter,

I am writing to ask you kindly not to come and see me again. Maybe you saw to-day that I didn't feel happy about it. I am very sorry to appear unfriendly, but I am sure you understand.

With kind regards,
Yours truly,
JOANNA GODDEN.

The next day was a day of thunder. The big guns were practising at Portsmouth, and Crown Dips seemed to rock on its foundations as the sound sped over the sea. Joanna scarcely noticed the guns now—neither the big guns, nor that far more terrible pulse and murmur which could be heard in the silences, and which was the distant voice of the guns in France.

She spent the morning in her poultry yard, working desperately, as if in atonement for the hours she had lost in tender excursions. She wore an old straw hat tied under her chin and a big print apron over her oldest gown. So there may have been a twofold reason for the indignant start she gave when she saw Jim Carpenter come in at the yard gate.

"Good morning," he said cheerfully. "Rosie told me you were out here."

"But did—didn't you get my letter?"

"Of course I did. That's why I've come."

The flame of her anger fed itself.

"How dare you?" she cried under her breath.

"It's a bit noisy out here, isn't it? I wonder if we'd hear the guns less in the house."

"I can't go into the house. I'm busy."

"We'd much better go in. I don't want to have to raise my voice"—and he glanced at the open door where showed the colored petticoats of Mrs. Root.

"I'm not coming in."

He went up to her.

"Do be reasonable—do be fair."

"I don't know how you dare talk like this."

"I shouldn't if it hadn't been for that letter of yours—at least not to-day. But when I got it I saw things would have to happen quickly."

"They won't happen at all."

"Perhaps not, but they must be talked about. You know, you've never given me my chance."

She saw the impossibility of getting rid of him, so she decided that after all she had better go into the house and have it over. Maybe she would have to go through the worst, but all the more reason to get done with it.

"Very well," she said slowly, "but you're unaccountable tormenting."

He opened the yard gate and she went through. The heavens roared.

"Ah," said he, "it was a bad day when Master Huggett was born."

"What d'you mean?"

"Master Huggett and his man John
They did cast the first cannón—
Don't you know the old rhyme? Reckon many a poor Sussex boy out there has reason to curse old Huggett and his forge."

Joanna made a vague sound. He had that disarming way of sidetracking her when she was angry—just as Martin used to, with his talk about the old floods.

"It was up over by Maresfield," con-

tinued Carpenter, "on the edge of Ashdown Forest. Sussex was the Black Country in those days—all hammers and cinders and forges and furnaces. Now we've only got the names."

XXVI

They had come into the parlor and sat among the roses. Joanna suddenly remembered the deficiencies of her costume.

"You wait till I've made myself decent. I can't sit in here like this."

"Yes, you can, and I shan't let you go. I don't trust you to come back. Besides, I like you ever so much better in those things than in the black you wear most times."

Joanna sighed.

"Don't sigh, my dear," he said tenderly, "I've not come to plague you. You know that. You know I love you and that you love me."

"I don't love you. How can you speak so?"

"You do, or why are you so anxious to get shut of me? There's no harm in a man showing you a little politeness, and I've done no more."

"Oh, how can you say such a thing? You know you've shown me you were courting."

"Maybe I have, then—but not till you'd shown me yourself how the land lay. Oh Joanna, why do you treat me like this?"

"I don't want you."

"You do."

She nearly wept in her helplessness.

"Haven't I tried to get shut of you time and again?"

"Yes, and it's just the way you tried to get shut of me that showed me you wanted me. But don't let's go arguing about it. Won't you tell me straight why you won't have me?"

She tried to say "I don't love you," but the words would not come. His brown face and blue eyes, his kind, puzzled smile, the very shape and set of him there, and the sound of his voice made such a lie impossible and silly. She could only plead.

"Don't ask me—please, don't ask me. I can't tell you. I couldn't bear to tell you."

"Shall I tell you, then?"

"Tell me what?"

"That what is past is past and can never come between us."

Joanna trembled.

"I don't understand," she said faintly.

He took her hand—she tried to pull it away, but he held it fast.

"There's something you think you ought to tell me, isn't there? Well, I don't want to hear it."

She burst out at him:

"I'm not going to tell you nothing. Why do you talk like that? How can you know? You don't know. You've only got some silly notion."

"It's you that have got the silly notion. You think I'm not going to marry you because Martin's father didn't marry you."

"Oh!" cried Joanna.

She pulled away her hand, but the next moment his arms were round her. He was kneeling beside her chair, holding her closely to him, drawing her down against his shoulder.

"My dear," he murmured, "my own dear."

She was shaken with sobs. She was amazed and frightened. How had it happened? How did he know? Her secret was out at last, and without her telling it. She was more shocked than relieved.

"I can't bear it," she sobbed. "I'd have done anything rather than you should know. Oh, I shall die . . . of shame."

"But, my dearie, it makes no difference."

Even in that moment her moral sense rose indignantly.

"Then it should ought to."

"Why?"

"Because . . . because . . ."

"I don't see why I should let a dead man spoil our lives!"

"How did you know that he was dead?"

"I didn't know, though I may have guessed. All I mean is that he's dead to you. I know that."

Joanna's head shot up mournfully.

"It queers me. I can't understand how you know anything. Who told you?"

"Well, you, my darling, for one."

"Me! . . . I never!"

"Yes, you, darling, your own self. It was plain to see you had a secret. Why, you wouldn't tell me where you'd come from, and then one day without knowing you let out that it was Rye; and my sister had been asking me if you came from those parts."

"Your sister? Why should she ask?"

"Because she used to live there once, and seemingly there'd been some talk about you."

"I never heard of anyone of that name in Rye."

"You wouldn't. Her husband was only there for a bit on the shipbuilding. It must have been the year you left. When she came and saw you here, she told me she wondered if you were the same Joanna Godden that used to have a farm on Walland Marsh."

"What—what did she tell you about me?"

"Do you want to hear?"

"Yes—I do, and you've got to tell."

"Well, she said as this Joanna Godden got engaged to a young chap and was going to be married, and then the next thing people heard was that the engagement was broken off, though it was plain to all there was a child coming."

Joanna breathed angrily.

"She said that this Joanna Godden sold up her farm and cleared out, though she'd been in the place ever since she was born. No one knew where she went, though some guessed it wasn't far. Others said she went to Scotland—oh, there was all sort of tales. Some folk spoke unaccountable hard of Joanna, others said she showed a proper spirit, and the man ought to be horsewhipped for the way he'd treated her."

"He didn't treat me any way. It wasn't his doing. It was I who broke off the engagement, and he never knew about the child."

"Why didn't you tell him?"

"Because I didn't want to marry him. I saw as he didn't really love me, and it ud be bad for the child if we married and had an unhappy home. . . ."

The old struggle pulled at her heart, and her tears fell. He drew her closer.

"Don't cry, my Nannie—don't cry."

It was rather queer and sweet to be called "Nannie" instead of "Jo"—to have the woman's end of her name used in tenderness instead of the man's. It seemed to give her a new softness, a sense of protection that she had never experienced till now. She huddled against him, shedding her tears into the comfortable roughness of his sleeve.

Then suddenly she remembered that all this could never be. This was not the way she had chosen when long ago she had made her choice. It was not right that she should find happiness, who deserved it so little. It was not right that this man should forgive her. It only showed him up as loose in his ideas, without respect for the Ten Commandments. The fact that he had loved her and sought her while knowing all about her was no excuse for surrender but another reason for renunciation. She pulled herself upright.

"It won't do," she said savagely; "it ain't seemly. You should ought to know better than love a woman who's done so bad."

"Don't tell me we're still talking about that."

"Yes, we are, and we're going on."

"I'm not. I don't want to hear another word."

"For shame! You don't seem to take in how bad it was."

"It was better than I thought."

"What do you mean?"

"I didn't know you'd been so brave—so brave in getting shut of the man yourself. I thought he'd jilted you."

"He didn't. But I don't see how that makes it any different."

"Then you'd better not think any more about it. It shows you're no fit judge."

"I'm a better judge than you. Oh, you can't think how it shocks me when I hear you treating it all so light."

"I don't treat it light. Really, my dear, I shall be angry in a minute."

A new roughness in his voice startled her.

"Yes," he continued, "if you're shocked at me, I'm shocked at you—living among the dead like that. Don't you know what it says in the Bible—'the living, the living, he shall praise thee'?—and you're spoiling the life of a living man for the sake of a man that's dead."

"Oh, but it isn't that. It's not that I care about Bertie any more. It's myself, and what I did."

"But that's dead too. Oh, my Nannie, don't you think I know how good you are, how good and straight and honest? Haven't I seen it day by day? And here you are talking about a thing you did once . . . as if it mattered now . . . as if there wasn't a lot of things *I* did once. If I started talking about them, then we'd be a pair."

He pulled up his sleeve, and she saw the girls' names—Milly, Connie, and Maude, and the pierced hearts.

"There! Look at 'em. Look at Milly—look at the rest. Reckon I haven't always been the man I should ought, but I don't go thinking of it now, or letting it stop me be the man I'd like to be."

"It's different for you—different for a man."

"Oh, is it, ma'am? So that's your moral ideas, is it? That's the way you're going to bring up young Martin. It's plain to see you need me to look after you both, then."

He drew her close once more.

"Don't fight me, my dear, for you can't. Reckon I'm bound to win, since your own heart's taking my part against you. Now let's talk sober for a minute. I'm no lighter than you, and I don't like to see neither a man nor a woman breaking God's commandments. But you'll never made me believe that what's broken can't be mended, nor what's past can't be ended. I love you for what you are, and nothing you'd done five years ago can alter that. I want to marry the woman I see before me, the woman I know now; and I know, my dear, as you're more strict and virtuous than many a woman who's never had your story. Folks are harder on a woman than a man—that's all the difference. Maybe if there's a kiddie—a man don't care for bringing up another fellow's child. But you know I don't feel that way about Martin. I'm fond of the little chap, and I'd like to help you make a man of him."

"He won't mind me," mourned Joanna. "I can't do nothing with him. But he'll mind a man. That's why if ever I changed my mind—Oh, there's no sense a woman bringing up a child alone."

"And that's the first sense you've spoken to-day," he said, kissing her astonished mouth.

XXVII

He was gone, and the dusk was upon the sea. The voices of the guns were still. In the new silence it almost seemed as if war itself had ceased. Joanna stood by the window, looking out on the tide that flowed over King Harry's ground. From the lamplit room behind her came Ellen's voice.

"Yes, it'll be an excellent thing for him to come and live here. He can do his job and you can do yours, and you'll neither of you get in each other's way. Perhaps for some reasons it would be better if you went somewhere else, but since you're so fond of the place . . . anyhow people will stop talking once you're married."

"Were they talking—here?"

"Naturally—since you wouldn't talk yourself."

"How do you know?"

"Simply because when I'm down here I hear what people say. That's all, and it doesn't matter now. It'll be done with and forgotten a month after you're Mrs. Carpenter."

Joanna did not speak. What a lot of "done with" and "forgotten" there had been to-day—more about ending the old life than beginning the new. Both Jim and Ellen had been quite angry with her for the way she had treated the past—and yet she never could think but that she had been right to treat it so. Perhaps she had been right till now; but now was wrong—now it was time to change and make a new beginning—for Martin's sake, for Jim's sake, and maybe for her own. He'd told her that she owed herself a happy marriage after all the unkind things she'd done to herself in the last twenty years. That was after she had told him about the first Martin. She had told him everything, about Martin and about the other men whom she'd almost forgotten. He had let her do it, he said, just so that she might get it all out of her life for ever. It did you good to tell things, to let everything come out of the narrow, aching places of your heart—then you really could forget and get on with the business of life.

She remembered some words he had said just before he left her, when the sunset hung like a furnace over the sea, and they stood together by the window, as she stood now, looking out on the drowned woods.

"What's over and done with, Nannie, is no more than those woods you've so often told me about, that are lying under the sea where you hear the dead King's horn. . . . We don't trouble about them, all we think of is the living country of the Marsh—where the cattle feed, and the corn grows and the spring comes every year. You tell yourself that—your whole life up till now is drowned."

Oh, drowned land. . . . She suddenly saw it would be good to start again from now—to walk in a land of growth and spring, to meet no more the past years that for so long had commanded her . . . except now and then for a ghost upon the road or the faint note of a horn.

FURRY BEAR

BY A. A. MILNE

IF I were a bear,
And a big bear too,
I shouldn't much care
If it froze or snew,
I shouldn't much mind
If it snowed or friz—
I'd be all fur-lined
With a coat like his!

For I'd have fur boots and a brown fur wrap,
And brown fur knickers and a big fur cap.
I'd have a fur muffle-ruff to cover my jaws,
And brown fur mittens on my big brown paws.
With a big brown furry-down up to my head,
I'd sleep all the winter in a big fur bed.

WILL SCIENCE DISPLACE GOD?

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

IN ONE of our American colleges founded long ago in piety and faith for the furtherance of the Gospel a professor recently made a "Senior Chapel Address" frankly skeptical of God and immortality, the keynote of which was sounded in the words "God becomes progressively less essential to the running of the universe." There is occasion for thought along many lines, not only for religious people but for all our citizenship, in this suggestive spectacle of an American college chapel founded for the worship of God thus transformed into a platform for denying him. But behind all other questions lies the basic issue which the professor raises. He thinks that modern science is making God increasingly unnecessary.

That is the nub of the whole matter in the agelong conflict between science and religion. That way of stating the issue—not that science theoretically disproves God, but that science progressively makes him "less essential"—correctly focuses the problem. Religious people, fretted by fear of modern views of the world, have comforted themselves with the assurance that science cannot disprove God. Of course it cannot! They have assuaged their grief, mourning the loss of old theologies, by the conviction that, after all, new telescopes do not destroy the ancient stars nor new ways of viewing God's operations negative the Ancient of Days himself. Of course not! But that is not the ultimate issue in the conflict between science and religion. The professor has that matter correctly put. What modern science is doing for multitudes of people, as anybody who watches American life can see, is not to disprove God's theoretical existence, but to make him "progressively less essential."

Although its applications and its consequences are innumerable, the reason for this can be briefly stated. Throughout man's history in the past and among the great majority of people to-day, religion has been and is a way of getting things that human beings want. From rain out of heaven to good health on earth men have sought the desires of their hearts at the altars of their gods. Closely associated in its early history with magic—the search for some spell or incantation, some Aladdin's lamp which would make the unseen powers subject to the user—religion has always provided for its devotees methods of worship, forms of ritual, secrets of prayer or spiritual relationships with God guaranteed to gain for the faithful the benefits they have sought. In every realm of human want and craving men thus have used religious methods to achieve their aims and, whether they desired good crops, large families, relief from pestilence, or success in war, have conceived themselves as dependent on the favor of heaven. And now comes science, which also is a method of getting what human beings want. That is its most important character. As a theo-

retical influence it is powerful enough; as a practical influence it is overwhelming. It does provide an astoundingly successful method of getting what men want.

Here is the crucial point of competition between science and religion. In realm after realm where religion has been offering its methods for satisfying men's desires, science comes with a new method which works with obvious and enormous consequence. Quietly but inevitably, man's reliance for the fulfilling of his needs slips over from religion to science. Not many men stop to argue against religion—they may even continue to believe it with considerable fervor; but they have less and less practical use for it. The things they daily want are no longer obtained that way. From providing light and locomotion or stamping out typhus and yellow fever to the unsnarling of mental difficulty by applied psychology, men turn to another method for their help. God is not disproved; he is displaced. The old picture of a bifurcated universe where a supernatural order overlies a natural order and occasionally in miraculous interference invades it, becomes incredible. Creation is all of one piece, a seamless garment. And if, now, in this indivisible and law-abiding world we can get what we want by learning laws and fulfilling conditions, why is it not true, as the professor said, that "God becomes progressively less essential to the running of the universe"?

IT IS the more important to visualize this matter clearly and deal with it candidly because the conflict between science and religion is so generally conceived in terms of incidents on the periphery instead of being faced in terms of this actual crisis at the center. From the first an instinctive fear of science has characterized organized religion, as it manifestly characterizes a great deal of American Christianity to-day. That fear is justified and the peril real, but it does not lie in the quarter where it is popularly located.

That the science of the Bible and the traditional science of the churches are not modern science, that the ancient Book represents an ancient cosmology no longer tenable, so that the Bible cannot any more be used as a court of appeal on any scientific question whatsoever, became apparent long ago. The point of danger has been commonly supposed to lie there. Genesis versus astronomy, Genesis versus geology, Genesis versus evolution—such have been the major conflicts between the churches and the scientists. But such contentions, large as they have bulked in noise and rancor, are child's play compared with this other, central, devastating consequence which science is silently but surely working in popular religion. Science to-day is religion's overwhelmingly successful competitor in showing men how to get what they want.

THIS shift of reliance from religious to scientific methods for achieving human aims is so obvious that any man's daily life is a constant illustration of it, and in particular it grows vivid to one who travels in lands where memorials of old religions stand beside the achievements of new science. This would have been a famine year in Egypt in the olden time; so low a Nile would have meant starvation to myriads. One stands amid the ruins of Karnak and reconstructs in imagination the rituals, sacrifices, prayers offered before Amon-Ra seeking for help in such a famished year. But no one went to Karnak this year for fear of starving, or to any Coptic church or Moslem mosque or Protestant chapel. Men have got what they wanted through another kind of structure altogether—the dam at Assuan.

This sort of thing indefinitely repeated in areas where man's most immediate and clamorous needs lie constitutes the critical effect of science on religion. It does not so much controvert religion as crowd it out. The historians are saying that it was malaria that sapped the

energy of ancient Greece and drained her human resources. For centuries folk must have prayed against their mysterious enemy, sacrificed to the gods, and consulted oracles. From the days of the Dorians to the Christian churches in Corinth and the Moslem mosques that succeeded them, they tried by religious means to stave off their stealthy foe. But when a few months ago the Near East Relief took over an old Greek army barracks at Corinth, put two thousand refugee children into them and straightway had twelve hundred cases of malaria, it was an American trained nurse who went into the community and despite apathy, ignorance, piety, and prejudice, cleaned up the whole countryside so that no one need have malaria again.

Reduplicate that sort of thing interminably and the consequence is clear: we rely more and more on scientific methods for getting what we want. Travelers among primitive people must remark how deeply and constantly religious they are, so that no hour of the day is free from religious motive. Of course they are thus uninterruptedly religious. They would better be. Religion is the chief way they know of being sure of everything they want, from children to crops, from good health to good hunting. But with us many an area where only religious methods once were known for meeting human needs now is occupied by science, and the mastery of law-abiding forces, which science already has conferred, puts into our hands a power that makes trivial all the Aladdin's Lamps magicians ever dreamed. A clever statistician recently has figured that in the mechanical appliances used in the United States in 1919 there was a force equal to over a billion horse power, and that with a hundred odd million people to be served and each unit of horse power equal to ten of man power, every inhabitant of the United States, man, woman, and child, has on the average as good as fifty human slaves now working for him. There is no limit to the possibilities of that procedure, men think. We can in time have what we want.

Where, then, does God come in? Learn the laws, master the law-abiding forces—that seems to an ever increasing number the only way to achieve our aims. It holds as true of mind as of matter, as true of morals as of mind. Whether in improving our crops, healing our diseases, educating our children, building our characters, or providing international substitutes for war, always we must learn the laws and fulfil the conditions, and when we do that the consequences will arrive. Such is the scientific method which everywhere wins out as the competitor of traditional religion in meeting human needs. And the upshot is that religion seems ever less necessary; "God becomes progressively less essential."

IT IS a tragic pity that with this crucial problem facing religion in its relationship with science anybody should be wasting time over foregone conclusions like evolution. For this far more central matter must be faced, and it can be faced triumphantly.

In the first place, science may be a competitor of religion conceived as a means of getting what we want, but it is not on that account a competitor of the kind of religion that the great souls of the race have known. For religion at its best never has been merely or chiefly a means of serving man's selfish purposes; it has rather faced men with a Purpose greater than their own which it was their business unselfishly to serve. The real prophets of the spirit have not so much relied on their religion for dole as they have been called by their religion to devotion. They found religion's deepest meaning not primarily in getting gifts from it but in making their lives in utter self-surrender a gift to it. Religion, as Professor Royce of Harvard kept insisting, is at heart loyalty—loyalty to the highest that we know. The prayer of primitive religion and of a

lamentable amount of traditional and current religion is "My will be done," and the sooner science breaks up that kind of sacramental magic, pulverizes that vain reliance on supernatural sleight-of-hand, the better. Real faith will not thereby be touched; that has another sort of prayer altogether: "Thy will, not mine, be done." Any man who in this morally loose and selfish time undertakes to show that that prayer, translated into life, is less necessary than it used to be has a task on his hands. The generation is sick for lack of it. Our prevalent doctrine of moral anarchy —let yourself go; do what you please; indulge any passing passionate whim— is a sorry, ruinous substitute for it. God as a benign charity organization that we can impose upon—let science smash up that idea! But God as the Goal of all our living, whose will is righteousness and whose service is freedom—he does not become "progressively less essential." He becomes progressively more essential, and unless we can recover him and learn anew loyalty to the Highest in scorn of consequence, our modern society, like that other group of bedeviled swine, is likely yet to plunge down a steep place into the sea.

Whenever any man discovers something greater than himself to which he gives his life in self-forgetting service, there religion has struck in its roots. There is such a thing as the "religion of science" where men at all costs and hazards live for the love of truth. Knowing as I do some churchmen formally religious but really undevoted to anything greater than themselves, and some scientists formally irreligious but devoted with all their hearts to the love of light, I have no doubt what the judgment of the Most High would be. He who faithfully serves the More-than-self has, in so far, found religion. So there is a religion of art in which men give their lives to beauty, as Ghiberti spent laborious years upon the bronze doors of the Florentine Baptistery that Michelangelo called the "Gates of Paradise"; and there is a religion of human service where men count others better than themselves and live for the sake of generations yet unborn. The Over-Soul appears to men in many forms and claims allegiance. When, however, man ceases this fragmentary splitting of his ideal world—truth here, beauty there, love yonder—and sees that God *is* love, truth, beauty, and that he who dwells in these and lives for them is dwelling in God and God in him as the New Testament says, he has found religion crowned and consummated. What is there in our modern knowledge that has disparaged this spirit of devotion to the Highest or made it less necessary? What is there that can possibly take the place of it?

There is nothing peculiarly modern about this idea of religion as loyalty; it is at least as old as Gethsemane, as old as the prison house of Socrates, and the great hours of the Hebrew prophets. It has challenged conscience many a century in those who have thought it needful "to obey God rather than men." Religion may have started with selfish magic but it did not flower out there. It flowered out in a Cross where one died that other men might live abundantly.

When that spirit takes modern form, it turns up in folk like Doctor Barlow, a missionary who deliberately swallowed deadly germs in China and then went to Johns Hopkins that by the study of the results the Chinese pestilence, whose nature had been unknown, might be combated. Science is no competitor of that kind of Christianity; that kind of Christianity uses science and all its powers in the service of its God.

It strikes an interested observer of this present generation's life that nothing has happened to make that spirit less necessary than it used to be. It strikes one that there are some things which a college professor might better tell our youth than to assure them that God is becoming "less essential."

IN THE second place, though the mechanical equipment of fifty human slaves be serving each of us in the United States, and though that be multiplied as many times as imagination can conceive, by no such scientific mastery of power alone can our deepest needs be met. Religion is, in part, like science, a way of satisfying human wants, but there are wants that science cannot satisfy. The idea that the scientific method by itself can so fulfil the life of man that a new psalm sometime will be written beginning, "Science is my shepherd; I shall not want," and ending, "my cup runneth over," is not borne out by the actual effects of modern knowledge on many of its devotees. Consider this picture of creation drawn by one of them:

> In the visible world the Milky Way is a tiny fragment. Within this fragment the solar system is an infinitesimal speck, and of this speck our planet is a microscopic dot. On this dot tiny lumps of impure carbon and water crawl about for a few years, until they dissolve into the elements of which they are compounded.

Call that, if you will, a *reductio ad absurdum* of blank skepticism, yet anybody who is acquainted with our colleges knows students who are in that pit or on the verge of it or scattered all up and down the road that leads to it. A purposeless physico-chemical mechanism which accidentally came from nowhere and is headed nowhere, which cannot be banked on for moral solvency and to which we have no more ultimate significance than the flowers have to the weather—that is the scientific universe without religion. Something that man deeply needs is obviously left out of such a world-view. There are human wants, profound and clamorous, which that picture cannot supply.

While it is true, therefore, that there are areas where traditional religion and modern science meet in cutthroat competition and where the winner is sure to be the scientific method of getting what men want, it is also true that when every area that belongs to science has been freely given up to her religion is only liberated, not obliterated. Whether or not a man will think he needs God to supply his wants will depend altogether on what his wants are. He may get his fields irrigated, his houses built, his cuisine supplied, his pestilences stopped, his Rolls Royce and his yacht without religion, although one may wonder how much of the stability and vigor of the civilization which produces such results has depended on faith in a morally reliable creation. He may even get health without God, although the experience of most of us is that the body is not well unless the mind is and that the mind is never well without faith and hope. But whatever else he may obtain without God he will still live in a world that, like a raft on the high seas, is aimlessly adrift, uncharted, unguided, and unknown. Anyone who has ever supposed this world to be so futile and inconsequential an experiment of chance and now has entered into the faiths and hopes of a vital and sustaining religion will regard with utter incredulity the idea that God has become "less essential."

If a man cannot honestly believe in God let him honestly say so, but let him not try to fool himself and us by the supposition that he is giving up a superfluity. Never in man's history has faith in God been more necessary to sane, wholesome, vigorous, and hopeful living than to-day amid the dissipating strain and paralyzing skepticism of modern life.

THE FUNERAL GUEST

A STORY

BY ALMET JENKS

TORRENCE brought the car to an abrupt stop in the tangled traffic and shut off the engine. I glanced at him inquiringly.

"Funeral procession," he said, and pointed to the left of the stalled trolley car in front of us. I leaned across the wheel and caught a glimpse of the hearse, black and silver, topped by waving plumes, disappearing up the cross street.

"Four horses in black fish nets," said Torrence. "Sometimes an affair like this lasts longer than a freight train. As an experienced motorist I've found it's no wiser to cut a funeral in two than a freight train. Let us compose ourselves, therefore, and smoke two of your cigarettes."

Between the cars massed on the right of the trolley I watched the funeral carriages passing at a smart trot. Round about us the motors were humming softly, anxious to be off.

"Look at them," Torrence went on, puffing at my cigarette and not looking at them at all, "those disreputable drivers with those distressing hats—haven't you seen them standing in portentous groups, lifting surreptitious coat tails for a wee sniftus against the long ride to the grave? And where do you suppose they get those hats? Are they ordained by some dour association of charioteers?"

Presently the trolley car in front stirred, and I heard the motors round about us wake to life. The last carriage was passing. Torrence glanced at his watch.

"Not more than five minutes," he murmured. "Five minutes for reverence—we can't grudge him that—or her, as the case may be." We wormed our way around the trolley and were off.

We were going to Torrence's country place to spend the week-end with Mrs. Torrence and several little Torrences—how many and how apportioned to the sexes I could not remember. I spoke of Mrs. Torrence and "the kids," which was all one could expect of a friend one hadn't seen for six years. Torrence, when I last knew him, before he was married, had been wayward enough to suit the most provincial visitor to town, and of a nature so agreeable and so avid for the violent slaughter of slow time, that, after a dull two days in a strange city, I had telephoned him on the chance of finding him still unregenerate. I knew he had married, but the heat of the noonday sun led me to believe that Mrs. Torrence and "the kids" must be sitting by some crowded sea, and Torrence languishing in town. As it was, I had been basely trapped into an evening in the suburbs. After committing myself to his ignoble hands, I discovered, too late, that he was a commuter—with a car just repaired and waiting to be transported.

"Has it ever struck you," Torrence went on, sliding over a cross-street behind the back of a policeman, "that there is an immense field for reform in our manner of returning dust to dust? What I object to most, aside from the fact of an absolute and irreparable

surcease, are the ceremonies attendant thereon. We aim at dignity and, illogically enough, a sense of tragedy, and achieve, it seems to me, only the grotesque."

We were now beyond the heat and traffic of the city streets. The light was fading, and a sudden breeze stirred the heavy foliage along our path. Torrence breathed a little sigh and settled more comfortably in his seat. We shot up a hill, round a corner, and silently down to a straight, empty road that stretched into the haze of evening.

"No," murmured Torrence, "when I lie in state, and the long line forms in the street, let the windows be not darkened and don't omit flowers. If two or three must gather together, let there be a modest caterer with a cool, unbaked repast and an unobtrusive punch bowl in the corner. Let there be music, certainly—brass and wood-winds, but no strings. Let them kick the rugs away and dance, and let the stags mill about the punch and rediscover unnumbered, fabulous virtues in the host who, at the last moment, had another engagement. And I, I shall be upstairs all the time, sleeping, so they would have you believe; but in my very deepest sleep I shall hear the faint lilting tune of the saxophones coming up through the floor and the pleasant sound of many voices, and I shall be glad to be sleeping—as if I had drunk too much of life and had been put to bed early. . . . And when night comes, and the lights are on—and if there must be candles, will you see that they are in Japanese lanterns strung about the porch and garden?—the music will stop for awhile, and I shall hear the clanking of dishes, and the clatter of knives and forks, and the dignified steps of tall, grave—no, not grave, there must never be anything grave—tall, courtly waiters, and the pop! pop! of that last case I had been saving for something no better than this. And someone must remember that night to give an extra bottle to the band. And there should be *hors d'œuvres* of all colors, and red lobsters, and chicken in yellow jelly, and pistache ice cream. Will you see to that?" he turned to me anxiously. "Don't let them serve caviare on white bread . . . or black bean soup.

"I had rather an amusing experience once," he went on after a pause, "but not at that kind of an affair. Ever since, I've been a great believer in the converse of the rift-in-the-lute idea—the shadow in the glen, the thorn and the rose . . . . You can't tell what opportunities may develop out of the most depressing circumstances. I was selling bonds at the time and was rather interested in applying to my particular job, along with the more or less variable rules of the market, practical laws of psychology. Simple enough things—such as following the society columns in the newspapers, for example, and hopping on to friends who'd just been married before the first month's bills came in. And funerals—I was specializing in municipals then and I made a point of attending funerals and talking in a low voice about three and a half and four per cent. So safe, so certain—as certain as death . . . you get the idea? Suppose the corpse had gone in for Parnassus Mines or Far Cathay Oil—where would the family be now? Fortunately he had been conservative, I understood. Now take municipals, for example . . . Easy enough, you see.

"So I used to read the obituary lists regularly, and one morning I came across a familiar name—the father of a chap who used to be in our office. I was fairly intimate with the son for a while—until he exhausted his clientèle and went into one of his father's mills—and I'd often felt a little guilty that I'd made so little effort to continue our acquaintance. I felt somewhat guiltier when I telephoned my condolences, but it was the middle of a hot July and absolutely nothing stirring: one had to go out and make business, you know. I told him I hoped we'd see each other before he went back to the mill, and he was really touched, I think, and suggested that he'd

appreciate it if I cared to attend the funeral, which was to be private and very small—just the family and a few intimate friends."

We came suddenly into the square of a small village, and Torrence paused in his story to cast an eye over the jam of homing vehicles. We writhed in and out, past trolleys, trucks, and cars, and finally past a red-faced, perspiring policeman in shirt sleeves who waved us on, up a dark hill and once more into the quiet lanes of the country.

"So," said Torrence, settling back again. "Well, I went to the funeral. It was about my fourth funeral that summer, so I left word at the office I was going to a ball game."

"I found myself in one of those tremendous apartment houses and, to make matters worse, the elevator was out of order, and I had to walk up five flights. Perfectly terrible—and that awful, close smell of orchids getting stronger as you mounted. When I got to the fifth floor a butler took my hat and turned me over to a tall, pale gentleman in a frock coat, who smiled and asked me in a low voice if I was one of the family. I told him no, and asked where the son was—my friend. He said that the family were upstairs, and led me along a hall into an immense room that looked like an Italian palace—or the way an Italian palace should look. I got a rather confused impression of a great bank of flowers and a number of people sitting quietly, a few in small groups, conversing in low tones. As I entered they paused, and all looked at me curiously. It was rather embarrassing, for I felt sure I knew none of them; my usual role of interloper, you know . . . and to the music of a violin, tuning up very softly in another room! Enter Mammon, shamelessly! I felt the need of a cue, naturally, and turned to my guide at the door and mentioned the son's name in a voice loud enough for the others to hear, and asked that word be sent upstairs that I should like to see him if he could come down. I took a seat quietly in a corner and reflected on the rotten state of the bond market.

"Well, presently the son—my friend—appeared in the door and, catching my straining eye, came over to where I was sitting. He nodded—very grave and important—to some of the others whose chairs he passed, and they stirred solicitously and greeted him in low, respectful tones. The heir, I thought, and rose with alacrity. We spoke softly about the passing of time, what we had been doing with ourselves, found neither had married—yet—so *he* put it, with a faint smile, as if he expected to be ravished out of hand. He said he thought everyone was there and that it was nearly time to start and that he should sit with me. He drew up a chair and, as nothing *was* started, began to tell me in a low voice who the others in the room were. Oh, yes, he knew them all—they had asked only a few relations and very close friends. There was Mr. Galton (who was asleep by the piano), general manager of the largest mill—he had come down on the midnight and was going back that evening—things were running at capacity again . . . and Roger Beardsley, their lawyer, next to him, looking as if he were about to become an executor, in an old cutaway coat and choker collar, and Aunt Louise and Uncle Somebody, and his cousin, Vivien, whom he hadn't seen for years, and next to them another cousin, So-and-so Herrick, a smashing good golf player, who always turned up at family weddings and Christmas dinners quite drunk, and Goddard Barnes, manager of another mill . . . and so on. I managed to put in my delicate word about seeing him again before he went back, on the chance that he might be interested in some of our latest issues. . . . Oh! of course, he'd be glad to, might possibly be interested in investments—now. I fairly breathed security and conservatism . . . what day would be convenient . . . would he come down Tuesday for lunch? Tuesday it was."

Torrence grinned. "Don't think me material. Summer was on us, and I did it for my little roadster. Wasn't it better that he should fall into my hands, with my decent municipals, than into those of some violator of the empyrean? Indeed, it was a far, far better thing . . . and this is Hampden, by the way," he said, motioning at a sign post, "which is not far from home, so I must get on with my story.

"To appreciate properly my next scene," he continued, missing a ditch by a few inches as he slid by a truck, "you must have the picture of that room clearly in your mind—the very high stuccolike ceiling, the walls hung with, I supposed, priceless tapestries, the early primitives by the fireplace, the late—you'll pardon me—definitive resting beneath absolutely correct flowers, surrounded by absolutely correct kinsmen and, if I do say it myself, an absolutely correct bondsman. And then absolute silence—as if by some prearranged signal. The violin was being tuned again, softly, quickly . . . whispers came from the other room. I thought to myself, a fitting ending to an absolutely correct life—everything perfect—when suddenly the room woke to rustling life. I turned, startled, and saw a new figure standing in the doorway.

"It was a woman—dressed in a deep red dress—crêpe de chine, I should imagine, knowing nothing about it—with a single gardenia resting like a bird on her left shoulder. She was a wonderful figure against the gray walls and the deep greens of the tapestries. She stood on the threshold, one white-gloved hand against the jamb, in the other a lacquered Japanese parasol, and gazed at us with startled eyes from under the brim of her small red hat. She was all color, from her bronze shoes to the tip of her crown. I couldn't take my eyes off her as she stood there, hesitant, as if about to turn and fly. It was perfectly tremendous. . . . Whether it was planned or not, of course I couldn't tell; I only knew it was the most effective entrance I'd ever seen, and that she was worth every bit of it. Suddenly I heard a door shut—the outer door of the apartment, I supposed, and at the same moment the violin in the next room took up its song. The woman in the doorway looked about in a despairing way—no one had risen to offer her a seat, we were all too surprised—and then, as if her retreat had been cut off, she sank into a chair close to the flower-covered bier, full in the gaze of our curious eyes.

"I remember very little of that service," Torrence went on, after a moment. "I have a vague memory of a woman's voice singing hymns to the violin accompaniment in the next room, of a clergyman suddenly appearing, rather like a rabbit out of silk hat. And there she sat through it all, facing us, at the head of the bier, like some bad angel that had come, proudly, at the very last, to claim her dead. It was her place, now, for a few moments—before the door was closed against her once more . . . forever.

"You deplore my conclusions?" Torrence leaned over and switched on the lights. "But what else was I to think? The son, sitting quietly by my side, didn't complete his catalogue and whisper that the woman was, let us say, Aunt Patience or Cousin Dorcas. He said nothing, and I said nothing. Besides, the curtain was up. I glanced at him, once. His profile was, I thought, properly inscrutable . . . and it may have been my imagination that impressed a look of further melancholy on his features—as if this last blow were too much to bear.

"I had a good chance to examine her more closely while she was engaged in staring down Aunt Louise. It was rather amazing drama, you know: that charged room, the languishing violin, the wailing, evangelical measures of the hymn—so absolutely wrong in that entirely faithless group—and the girl in scarlet—we must call it scarlet, I think—sitting disdainfully, in perfect poise, by her dishonored dead. For she was noth-

ing more than a girl, I discovered, an amazing looking creature, really. . . . Her face was dead white, like a mask, without expression and without a trace of color except for the startling carmine of her lips. She was quite frankly painted, you know—brazenly so, as if contemptuous of more covert improvements. Her hair was very dark and cupped closely to her ears, but it was her eyes that were the most extraordinary—the lightest blue-gray I've ever seen—like no color on land or sea or in the sky."

Torrence's voice took on a sudden note of melancholy in the deepening twilight. We had turned off the main road some minutes before and were running smoothly and almost without sound along a blazing white ribbon winding endlessly into the darkness.

"Yes," Torrence murmured, and tapped the steering wheel once, sharply, with his forefinger as if to settle the matter, "it was a vision of absolute Beauty. Why, I can't say. It may have been the pure white mask of her face, or those queer blue eyes, looking so calmly at each of us in turn, or the black hair, close about her ears, like a helmet. Or it may have been her high courage, coming empty-handed into the castle of her dead lord to pay homage to that which had once been theirs—that which had transcended the laws of men—which had been sanctioned by God alone . . . which—which—oh, you know! Those were my thoughts, sitting there, while the hymn flowed about our heads. . . .

"Where did she come from? Where was the small, secret nest that closed warmly about his heart after these lofty spaces and wide rooms? . . . I looked around again, and felt a sudden, stabbing pity for that man lying under the flowers, whose face I had never seen. This—this old splendor, borrowed from an alien land, from another age, warm, beautiful, yet somehow lifeless and discordant in that great pile of granite, housing so many noisy lives—this had never been home! These walls had never heard the precious secrets of that dead heart, the faint, hesitant questionings of the mind, the dreams and visions that were finally lost in the whirr of shuttles and looms, drowned in the black waters that flowed beneath his many mills. . . . Somewhere, safe, apart from the world, in the upper reaches of the city or hidden deep in its loins, another life had been lived. Where was it?"

Torrence grinned at me in the darkness. His voice became more cheerful.

"The question was not purely academic, I'm afraid; nor were my thoughts entirely funereal."

"Will you light me another of your cigarettes?" he went on, "for the services are over, and we are moving, slowly and without haste—except for myself—towards the door. Perhaps there is some jostling on my part, for the girl had risen and slipped out of the room before I could make my way to the door. I said a short good-by to my friend, recalled the date for lunch. The room seemed suddenly full of dark figures barring my way.

"When I got out of the apartment into the hallway it was empty, but I heard the sound of light descending feet on the stairs below. When I caught up with her, she was stepping delicately down in the semi-darkness, one hand raised against the wall. I checked—decorously. It was quite as good as a cough, for she turned and cast a questioning glance backward. We both stopped, and for a moment she stood gazing up at me out of those strange blue eyes, out of that white masklike face. . . . And somehow it suddenly became a romantic situation: we might have been two children, sneaking away from school.

"'Does one go to the grave?' I asked, in, I hope, a sufficiently quizzical manner. She continued to regard me for an instant, and then the very faintest suggestion of a smile disturbed that serene face.

"'Not this one, anyhow,' she answered in a low, strangely deep voice for a woman and, turning, began to descend again. We went down together. We were silent through the next hallway, but when we turned once more into the gloom of the stairway, she murmured:

"'I think I've gone quite far enough to-day.'

"Oh, beautiful, I thought. Just right! A woman of the world, if I ever knew one.

"'No one could go farther,' I agreed, touching her arm ever so gently: the stairs were steep and the way was dark. 'To the very gates of death itself.' She removed her arm—but ever so gently.

"'You might stumble,' I said in a low voice.

"'You are afraid of my stumbling?' she asked, lifting her short dress delicately for the next step.

"'I am counting on it,' I murmured lightly. Very lightly, but audaciously—what? Just the right tone, you know. Oh, we were quite firmly on that ground by then. She gave a low laugh, and on top of it—I give you my word—the most gentle, trifling trip—the faintest slip downward. Voluntarily, of course. That was the beauty of it.

"'This is dangerous,' I said, and took her arm firmly.

"'Isn't it?' She was laughing softly, in the most enchanting deep tones. We came out into the street. It was the beginning of evening—the most dangerous hour.

"'Tea?' I said, and motioned to the doorman. 'I think we've walked far enough.' But she was very decided.

"'Oh, I couldn't, thanks,' she smiled at me in a friendly way, and waited. 'And I'd much prefer to walk—I haven't far to go. Which is your way—up or down?'

"But I wasn't beaten yet. I said, 'Frankly, I don't know,' and gazed inscrutably at the fading sky. 'This is the uncertain hour—shall I return swiftly to the office and assuage an aching conscience, or shall I make my way northward, slowly and sadly, to my lonely flat? I don't know,' and I stood plunged in thought.

"'I must hurry,' she said, tapping her bronze foot on the sidewalk. 'Thank you for helping me down those stairs.' She turned quickly, and there we were walking up town together.

"'Unquestionably,' I said, 'the office will be closed and my long trip would be in vain.'

"She stopped suddenly. 'But I forget,' and I could have sworn there was the faintest note of laughter in her voice, 'I promised to see a girl who lives just three blocks below here. How stupid of me! So, good-night, and thank you again.' She turned and walked away. It really was stupid of her, you know. Walking downtown, I said to her:

"'And I forgot a most important matter at the office. I can't imagine how it slipped my mind.'"

Torrence laughed softly, and the car shot forward in a sudden burst of speed. "Only five miles more. Are you hungry?"

"But what happened then," I asked, "or is that the proper place to end the story?"

"Ah, don't misjudge me," said Torrence, "on the contrary, it would be most improper to end it there, with such a fellow as you for an audience. No. The question of tea came up again, as I remember.

"'Why not tea?' I said once more, as I kept pace with her along those three blocks that separated her from her lady friend. 'Or if the idea of tea depresses you, something cold and devastating?'

"For the space of a block she did not answer, and then, as we reached the curb, she suddenly stopped and turned.

"'Let us go north, then, and on the other side of the street.' I followed her across. 'The sunny side,' she murmured. We passed opposite the entrance to the apartment house, and I saw the dark figures emerging.

"'In my flat,' I said, after a space, 'I

have rather an interesting piece of tapestry.'

"'Tapestry!' she looked at me gravely. 'Do you go in for tapestry? How interesting! What dynasty?'

"'A Ming,' I said, just as cool, 'and absolutely authentic. It's priceless, I'm told.'

"'It would be,' she shook her head gently, and then, very coldly, 'Aren't you making a mistake?'

"It struck me then, for the first time, that perhaps I was. A hideous mistake. She hurried on, looking straight ahead. I was gathering myself for a departure—a departure as decent as possible in the circumstances—when she spoke again.

"'It's not tapestries I'm interested in,' she said, 'but old prints—quaint old prints. I suppose you have some of them?' It was then I walked rather violently into a lamp post.

"'It's the bad light,' I said, thickly. 'As a matter of fact,' I went on, clearing my throat, and with what I fear was a distressing attempt at lightness, 'it just happens that the walls of my flat are literally covered with quaint old prints.'

"'Ah,' she shook her head again, 'I was afraid that would be the case. So, I think, if you insist on tea, we had better stop at the Melanie, which is on the next block. So many times,' she continued, in a slightly mournful voice, 'I have gone to tea or supper to look at prints, and china, and water colors, and bronzes, and brasses, and etchings, and ship models, and snuff boxes, and furniture, and—and somehow,' she said plaintively, 'they never seem to have them. Or else,' she turned to me with a smile, 'they're really quite mediocre. No,' she went on, after a moment, 'I think we can examine those prints of yours just as well in the Melanie.'

"'But this,' I protested, and my voice, I hope, rang deep with conviction, 'this, I feel, is somehow different.'

"'Different?' she glanced at me, questioning.

"'This tapestry,' I began, 'after all, you ought to give tapestries a chance.'

"But she had turned in at the Melanie. She looked back at me over her shoulder. 'I could never do justice to a Ming.' And as I followed her—graceful, I trust, in defeat, I thought I heard her murmur, 'No Mings for little Eva, *thank* you!' but of this I am not sure."

Torrence grinned at me again.

"I'm afraid I haven't time to tell you what a complete ass I made of myself over the tea table but no doubt you'll take my word for it At the time, of course, I thought I had every excuse. Even now, I shudder to think what a horrible idiot I was. She started off very quiet over her tea, and I did the talking—aided not at all, I may say, by a coffee cup of tepid vermouth faintly laced with gin. She fixed me gravely with those queer light-blue eyes of hers under the little hat, and Heaven knows what ghastly heights I reached. She had her head tipped a little, and her hand along her cheek, and those bright carmine lips were very grave, and of course I was under a spell. I suppose I'm the last one in the world to console anyone, never having consoled myself—really. What could I do but buy her a cup of tea, wish her luck, and pass on? Not that she expected, or would have stood for, consolation. Imagine consoling this sporting, broken girl who had stood with her back to the door and stared them all down! No, I could not be guilty of that. For I felt, somehow, that when we passed out of the Melanie, as we must soon pass—so soon—I should never see her again. There was the fading light, the tea shrinking in the cup, the flutter of departure, the check, added and audited, trembling in the waiter's shirt bosom; and presently the end of all the world. Perhaps it brought the tears to my eyes, for suddenly that girl leaned across the table and said, with the slightest smile:

"'What *did* you think when I came into that room!'

"It was this," said Torrence, bowing a little in shame over the wheel, "that un-

did me. You can believe it went straight to my heart—that little confidence.

"'Think?' I answered, making my voice low and confidential, and even thrilling perhaps, 'think—' I repeated, 'why, only this, at first, that in that dark room among the mourners I had been vouchsafed (no, I'm afraid I didn't say vouchsafed,—splendid word, too)—a vision of absolute beauty. What else was I to think but that the vision was eternally beautiful and, therefore, eternally right.' A statement like that," Torrence interrupted himself again, "doesn't mean anything, but it rounds off and practically nobody can answer it.

"She smiled," Torrence said, in a melancholy voice, "I thought, encouragingly—but it may be that I was wrong.

"'My second thoughts were of courage,' he went on, 'of that great spirit that faces death with a faint, supercilious smile on its face, stands with its back against the door, bleeding from a hundred wounds. Of how you had come, alone, unarmed, with death in your heart to pay homage to him who had died, to the ghost of a perished love . . .'

"The girl looked up at me," said Torrence, "for she had been tracing squares and circles on the tablecloth, and her marble brow was wrinkled, and those light-blue eyes wide with startled surprise. I thought she had misunderstood me," he went on in his melancholy tones, "but possibly I was mistaken. I continued:

"'Do you think I did not realize what you were doing—that I do not bow down to that last splendid visit to the house you never knew? Do you remember the old Hindu custom—when the widow threw herself on the funeral pyre of her dead lord and perished with him in the flames? Did I not see you, brightly clad for the sacrifice, burn before your enemies? And now—you breathe, are alive—and yet you too have committed suttee!'

"Then," continued Torrence, "she rose rather suddenly, and began to draw on her gloves. I paid the check, and followed her to the door. She nodded to the doorman and he went to look for a taxi. Still inscrutable, she gazed across the twilit street. I could not let her go thus, without a word.

"'Will you forgive me?' I murmured at her elbow. 'After all I could not help but see. Don't you understand how much I value the relationship that must have existed between you, since it brought you, in the end, to the very camp of your enemies? The cousins and the aunts and the son—and yes, even the wife . . . names, names, all of them, without import, without meaning in the light of what must have existed between you . . . .'

"The doorman came up with a taxi," Torrence went on, "and I helped her in. As I started to follow, she closed the door suddenly and spoke to me through the open window.

"'Please don't bother. I live only a short way—just tell him to go north till I find my address,' she shook her bag at me, smiling. And then, leaning a little nearer, 'I think I owe you an apology. I was going to a tea this afternoon, at an apartment I'd never been to before. When I got to the apartment house the elevators weren't running, and they told me my hostess lived on the sixth floor. I must have miscounted, and then too there was the smell of flowers: it did smell so exactly like a tea—and just the sort of tea I was going to! And suddenly I found myself in a room full of people in black—and the front door was suddenly shut and the music began—and then I realized where I was—and in these clothes, in this hat! I suppose if I'd had any courage—' this half to herself," remarked Torrence, "with what I dimly realized was a rather mean smile. 'But I stayed,' she said, 'and I did get my tea after all, thanks to you.' She spoke to the driver, the car moved forward. I must have been standing on the running board, for I suddenly found myself erect, moving without effort through the traffic. She had a

look of concern. 'Don't you think you'd better get off? Isn't that dangerous? And you will explain my dreadful mistake to your friends, won't you?'

"I suppose," Torrence said, with a grin, "I must have been rather a ghastly sight—clinging to the door handle, making myself flat. I told the driver to draw in to the curb. I got off and removed my hat. She looked through the window and nodded pleasantly.

"'Good-by,' she said. I bowed. And then suddenly she leaned over the sill, and shook her head, ever so gently.

"'Suttee!' she said—'really!'

"At this point," said Torrence, "I opened the door of the taxi and got in."

"And I think we'll stop there," he went on, "for in five minutes we'll be home." The car gathered speed. He was silent for a moment. "A dreadful thing, though, wasn't it?" he said. "Good Lord, I don't suppose there are many people in the world who would have taken it that way! What?" He glanced at me for an instant.

"No," I said, "I don't imagine so." I turned it over in my mind. "Unless—" and then fell silent.

"Unless what?" asked Torrence.

"Well," I said slowly, "of course, after all, you may have been right from the beginning." It *was* a peculiar story, when you came to think of it. "For instance, why didn't she go to the tea after the funeral? It wasn't too late. It was only the next floor above—or below, I forget which. Have you ever thought of that?"

Torrence said nothing for a moment. I thought to myself, no, he never *has* thought of that possibility. Rather stupid, too—why, the thing was almost conclusive.

"It seems to me," I went on, pressing my point, "that that's pretty good proof—"

"Of course," said Torrence, clearing his throat, "she may—er—have noticed me, and noticed that I was—er—so to speak, following her."

"Yes," I said, pleasantly, "that's possible." Torrence glanced at me. But I too could look inscrutable.

We turned in a driveway and presently I saw the lights of a house.

"Obviously," I went on, "she did want to have tea with you, later. But don't you see too that if she liked you, as she undoubtedly did, she wouldn't want you to think she was the dead man's mistress. Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face! Two to one—oh, three to one on the mistress theory."

The car came to a sudden stop before the front door. Before Torrence could answer, the light over the door was switched on, the door opened, and a young woman smiled at us from the hallway.

"I only got home myself a moment ago," she said in a husky, pleasant voice. Torrence introduced me to his wife. I slipped out of the seat, ducked under the top, and removed my hat. She came out and held out her hand.

"I'm afraid it's my fault," I began—"we're late. . . " which it wasn't, of course.

"Where've *you* been?" said Torrence, busy with my bag in the back seat. I turned to help him.

"Where would I be," she laughed, "in these clothes?" I looked at her over my shoulder. She had on a gaily colored summer dress and a broad-brimmed straw hat crowned with pink roses. She raised her head and smiled at me—and suddenly I thought, where indeed? Where had she been in those clothes—those gay clothes? I stared at her. Her question was rhetorical, but something light was obligatory. But what? "A funeral?" No, certainly, that was not the answer, for Mrs. Torrence was still smiling, and now, under the light, her face was a strange, dazzling white, without a trace of color except for the bright, brazen carmine of her lips—and her eyes were the queerest light-blue or gray—like no color on land or sea—or in the sky, for that matter.

WHEN I RAISE MY ARM

THE FACTS OF MUSCULAR ACTIVITY

BY HENSHAW WARD

WHEN I lift my hand eight inches and turn a leaf of the novel I am reading, I put into operation more forces than science will ever explain. Indeed, they are so numerous and ineffable that science will never complete the mere listing of them. The human intellect cannot know much about the mysteries that are in the action of a muscle.

All our philosophers, after twenty-five centuries of most ardent analysis, cannot determine whether I will to turn the leaf or whether "I" is just a name for the joint action of some neuronic forces. Our psychologists have no conception of what an "I" is. So nothing can be said of the origin of this motion of my arm. It simply appeared from a region as unexplored as heaven.

When it first emerged into a material world it was an impulse of some sort in the outer layer of the central portion of the top of my brain. Of course, anatomy does not know the exact location of the spot; it simply has a little evidence that the motion was propagated from somewhere in that neighborhood.

It is a curious place, this region from which motions come. It is the gray matter, a pulpy blanket, closely fitting all the convolutions of the surface of the brain, not more than a quarter of an inch thick in its deepest parts and only a tenth of an inch in the more shallow parts. It covers a total area about eighteen inches square. Like all the tissues of my body, it is a mass of living cells, estimated to be more than nine billion in number. Any curious reader may at this point pull out his pencil and calculate the average amount of cubic space allotted to each cell. I would gladly save him the trouble if such figures were not considered bad form by the other readers. But they might tolerate a diagram of the dimensions—thus: a leaf of *Harper's* is $^1/_{50}$th of an inch thick; across the edge of the leaf eleven of the cubic spaces could lie side by side. The cell that resides in this space is anything but cubical; nor is it a formless gob. In shape it resembles a bit of delicate seamoss, ramifying from a small base in filaments of extreme tenuity that interlace with the filaments of other cells.

You may now make your best guess as to whether the motion of my arm originated in the base of one of these cells (not a thousandth of an inch in diameter), or in a phalanx of them, or somewhere between them, or in some place outside the skull which better suits your pride in the human intellect. When you have guessed you will know as much as all science knows, and you will have gone far toward deciding what an ego is and where it resides. For my part, I give it up. To conceive that I am outside of my brain-cells is impossible; to imagine that I dwell within them is impossible. The source of muscular activity is beyond the reach of the mind.

Let's assume, in order to get a start in a tangible world, that the impulse to turn a leaf has somehow embodied itself in a certain one of the mossy bits which compose my gray matter. This is an

intricate assemblage of protoplasm, like all the trillions of cells in my other tissues; and it has, like them, a nucleus which directs the complicated and refined operations of the whole structure. But, unlike them, it has maintained its identity ever since it was born in my embryo—that is, it has never been renewed by subdivision into daughter cells. Nor has it confined itself to one allotted bit of space; all through my youth and early manhood it was spreading its branches farther out and forming more connections with neighboring cells.

No doubt I seem to personify these particles of my brain too much. Yet I do no more than repeat what is said by the men whose lives are spent in physiology. Their conviction grows, in spite of some recent reports, that nerve-cells are "independent," that there is never any growing together to form continuous fiber, but that each cell retains its individuality and is merely in contact with its neighbors. "The brain" becomes to a physiologist just an abstraction, with no more meaning than a telegraph office would have if there were no operators in it. The cells are the realities that convey impulses. Each is an organism, with a life and a wisdom and an initiative of its own.

I know not how to convey to a skeptical reader this conception of a cell as the seat of all our powers of motion. However glorious a psychic entity my ego may be in the domain of philosophy and religion, it is infinitely ignorant and clumsy in its contact with matter. It has not the slightest ability to move itself. It has no knowledge whatever of how to appropriate food. It cannot put one memory and one memory together. There is no activity, muscular or mental, in which it has the slightest skill. All that my pompous psyche can do is to call upon the skill and wisdom that are in the cells. They alone know how to record impressions, how to supply sugar and oxygen to the tissue, how to smell, how to turn a leaf. I can guess that, if the whole truth were known, they read the novels and make the astronomical calculations. They alone can come to grips with the universe through which I flounder; they alone understand how to mediate between its infinitesimal details and the nebulous monster that is "I."

If the following brief study of a muscular action can teach some respect for cells, it will accomplish its purpose. For I am not much concerned about dimensions or oxidation processes. My own profit in learning about muscles has come from the view I get of my Gargantuan intellect and the blind way in which it supposes that the energy of the world operates in bulk. No work can be performed in the large. Every change, of matter or of mind, is effected by excessively small agents that can grapple with individual atoms in spaces far beyond our crass senses. The actual labor of raising a finger is executed by subtleties beyond my ken.

Now I will quit philosophizing and follow this motor impulse as it travels away from its intellectual home. It is in a nerve-fiber. This is a series of cells which are, essentially, similar to those in the brain. Each of its filaments is a receiving device that can conduct impulses only toward the center. For conducting impulses outward to another cell there is only one branch, called an "axon." The impulse to turn a leaf of a novel went out of the brain along some axon, was received from this by the filaments of an adjoining cell, was carried along by them to the center of that cell, was sent out on the axon of that cell, was caught from this by the filaments of a third cell, and so on by a series of transfers till the original order for motion was finally delivered to my biceps and forearm and fingers. An anatomist who had a "laid end to end" mind could estimate rather accurately how many cells were engaged in forwarding my motor impulse one foot. The time necessary for these successive transfers of the message over one foot has been measured—about one-four-

hundredth of a second. Arithmetic shows that each cell had less than a hundred-thousandth part of a second for the accurate transmission of my autocratic desire to see the next page.

We are talking of "an" impulse, as though I had ordered some one specific and indivisible task. But in reality I ordered a great complication of tasks. My biceps, for the simplest example, cannot act alone to raise my arm; it is balanced by and acts against other muscles. Many muscles about my shoulders and ribs had to be summoned to correlated endeavor, else my arm would have acted wildly. Forearm and wrist and fingers had to receive subsidiary orders, else the leaf could never had been seized properly at its edge. And these are only the most obvious of the complications. The order which started so simply as an impulse of my will had to be expanded and interpreted and distributed by the—who knows? It may have been handled in my cerebellum, which issued a dozen orders, all unknown to me, for the actual intricacies of fulfilling my wish. The spinal chord must have received some of these for further subdivision and retransmission to the several subconscious stations. All these unthinkable complications were arranged for smoothly and promptly by hundreds of thousands of faithful nerve-cells whose skill eludes the most painstaking investigation. Their lives are spent in saving work for my cerebrum. Some of them will learn to turn leaves without the help of my consciousness, so that I can continue my reading to the top line of the next page untroubled by issuing orders to my arm. The cells won't interfere with my will. They leave me free to turn or not as I choose. But they will obligingly see to the turning if I am preoccupied with the remark that the glowering Benito is making to the brave little Nancy at the bottom of page 173.

Their channels of impulse intercommunicate so mazily that no research has charted them in any detail. All we can do in this article is to trace some one item in the impulse and suppose that it reaches the biceps muscle. This vast bundle cannot, as a whole, accomplish the raising of my arm—any more than the Rocky Mountains could play the piano. It is nothing but a mass of the units that are able to utilize energy. It is a mere container of the skilled operatives, the fibers, lying parallel, like wires in a cable—more than half a million of them. They act in concert.

II

If we wish to see how the whole biceps works, we must fix attention on one of these fibers. The diameter of the larger ones is one-fifth of the thickness of the leaf on which you are now reading. Of course, each one is composed of cells. Each is a slender cylinder several hundred times as long as its diameter. Each is a highly organized individual which maintains a system of nutrition, which can perform chemical operations far subtler than any laboratory is capable of, and which has nuclei for reproducing itself as if it were a separate animal.

If some good fairy should dissect for us one of the larger fibers, more than an inch long, and stretch it on a favorable background, it would be invisible because of its slenderness. If we should magnify the fiber five hundred times, till it is fifty feet long, the width will become a whole inch, and we may see something of what the anatomists know about muscle. We can now make out, if we squint closely, that the fiber is banded in layers. It looks as if it were made of discs, each less than a thirty-second of an inch in thickness, alternately light and dark. That's all you can see.

To ask for further magnifying is rather extravagant, but we may have another enlargement of ten times if we insist. This fiber of muscle—one of the millions that helped to turn the leaf of my novel—was far too slender to be seen; it is now a cable ten inches in diameter and five hundred feet long. The discs of which it is composed are now almost a third of

an inch in thickness. Yet you cannot see much. What will you ask for next if you wish to pry farther into the secrets of muscular action?

I am not playing with this subject. The magnifying which I have done is a plain account of what the microscope can do; the disappointing result fairly represents the way a physiologist has to regard his best efforts. He cannot see far into a muscle. We magazine readers have a naïve way of saying to science, "How does a muscle work?" We assume that Science, the modern divinity with a capital S, has all such information ready to hand out in neat packages to any person who happens to feel inquisitive on some special occasion. We feel toward Science as I used to feel about the grocer—that he somehow possessed all the sugar and pickles, and that he could have satisfied my longings for nothing if he had not been selfish. A physiologist is like a grocer: he pays a price for each bit he learns; he has no access to the stores of knowledge that Mother Nature guards so strictly in the deep vaults of her treasury of ultimate facts. A physiologist has on his mental shelves a stock of names like *sarcolemma* and some figures for lactacidogen like $C_6H_{10}O_4(PO_4H_2)_2$; but these are only perishable goods that must be turned for a profit. They are not knowledge of muscular work.

Such a warning is necessary, for fear you might suppose that you were going to be led on and on to an understanding of how a muscle-fiber contracts. But it is not intended for a complete discouragement. There are several steps that we can take toward the final mystery, which reveal some interesting sights.

This five-hundred-foot cable at which we are now looking—this half-millionth part of my whole biceps—is of course an exceedingly complicated organism. And the principal difficulty in examining it is not its minuteness, but its fluidity. Its liquid constituents are not even distinguished by colors, but are blended in a gray mass. If we should let this fiber die and stiffen, we should find that it hardened in thousands of fibrils, each about a third of an inch in diameter, like strands that compose the great cable of the fiber. Hence we suppose that the viscous fluid of the living muscle has a corresponding structure. And we must infer that the secret of contraction lies within these syrupy fibrillar strands. But as yet there is no microscope or chemical reagent with which to explore such an infinitesimal diameter in such an elusive medium.

So far as a physiologist trusts his imagination, he conceives that each one of the strands is like a rope made of alternate sections of dark and light matter, that all the dark sections are on one level, and that their combined effect is thus to make an appearance of a dark "band" extending clear through the fiber. The light sections form a similar light band. Hence results the striped appearance of the entire fiber.

Very careful observers used to suppose that the fibrils were solid and that the bands across the fiber were partitions of some sort; but a German once had the good fortune to see a microscopical worm *swimming* in a fiber. The muscle-cell opposed no bars to the motion of the worm, but maintained its fibrillar structure and its cross-bands in unperturbed viscosity.

Now that we are acquainted with the make-up of a fiber, we are prepared to view it as it lives and works with its comrades in the delicate web that enwraps a bundle of two thousand of them, forming a company in the whole regiment of a muscle. Imagine you are as small as the worm, and free to move to and fro in a sheaf of two thousand cables, each five hundred feet long, ten inches thick, and banded in plates every third of an inch.

Alongside our ten-inch fiber, hugging it closely, is an inch pipe, a capillary, in which runs blood. Through its translucent wall you may see the red corpuscles of the blood which are bringing the fiber's

fuel, oxygen. And unseen, in solution in the blood, is the fiber's food—sugar. You also note that a nerve is attached to the fiber, spreading along one side and clamped on at numerous places. Here is one of the 600,000 receiving stations to which I sent messages in my upper arm when I decided to turn a leaf.

I speak of the station as if at last we had reached something fairly simple, but nothing could be farther from the truth. The station must somehow transfer its order to each of the 10,000 dark bands. They are the places where work is accomplished. *They can contract.* And when the 10,000 of them contract in unison the fiber is made a trifle shorter. And when the 600,000 fibers are shortened in unison my biceps grows shorter.

While you gaze about at the endless labyrinth of fibers and sheathing and capillaries and end-plates of nerves in this space that your naked eye cannot begin to see, I hope you won't mind if I preach a one-minute sermon. Probably it will merely echo what you have already said to yourself. I am thinking how useful it would be for all theorizers about human society if they could understand how a muscle acts. Here is a mechanism of six billion units that are organized for the lifting of an arm. The actual lifting power is exerted by these petty, unconsidered bands of dark matter. All energy—muscular or social—is applied only through the *units* of the organization. My splendid intellect, enthroned in an easy-chair and intent upon a story, can say to a sheet of paper, "Be thou turned." But my intellect would be utterly impotent if it were not in organic contact with obedient fibrils far beyond its conception. When my intellect says to teachers or aldermen, "Be this social habitude altered," it is not addressing an organism. Execution of its desire must depend on controlling human units whose motives are unregulated by my mind. Actual transfer of energy in a schoolroom or a caucus takes place in an order of being that is entirely different from my nervous system. An infinitude of detail of human nerves and capillaries must be co-ordinated before it is of any use for me to say, "Let's turn over a new social leaf." Leaves can be turned—certainly. All I preach is that our creative intellect is utterly impotent until it controls all the fibrils of pedagogy and politics that must do the turning. Thank you for your kind attention.

III

If the elaborate machinery that you have seen is impressive while it stands still, it is astounding in operation. For the nerve impulse which gives the signal to contract is not sent into the fibers in the simple form in which it is received at their surface. The end-plates of the nerves multiply the single impulse and "trill" it. What this means I can make clear if you will imagine that time runs slowly, so that one second seems as long as a minute. Imagine also that I control a switch that will admit a momentary nerve impulse whenever we want it.

You are looking at a certain fiber of a resting muscle. I switch into it a nerve impulse. For a half of one of our long seconds there is no result; some time is necessary to adjust the mechanism. Then for two and a half seconds you watch the dark plates decrease in thickness, thus shortening the whole fiber. During the next three seconds you see the plates swell back to their normal dimensions, restoring the fiber to its normal length. Science has accurately measured those fragments of time in which a detached fiber responds to an artificial stimulus.

But no stimulus of that sort ever comes to a fiber in the body. Any command such as went to my biceps is transformed to *a series* of impulses. Watch when I turn on a voluntary message that has been relayed from my brain, and remember that you are seeing the result sixty times more slowly than a clock would show. The impulse comes.

After the first half-second the dark bands grow thin and the fiber begins to shorten. A second later another impulse comes, and there is an impulse each second thereafter. Hence the fiber has no chance to relax, for it receives three kicks from the trilling apparatus before the period of its return to normal has begun. There is continual stimulation. The fiber is kept short. Since the actions of all the fibers are synchronized, the whole muscle is kept constricted. Even the most rapid motions our muscles can make is so slow as to need this "trilling" stimulus from the nerve.

The nature of the stimulus is far beyond our comprehension. A physicist has delicate instruments that can measure the currents of electricity generated at intervals along a nerve when an impulse travels; they show that every cell is in some measure an electrical contrivance. But they do not show that the nerve impulse is primarily electrical. It is not any force that man knows how to measure or name.

As for the force which operates in the dark bands of a fiber, I think my readers ought to hear a little expert testimony, instead of riding along on the flowery beds of my easy colloquialism:

> Very active chemical changes take place in muscle during contraction. These metabolic changes involve processes of hydrolysis, of oxidation, of reduction, and of synthesis, and, in most cases, they are supposed to be effected through the agency of enzymes. Very many different kinds of enzymes have been shown to occur in muscular tissue: proteolytic, amylolytic, and lipolytic enzymes, oxidases or peroxidases, reductases, an enzyme capable of splitting off urea from arginine, probably deaminases that split off ammonia from the amino-acids, etc.

For fear that such details lack dramatic quality, I will choose some vivid bits from the physiologist's account of the most thrilling and important chemical operation that went on in each band of muscle, 1/15,000th of an inch in thickness, when I raised my arm:

> The formation and the consumption of glycogen in the body constitute one of the most interesting chapters in nutrition. . . . The muscular tissue has the power of converting the sugar brought to it by the blood into glycogen. It is a synthetic reaction in which the simple molecule of the monosaccharide is converted by dehydration and condensation to the larger molecule of the polysaccharide. . . . The glycogen thus stored in the muscle is consumed during its activity, and it is assumed that before it is thus consumed it is converted back into sugar by the action of the amylolytic enzyme. . . . As far as the act of shortening is concerned, the significance of the chemical reaction lies in the production of acid substances, lactic and phosphoric acid, since the mechanism of contraction is referred directly to the effect of the acid produced. . . . The theory is that a portion of the lactic acid is oxidized, and that some of the chemical energy thus liberated is utilized to synthesize the rest of the lactic acid to glycogen, the remainder being given off as heat.

I suppose your eye took one glance at the technicalities and straightway leaped over them to this point of safety. Perhaps you think I quoted a few chemistry terms in an effort to be humorous. Probably you feel that the editor should have deleted them from these urbane columns. But they have a mission. They give some slight indication of the long and perplexing labors necessary to discover every one of the items that are set down so airily in this essay and that you have read with such nonchalance. Only the most arduous application of exceptional skill by many specialists through many decades has revealed to us the general structure of a muscle-fiber. It may require another decade of the most abstruse research to learn just what happens to glycogen. It may be two decades before we find out how lactic acid induces the shortening of the fibrils that are regimented in every microscopical fiber of a tense muscle.

Would you have the present status of the hypothesis expressed for you in schoolroom terms? I will try. In every fiber of muscle is stored some

substance that the fiber created out of the sugar which the capillaries brought. When the fiber works for a second it converts this substance by two chemical reactions that are all but instantaneous, one of the products being lactic acid. This acid so acts on the surfaces of the fibrils as to cause contraction. It is then oxidized, not by the burning process that we know when a match is lighted, but in some way that is chemically similar. Thus the sugar and oxygen that the capillaries supply are fuel for a process of undiscoverable complexity.

A fiber is a kind of engine. In its operation it generates heat. If it is to work continuously, it must be cooled, like the cylinders of a motor car. In fact it is well jacketed by the capillaries which keep a constant flow of blood passing about it.

If the action is long-continued by many muscles at a time, all the blood in the body has its temperature raised. Therefore, if we are not to be thrown into a fever by exercise, the blood must be cooled. It is exposed before a very good radiator, the skin, which has delicate adjustments for opening and closing pores to just the right extent and evaporating water just rapidly enough to maintain the temperature marked on a physician's thermometer.

This machinery may not have been called into action by my few slight motions while I sat reading, but it was ready for service at every moment. There were watchful nerve centers keeping scrupulous account of my doings. They were influenced by the impulses that went to a million muscle-fibers. They were an integral part of that lavish system of innumerable correlated organisms by which nature enables me to turn a leaf.

TO HELEN, AN EXPOSTULATION

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

HELEN, I'd be, if I could have my wish,
A pool among the rocks where small, shy fish
Gleamed to and fro, and green and rosy weed
Swayed its long fringes. So I should not heed
Your comings and your goings nor each whim
So skilfully contrived to torture him—
Your chosen fool. But still, as now, each day
Your vanity would bring you where I lay
To kneel and on my crystal face below
Gaze self-entranced, as now; and I should grow
Beautiful with your beauty, and you would be
More beautiful for the crystal lights in me.
But when, self-surfeited, you went away
I should not care, nor could the blown sea-spray,
Blurring your image all the winter through,
Vex the pure, passionless water, strictly true
To its own being. Only the weeds would swing
Rosy and green, and the ripples, ring on ring,
Tremble and wink above the gleaming fish.
So would I be, if I could have my wish.

The Lion's Mouth

A PARABLE OF PUNISHMENT

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

ALL this happened seventeen years hence, when civilization had reached its apogee, or, since I am not quite sure what an apogee is, when civilization had at least put forth one perfect bloom. The flower I speak of was a Community Residence. The man who conceived it, whether sluggard or not, had evidently laid to heart the maxim about going to the ant, for he had gone to the ant, or to some other equally communal and disagreeable insect, and quite lost sight of humanity. There was a community kitchen and a community dining room and a community playground and a community nursery. Family servants had not been abolished: it would be more correct to say that the disappearance of the species—a *fait accompli* for years—had at last been recognized and their place taken by Community Ministrants, who made a bed or "did out" a room in the exact number of movements, no more and no less, sanctified by the Efficiency Experts. The beds thus made were correct but uncomfortable. But that is the logic of civilization. There was a Community Reservoir of Thought. One just turned on the radio and out flowed a stream of genteel and orthodox opinions. The only touch of humanity in the entire establishment was a relic of human inconsistency by which the line was drawn at community wives.

But the feature in which we are interested is the Communal House of Correction. This was the place to which naughty children were sent to work out the punishments imposed by their parents. As a parent, I can give my wholehearted approval to this arrangement. Every parent knows that it is absurdly easy to devise a punishment and extremely difficult to administer it. It is all very well to tell William to stand in the corner for half an hour, but it is practically impossible to keep him there. After fifteen minutes the parent is worn out and William is as fresh as paint. The Communal House of Correction remedied all that.

At the time our story opens, then, behold Edward and Arthur, two youngsters, friends, incarcerated in two separate rooms in the House of Correction, each sentenced by his mother to three hours' solitary confinement and then supperless to bed. A game of baseball that afternoon had led to a violent quarrel in which bats had been freely used and the smooth community turf excoriated. Edward's mother was old-fashioned and held old-fashioned theories of punishment. She had expatiated on the monstrousness of a recourse to baseball bats as weapons. "Why, child, you might have killed him!" She had gone on to declare that she was weary of the constant wrangling and fighting on the playground and she, therefore, proposed to make an example of Edward that would be a warning to the other children. She believed, you see, in the deterrent effect of punishment.

Arthur's mother, indoctrinated with more modern ideas, took a different line. She maintained that when Arthur was "himself" he was a good boy, and that

his frequent explosions of temper could be traced to two causes. First, the boys with whom Arthur played were rough and boisterous and pugnacious. Their companionship "over-stimulated" him. Second, Arthur had been going to bed far too late for the last few weeks. Somehow it seemed impossible to get the boy settled for the night before nine. The result was that he was nervously tired. He wasn't naughty: he was just tired. What she said to Arthur must have suggested to him some of these ideas. At any rate he got it into his head that the House of Correction was a hospital rather than a place of confinement and that he was being sent there less to be punished than to be rested and cured.

It will now be instructive to follow the reflections of Edward and Arthur respectively as they serve their sentences. Edward's thoughts ran something like this: "He hit me first—on purpose too. Just because he was mad at losing. I had to defend myself. And anyway I'm not going to stand for that kid trying to pull the rough stuff. And then mother goes and talks as if we fought every day. Why, there hasn't been a row for two weeks! Besides, we've got to fight sometimes, haven't we? That's only natural." At the end of an hour Edward had seen the light sufficiently to admit reluctantly to himself that *some* punishment was in order. Parents always said they could not afford to "overlook" things. He supposed it was natural to them to think and talk like that. Edward was now ready to come out and to be a good citizen again as far as that was in him. At the end of the second hour he was smarting under a sense of injustice. At the end of the third, his mood was black resentment. In bed at last, with the pangs of hunger sending flickering lightnings through his mental thundercloud, he spent the time until he fell asleep meditating revenge upon his whole scheme of things, with particular reference to that little beast Arthur who was responsible for the mess.

To that contemptible figure we now turn. Arthur took his medicine differently. He was sorry for himself, not as one who had been ill used, but as one who was nervously tired. That explained why he felt so reluctant to get up in the mornings and why he found the work at school so disagreeable. His teachers did not understand him. They did not realize that he was all used up and needed a long rest. Edward was just as stupid, the great rough brute! He couldn't see that if Arthur got upset over losing a game or was quick-tempered, it was because Arthur was made of finer stuff, "highly strung" his mother had called it. It was interesting to be nervous and highly strung and so to be different from other people. One might play up that idea a little to one's advantage.

Thus when Arthur fell asleep that night it was with a new and exciting concern for himself and with the satisfying thought that if he really could not help these outbursts of temper there was no use expecting him to control them.

The next afternoon Edward and Arthur had a rich and bloody set-to. The fact that both went in to the encounter with clear consciences gave power, zest, and conviction to their blows. Edward would have won, I am glad to say, but for the intervention of the Communal Gardener.

Their mothers were amazed. But I am not in the least surprised. Are you?

SHE FLOATS

BY FRANCES LESTER WARNER

THE ambition to float while lying upon the back in the sea is an intensely human aspiration. Swimming dogs, horses, cats, and otters never do it, and not even frogs till after death. Yet, paradoxically, the act is the nearest

to the inanimate that the human system can approach, a curious surrender as you lie there gazing naïvely upward, the plaything of the elements, inert.

My own ambition to do this thing would have died years ago from malnutrition if it had not been for the ambitions that my friends entertained for me. Each summer they made it their first business to work me up to the proper pitch, whereupon they would take me out, bestow me in the proper lines upon the waves, and sink me. I think few expert swimmers can know how much the apprentice hates to sink. My masters used to recite over me that familiar text from the Canticles of Ananias, "You can't sink." Oh, execrable fallacy! You can, you can!

"But," said my husband to me, "you wouldn't sink if you were really *in* the water. You try to stay on top."

This is true. I always did *try* to stay on top But how Phineas or anybody else could say that I succeeded, or that I have not been really in the water!—why, I have gone down like William Beebe and sat among the tittlebats in the bottom of the sea. Also, as Phineas and his family can testify, out of sheer doglike devotion to them all, I have learned to swim and float under water, every wisp of me submerged. But there is a limit to the time you can hold your breath at this, and the moment I came up to breathe I sank. Thus my friends were still insatiate.

Therefore, this very summer, they resolved once for all that I should learn to float—not my usual Dead Man's Float, head under water, eyes staring downward at the itinerant crabs and starfish among the ocean weeds, but proper, open-air floating, gazing upward at the gulls.

It is a pleasant moment, at a summer house party, when all the family connection, arrayed for water sports, convenes upon the sand. During those first few lazy minutes of sun on the beach, when everyone is basking and nobody splashing in, I take my natural place as an easy colleague in the friendly groups. I can sift sand through my fingers with the best. When the first few adventurers run glibly up the springboard and dive in and go crawling off toward Australia, I try not to notice. I build sand-cities in company with the smallest nephew, or sand-pail loaves of brown-bread with the smallest niece. But this simple paradise cannot last. Sooner or later a band of experts pounces on me and leads me in.

Sinking, as all good fellow-plummets know, is a spontaneous act. The instinct is, when under, to grapple for footing in an unbalanced, four-cornered way. Spontaneously, whenever my trainers let go of me, I sank. Bubbles rose.

"Phineas," said I at last, peering wetly at him with a fishy eye, "did you see me sink?"

"But," said Phineas, "you were trying to stay on top. I didn't say you couldn't sink if you were dropped into the water from above the water. When you hoist the back of your neck up and try to float in the air you give yourself a velocity to go down. But if you were down without any velocity you'd come up."

I moaned.

"Oh, Phineas," said I, "when *you* float you stick your head right up, neck and all. It looks like a prow-ornament on one of these Viking ships."

"It doesn't at all," protested Phineas. "A head that *looks* to be out of water wouldn't feel so. Besides, when you know how, you can do various little things to prolong the interval of instability a good deal longer than it would be safe for you to do if you were not trained."

I capitulated. "I'll have iodine poisoning if I swallow any more salt water to-day," said I, "but to-morrow you may train me."

"To-morrow," agreed Phineas, "you will float with the top of your head well under water and nothing out but your nose and chin."

Instantly I made a mental picture of this pose, and the truth dawned on me.

To have the top of my head pointing down, I should need to bend my neck quite sharply back. That night I drew little anatomical sketches and made plans.

Next morning at swimming hour I surrounded my head with a fillet of rolled chamois-skin, protecting my hair and ears. Over this I put on one of these professional gray-rubber helmets, fastening under the chin. And over all by way of art for art's sake, I wore a pretty gay-colored bathing cap, worthless for protection, but an addition to the view. With my head packed firmly thus, I could neither hear nor think, but I did not have to worry about my ears.

"*Now!*" roared Phineas through my sound-proof casque, as he disposed me on the waves.

With the grimness of desperation I bent my head completely backward, like one of these goose-necked adjustable electric student lamps, and gave myself up body and soul to the elements, cranium down. And the fastidious ocean accepted me on these terms. The top of my head pointed to China, the tip of my chin to the sky. Astonished, I felt the soft spring of the restless water holding me. For appreciable moments I floated, deliberately poking the crown of my head into the pillow of the sea—light, light—in my surprise and admiration of its springiness, I raised my head to speak to Phineas, and promptly sank.

But I had done it. One brother-in-law, one neighbor, one collie dog, and one husband had witnessed me.

"Now!" said they all (all except the collie) "all you need is practice. You have the right idea."

And so, such as it is, to all sinkers, I pass the idea along. Hitherto I had been aspiring to float like a pond lily or a peanut shell. You cannot do that unless you are a natural water-duck, at once light and plump, plump in an insubstantial billowy way. If you are thin, you can be no pond lily. Try it and down you go without the refuge of a supporting stem. These experts who thrust up their heads and crane about like inquiring sea serpents are misleading. You cannot hope to do it while you learn. The ears must be sacrificed, the scalp, the throat, the jowls, the all—all but the necessary nose, and that to a wave at times.

Back with the neck, then, up with the chin. Never buckle in the center, never try to talk. Keep half-a-lungful of breath in stock within you all the time; never mind a wave in the face, and don't borrow trouble about how you are eventually going to regain your feet. You can cross that bridge when you come to it, but for now, with applauding witnesses to praise you, it is enough that you are afloat. In the opinion of your trainers, you have learned, and they are satisfied. Hereafter you will hardly be able to hold their attention when you want them to watch how well you float.

This dismissal from the limelight is a sufficient guerdon for the toil. It is something to be able to spend the rest of your life in peace. But do not suppose that, with your new ability to stay up, you can no more go down! If you should ever wish to do so, just double like a jack-knife in the center, or carelessly lift a knee, or flop a trifle to escape a breaker, or choke a little to eschew a wave. Let no optimistic human waterfowl beguile you into thinking that you cannot sink.

You can.

THE GIFT OF THE GODS

BY DONALD HOUGH

THE movement for Bigger and Better conversation is perhaps the outstanding phase of the era of Higher Intelligence which has replaced the direct and fiendish dollar-chasing of our immediate ancestors. At the moment of writing, a man in business is measured, not by his knowledge of

freight rates, but by his ability to astound his superiors or their wives by remembering the birth date and one (1) wise saying of Plato. (Adv.)

The road to business success, which has taken over body and soul the road to social success—or vice versa—is no longer a tortuous path. It is a state highway. Vast fortunes, invitations to the best places hinge on some remarkable quotation from the classics hurled into the otherwise stupid conversation like a bombshell. To travel the newly paved highway requires only a few minutes light work a day, as against the usual eight hours of our grubby forebears.

Many have accomplished this thing; many others are now plotting, behind drawn blinds, to sally forth with a diploma of Higher Talk: to grasp from the usual tongue-tied man all of the laurels of the age.

It is with considerable diffidence that I take up this valuable space to plug for my own system, in view of the Big Names that seem to be behind the plans of my contemporaries. But my friends have been kind enough to say that it is due to my own system that I am able to hold the floor in any brilliant gathering: drawing to me, as though by use of a magnet, all of the better-dressed men and more vivacious women, in accordance with the best tradition of the costly advertisements of my rivals.

In the beginning I was not much different from thousands of others—excepting, perhaps, for my mental powers, my appearance, my potentially striking personality. And then one day, at a meeting of the board of directors, I met Smith in the lobby. I had always thought Smith a rather ordinary person. After it was over I walked up to him and said, "Smith, I had no idea you knew so many Romans and Greeks and other foreigners." Smith laughed. He said—But hold on, this is wrong. I'm becoming confused. Let me start again. . . .

It suddenly occurred to me one day that failure in the world of conversation is largely due to the tendency of the aspirant to talk of his own affairs, or to discuss matters with which his hearer or hearers is not or, are not, familiar. "Therefore," I said to myself, striking a characteristic pose, "one should talk of things of which he knows the other is also aware." For example, I noticed the man sitting next to me in the surface car was looking intently at an advertisement above the opposite seat. I fell at once into the spirit of my discovery. I opened, "They've used a lot of colored ink in that advertisement."

"Yes."

"You'll notice," I pointed out, "that the color of the waves in the background is blue."

"So it is," agreed my victim. He turned and looked squarely at me. His interest was heightening. If we had been at a business or social gathering, he would have felt as though a piece of cloth had been tied across his mouth. He would perhaps be crowding about me.

I pressed my advantage. "The text says, 'What a difference just a few cents makes'."

"Yeah," said my new friend.

That was the end of the conversation, but it set me to thinking. From such a meager beginning I devised my system. Let us suppose a man is sitting beside you in the accommodation train. He is reading the morning paper. You left yours at home for your wife. Therefore, you are pleased when your seat companion, having read the paper from murder to murder, folds it up and graciously hands it to you. Now comes your test. Do you leave your benefactor flat on his back? Do you go ahead and enjoy the paper all yourself while the owner of it is left to look out of the car window? No. To do that would be to brand yourself at once as an uninteresting conversationalist. Your eager eye at once notes that there is a big story on page one telling of a bank holdup. You turn to your audience.

"Well, the Grove Street bank was held up."

"Yes," says your companion. And permit me to point out that his reply proves him a weak conversationalist.

You peruse the paper a moment longer. "The council has refused to vote on the sewer-bond issue," you say, in order to indicate the wide sweep of your interests. In fact, you must now leap into foreign affairs. Show that your busy mind covers all. Your interests are cosmopolitan: world wide. Look quickly for something that has happened in Russia. You will find it on page three. Ah! There it is! Well make use of it.

"I see Chaliapin (mispronounce this on purpose, to dispel any illusion that you may be trying to high-hat your friend) is going to sign up with the Moscow Art Theater."

Your companion responds to the stimulating conversation. "Yes while reading the paper—I always read all of it—every word of it—I read it before I handed it to you—that's why I handed it to you—I read that item." He turns away and looks out of the window, probably embarrassed because his powers of speech are so limited in the face of your fluency and breeding.

But you are democratic. On page five a screaming headline tells you that Stengel may sign up with the Braves.

"Stengel may sign up with the braves," you remark, being careful to lend an air to the impression that you are on the inside of the big deals pulled off in baseball.

Your friend nods. He seems embarrassed. See how red his face is! He wishes he were in your class!

Now it becomes necessary for you to show the serious side of your nature. Delve into the powerful things of the world. Prove yourself a thinker. For example, there is an editorial about the League of Nations. It says in part: "The League is humanity's answer to the god of war. It is the hope of mankind for a bigger and a better civilization. How much more simple to adjust our differences by quiet, dignified gatherings than by the ugly method of war. The League has been endorsed by all the important luncheon clubs in the city."

Folding up your paper, you once more address him who shares your seat. You ask, "Well, what do you think of the League of Nations?"

"It's England's supreme effort to assure her permanent supremacy," replies the conversational bust at your elbow.

You laugh, and say, "The League is humanity's answer to the god of war. It is the hope of mankind for a bigger and a better civilization. How much more simple to adjust our differences by quiet, dignified gatherings than by the ugly method of war. The League has been endorsed by all the important luncheon clubs in the city."

The inferiority complex smites the consciousness of your traveling companion. He is unable to keep his emotion from his face. He feels out of place. So he gets up and goes to the smoking car, leaving you victorious. Of course, this leaves you alone. But suppose you had been at a business or social gathering. By this time the more vivacious of the young ladies would be crowding around you. And some of the finest, strongest men. In fact, the man who has just left you looked as though he would like to have crowded round you.

Granting its soundness in theory and principle, many persons have asked me if my system actually works. And then I enjoy my supreme moment. For I can point with pride to the fact that my satisfied customers may be found in all parts of the world. They outnumber the graduates of all other systems combined. The sun never sets on them. And strangely enough, neither does anybody else.

Editor's Easy Chair

NEW FREEDOM AND THE GIRLS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WITH the world so disturbed and prospects so precarious, everybody ought to be loving one another and helping one another along to make the best of a difficult job.

Do you see things going on in that fashion? Are we getting kinder to one another, more tolerant, more indulgent, more patient with different views and varieties of habit?

Perhaps so, but not conspicuously. The processes of toleration may be going on and they really are going on, but they proceed a good deal under the surface and are not yet as ecstatic as they might be, nor detected unless we mix philosophy with observation. There is, however, a rising and constantly strengthening fight against intolerance. Everyone must notice that.

It was encouraging to read in the paper the other day a spirited eulogy of Senator Reed, of Missouri, by Mencken the great lambaster. It was news that there was anyone whom Mencken approved of; but it seems that he does approve heartily of Senator Reed, holds him up to admiration as a man with real punch who sees through delusions that veil ordinary minds, and goes in hard and strong for inducing health in the public perceptions. Now, Senator Reed has put his thumb in so many eyes and pulled it out to bite it at so many respected movements, and is such a caterwauler and objector to organized virtue and dollar-sped reforms, that it is a grand thing to have someone come out to say that he is really a defender of faith. If Mencken loves Reed of Missouri, certainly he can love anybody, if only he gets a suitable point of view. We are told to love our neighbors. Here is Mencken loving Reed. Splendid! It is not expected that we should applaud our neighbor always. Mencken does applaud Reed, but he gives reasons. He applauds him as a valiant and defiant apostle of liberty; as a man who thinks, and who says what he thinks, and says it with vigor at a time and in places where ordinary characters neither think nor defy, but let the wild asses of regulation run over them. Mencken was delighted with Reed's performance at the Prohibition hearing in the Senate. He sees him as the champion of human life, opening fire on the hold-up men who would manacle it by rules and prohibitions.

So long as Mencken is loving Reed so vociferously we may leave that job to him, since if too many of us took a hand at it it might be overdone; but such evidences of affectionate approval are valuable from their scarcity. The approval of Mr. Coolidge has not petered out yet, but it is not vociferous like Mencken's approval of Reed. The man most approved in all the world at this moment of writing is Mr. Baldwin, the British Premier. He more than anyone else has evoked from observers the sentiment—this man will do! Indeed, his labors and the labors that he represents seem even to have had the useful effect of promoting good will between Great

Britain and the United States. The papers reported that the concern felt here over the general strike in England, and our observers' comments on it, left an impression on the British mind that was valuable to world amity; an impression that the British and the Americans can love each other somewhat harder if it becomes necessary.

WELL we can all do that. We could all love one another somewhat harder if we had need to. Why then don't we begin? Perhaps the main reason is that it is not much in human nature to love one's neighbor any harder than is necessary. In times of catastrophe natural human affection burns up a bright flame; then when things are cleaned up, it dies down again. The natural state of man seems to be a state of moderate contention. We have that state in a high degree just now because people's ideas are in such a state of change. Are there any free minds in this world? It may be doubted. All our minds are framed and held by inherited knowledge a good part of which is error, and inherited opinions a good part of which are prejudiced. We are not so very free, and should not be even if the legislators and the clergy and the bankers and the labor leaders and all our other governors would let us think and do anything we thought fit. We are only about as free as we are wise. Nothing makes us really free but one thing, and that is truth. In the degree that we see and know and follow truth we are free. In the degree in which we miss it we stay bound. Our inherited prepossessions are very imperfect forms of truth and in this turmoilsome time we are busy amending them.

And gracious! What a claw and yowl party we make of it! But considering the momentousness of the job, merely to claw and yell a little is to tackle it mildly. Hereabouts we are busy trying to settle what laws are tolerable, what are preposterous, how we may get rid of those that are not good, and where lies the power to make those which as yet we need. The great Prohibition controversy is running on into the second state in which rum is—as it should be—a matter of secondary importance, and the real question concerns the regulation of American life. It is all to the good that the Prohibition question should take this course; all to the good that states' rights should come up again; all to the good to try out whether the Methodist Board of Morals shall rule the country and, if not, why not. But all such questions as that are merely the visible signs of operations much more powerful than they seem. The world is still digesting the Great War out of which very slowly emerges the new birth of freedom. Often we reach the possible by experiments with the impossible. We are doing that now. We have a lot of things that a lot of people wanted and are testing them. If they don't work they won't stay, and in getting rid of them we may hope to make new barriers against visitations from other things of their sort.

OUR renowned Colonel House observed the other day in *McCall's Magazine* that "the future of the United States lies largely in the hands of women." For sure it does; altogether in their hands if one would put it so. No women, no future! There is no question that women are indispensable to human futures, more so than coal, iron, gasoline, men, rum, or even water. There must be *some* water and *some* men, but scarcity in these elements can better be borne than scarcity in women.

But the Colonel was discussing the prospects of the United States as the arbiter of world peace and predicting that when once the women understood what these States might do in that line they would straightway get it done.

Well, may be! But the expectation of political miracles to be accomplished by direct action of women in politics seems not just now to be in a very prosperous condition. A good many

women are disappointed with the results of the suffrage. It has not panned out as valuable as they thought it would. No doubt that is because they expected too much and not the right kind of results. Suffrage was due and it came. A good many people opposed it because so many women didn't want it, and because they thought it would not make enough difference in political life to justify the trouble of handling it. But it has come and it will stay, and there is no important disposition to reverse it. All the same, women are bad lawmakers. They are less tolerant than men, more practical, insistent upon improvements without enough regard to cost, and as yet very ill versed in the philosophy of law. Their great office in life is to raise children and train them and they incline to train grown people in the same way. For direct action in politics they are not much good, but are most useful when they can discover a man worth backing and back him.

Nevertheless, woman suffrage is a good thing if only to have it over, and some details of emancipation of women that has come with it are splendid. Take the matter of clothes. The release of women from clothing in the last thirty years is marvelous and almost all to the good. In the June *Forum* someone tells a story of seeing a young woman in London about twenty years ago and noticing as she passed that the sleeves of her frock were of some light stuff that left her arms visible. He noticed it because it was unusual, and kept an eye on the girl for a moment or two, especially as he saw that she attracted not only his attention but that of other people. But as he watched he saw her surrounded by something like a small mob all interested and some of them jeering at her, and then he got a policeman and went to her rescue, got her into a cab and took her to her hotel. She was an American girl, filled with dismay at her adventure and extremely astonished, because she said that in New York all women were wearing such sleeves as hers when she came away.

The year before the war when this present occupant of the Easy Chair, being at Ostend admired the women bathers in one-piece suits, a newspaper which he read recorded the mobbing of women in Atlantic City for appearing on the bathing beach without stockings. All that has changed. Here, as in Europe now, the bathing girls have beaten Mrs. Grundy and the police. There is a series of amusing pictures running in *Life* that gives the costumes of women in what *Life* calls The Gay Nineties. In the Nineties women really wore clothes, a lot of them, at all seasons of the year; and in the Seventies they wore still more: bustles and vast panoplies of silk or other dress material, and earlier than that they had crinoline and tiers of starched skirts, most extraordinary. Still earlier they had pantalettes. But now look at them! A young woman carries her summer wardrobe in a satchel. The baggage-express business is in straits. Saratoga trunks are seen only in attics. What you cannot carry on a motor car does not go. The textile trades are in trouble. The hosiery makers must be in clover, and woman has emerged to a degree that makes some people rather nervous, and the chief and almost the only remonstrant is the Catholic Church, which in the interest perhaps of celibacy, is strong for keeping women covered, neck, arms, and legs, at least in church.

One cannot be sure that there will not be a recurrence of concealing garments for women because the textile people need more money and the fashion makers must keep the fashions changing if they can for the good of business. But these current clothes are popular; doctors say they are very healthy; the ladies were never more admired, and seem likely to stick to the present modes of garb in spite of all the machinations of dressmakers.

So there is a great reform accomplished without the aid of laws, in spite

of the police and quite outside of politics. And yet votes for women probably helped it, for voters cannot be handled quite like sheep.

BY far the most compelling duty of the hour in the United States is the recovery of liberty, involving in its processes the smashing of a lot of bogus sanctities. We have developed a curious assortment of unconcionable political terrorists who, by use of organization, advertisement, money drives, and other modern means of business, have managed to fit onto us an extraordinary line of shackles. Said Mr. Albert Beveridge in an address at the opening of the Philadelphia fair:

> We Americans are regulated, directed, controlled and suppressed by more legislative acts, bureaucratic rules and Government interference with every phase of business and life, than any other people that exists today or ever did exist under any form of Government anywhere on earth.
>
> All this has come about in spite of our free institutions, because well-meaning women and men have been and are afflicted by a kind of ecclesiastical complex, and, in that state of mind, have been induced to look upon law, administration and even the judicial function itself, as aspects of religion. Such an attitude is neither moral nor intelligent—it is merely stolid and intolerant.

That is the attitude which must be beaten. The present errand of pious people is not to devise regulations nor prescribe the details of living to their brethren and sisters, but to stand fast with St. Paul "in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free," and "not be entangled again with the yoke of bondage."

Mr. Beveridge's picture of our regulated and suppressed life may seem an exaggeration, but look at the English. They also are a modern people living in these times that we live in, but what extraordinary details of deportment they exhibit. Did the Methodist Board of Morals send observers this year to the Derby, the story of which is fresh in the papers at this writing? If they sent them, what did they think of that great national festival? Have they any plans to abate it? Have they any hope of abolishing betting in England? For its own part, the Easy Chair hates to bet and hates betting generally, but those English people seem to get along with it. They bet, they drink, they live. They got along with that formidable strike. The papers were full of stories of their remarkable patience and good nature and how everybody took hold. They have very difficult problems, but the general opinion is that they will solve them because they are the English, used to tough problems and used to finding solutions for them. It is eight years next fall since the war ended. When the history of the United States for those eight years is written, how will it compare with the history of England for the same period? Have we, with all our orgies of regulation, done better since the war than the British on the loose? Have we settled more difficult things? Have we shown as much world leadership? We have done something; we have done much. We have created wealth and poured it out, and that has been extremely useful to Europe. By private action rather than by governmental action we have contributed to world recovery. Europe, when it is not too cross with us, undoubtedly looks upon this country and its powers as an asset of civilization. As a people we have done much. As a nation we have not greatly extended the fame of the United States.

That will come right after a while. We shall recover freedom in due time and there will be fruits of that recovery. Man never is but always to be blessed. It has been fairly good sport losing our liberties, it will be better sport regaining them. The girls and their frocks set us an example. Hats off to them for demonstrating that the impossible is merely to-morrow's job, and that where there is will enough you cannot beat it.

Personal and Otherwise

SEVERAL years ago we published in HARPER'S MAGAZINE a series of articles by ***James Harvey Robinson,*** which went by the title of "The Making of the Mind." Later they appeared in book form with a slightly altered title, *The Mind in the Making.* The book, as everyone knows, proved as successful as it was brilliant: more than a hundred thousand copies have been sold and it still goes vigorously on. More recently Professor Robinson has been occupied with *The Ordeal of Civilization,* to be published this fall. His confession of faith as an historian, to which we give the opening position this month, will be included in this new volume.

No man in America does more consistently distinguished work in the field of the short story than ***Wilbur Daniel Steele.*** His memorable story, "The Man Who Saw Through Heaven," which we published last September, would have divided the O. Henry Prize for the year with a story by Julian Street had not Mr. Steele been disqualified because he had already won two prizes awarded by the O. Henry Committee in 1919 and 1921. "Bubbles" was sent us not from South Norwalk, Connecticut, where Mr. Steele makes his home, but from Europe, where he has been spending a few months.

The most penetrating literary criticism does more than discuss books: it reveals the trend of the times, the ebb and flow of ideas and opinions, as a changing literature indirectly expresses them. ***Henry Seidel Canby*** writes "In Time of Confusion" as a literary critic, but he gives us more than a comparison of Thackeray and Galsworthy, of Meredith and Sinclair Lewis; he enables us to see our own times, our own prejudices and preferences, in historical perspective. Dr. Canby, formerly editor of the *Literary Review* of the *New York Evening Post,* now gives part of each week to editing the *Saturday Review of Literature* and the rest to his professorship of English at Yale and to lecturing and critical writing.

If any one is preëminently qualified to remind women of their shortcomings in the business world, it should be the first woman invited to speak before the Tuck School of Business at Dartmouth and before the Harvard School of Business Administration. ***Anne W. Armstrong*** (Mrs. Robert F. Armstrong), who writes us that she is "a Tennesseean, one of the flop-eared yokels to whom the intrepid Mr. Mencken playfully refers," took her collegiate training at Mount Holyoke and the University of Chicago and has held executive positions with the National City Company in New York and the Eastman Kodak Company in Rochester. She is now living at Emmett, Tennessee, and dividing her time between writing and acting as business consultant on special problems.

The second story of the month comes from an infrequent but valued contributor to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, ***Grace Sartwell Mason,*** of New York. Mrs. Mason is the author of several novels.

Last month we published the varied and entertaining "Notes of an Emigré" written from Munich by ***Albert Jay Nock,*** formerly of the editorial staff of the *Freeman,* whose fine biography of Thomas Jefferson has just appeared. In this issue appear further notes which he sends from Dresden. Mr. Nock's first HARPER contribution, a much discussed paper on the decline of conversation, appeared in the May number.

Full information concerning ***Archer Winsten*** and the Contest in which his "Story in Descending Discords" took first prize is given on page 895.

The author of "Fear in Small Town Life" writes us that he prefers to remain anonymous.

Joanna Godden is one of the few books of

our time which competent critics, sparing in their use of high praise, speak of as great. In "Joanna Godden Married," the second installment of which appears this month, ***Sheila Kaye-Smith's*** most famous heroine appears again. Miss Kaye-Smith, otherwise Mrs. T. P. Fry of London, is also the author of *Green Apple Harvest*, *The End of the House of Alard*, *The George and the Crown*, and several other novels.

With his presentation of a new aspect of the much debated subject of science and religion, ***Doctor Harry Emerson Fosdick*** completes his first year of association with HARPER'S MAGAZINE as a regular contributor on Religion and Life. His HARPER papers, dealing not with the doctrinal controversies of the day, but with religion as "an urgent, present power desperately wanted by men and women everywhere, being sought by men and women in all sorts of strange forms and unconventional settings, and just now trying, amid much confusion, to get itself expressed in ways of thinking and ways of action that modern folk can understand and use," will be published in book form shortly under the title of *Adventurous Religion*. Dr. Fosdick recently returned from a leave of absence abroad to assume the active duties of pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church of New York.

Almet Jenks, son of the late Justice Jenks of the Supreme Court of New York, graduated from Yale in 1914 and practices law in New York. He has contributed many short stories to other magazines, but his far from funereal story of a funeral guest is his first contribution to HARPER'S.

A physiologist presumably knows what happens when he raises his arm but it takes ***Henshaw Ward,*** not a physiologist but an interpreter of physiology and other sciences, to tell the story so that the layman can understand and appreciate it. After serving for nineteen years as teacher of English at the Taft School, Mr. Ward gave up teaching three or four years ago and settled down in New Haven to write. His books, *Evolution for John Doe* and *Thobbing*, have been highly praised and his articles in HARPER'S during the past year have illuminated many a field of science.

The poets of the month, as it happens, are all English. ***Austin Lee,*** a recent graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, is now living in London and writing verse of exceptional promise. ***A. A. Milne,*** formerly assistant editor of *Punch*, to which for years he contributed short essays and sketches signed A.A.M., is best known in this country as playwright ("Mr. Pim Passes By," "The Dover Road," etc.) and author of *When We Were Very Young;* for several months he has been contributing to HARPER'S a new series of Christopher Robin Poems. ***Martin Armstrong*** is not only a poet but a distinguished novelist (he wrote *At the Sign of the Goat and Compasses*) and short-story writer (HARPER'S readers will remember "The Matchmaker," which appeared in our June issue).

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In the Lion's Mouth appear ***Charles A. Bennett,*** associate professor of philosophy at Yale and author of *At a Venture;* ***Frances Lester Warner*** (Mrs. Mayo D. Hersey) of Pittsburgh, formerly of the English department at Wellesley College and of the editorial staff of the *Atlantic Monthly*, which has published many of her amusing essays; and ***Donald Hough*** of Bear Lake, Minnesota, a new contributor.

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The two brothers, Valentin and Ramón de Zubiaurre, are among the leading younger Spanish painters of our day. Both of them were born deaf; perhaps it was this grim fact, denying them the opportunity to follow the career of their father, a distinguished musician, which determined their form of artistic expression. Descendants on both sides of their ancestry from old Basque families, they have dedicated themselves to the portrayal of their own people. A number of their paintings have recently been shown in this country (they always exhibit together). The picture reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue is by the elder of the two, Valentin, whose special study has been of the peasants of his own village of Garay.

Readers of HARPER'S, being acquainted with the critical writing of Harry Hansen, who since 1923 has reviewed for us the new books of the month (excepting those published by Harper & Brothers), were interested to hear recently that he had left the *Chicago Daily News*, with which he had been associated for fourteen years, to become literary editor of the *New York World*, taking the place from which Laurence Stallings had resigned.

Congratulating the *World* on its selection, John Farrar, editor of the *Bookman*, wrote an appreciation of Mr. Hansen from which we take the liberty of quoting the following paragraph:

> His attitude toward books cannot be too highly commended. He is first of all honest, with a completeness that might almost furnish a definition of the word. This honesty is the product of a carefully acquired background of knowledge, a balancing of worth, an excellent understanding of comparative literature. Such a stressing of honesty may seem to imply dullness, or a highly intellectual attitude toward books and life. Such is not the case. Hansen's opinions are sound but they find expression in a style which is increasingly marked by wit and provocative qualities. He has his own ideas but he knows also the temper and the desires of the American public. His own tastes are not so special that they carry him into the byways of book appreciation. If he wanders far afield it is to lead his public enthusiastically with him. The task of being a good literary journalist in America was never more difficult than now, at a time when the public is increasingly aware of books and increasingly interested in the new value of their publication. Mr. Hansen has cleverly combined the talents of the reporter with those of the critic. He is, himself, exceedingly modest, but by reason of this modesty which leads him to term himself book reviewer rather than critic, he emerges in my opinion as far more important to contemporary criticism than other more pretentious figures.

Mr. Hansen will continue his HARPER department, Among the New Books, as before.

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The results of the Harper Intercollegiate Literary Contest, which closed May 1st, are as follows: The First Prize of five hundred dollars is awarded by the judges, William McFee, Christopher Morley, and Zona Gale, to ***Archer Winsten***, of New York City, a member of the class of 1926 at Princeton University. Mr. Winsten's prize-winning contribution, "Story in Descending Discords," is published in this issue of the Magazine.

The verdict of the three judges was not unanimous. One gave first place to Mr. Winsten, one to ***Mary Lispenard Cooper*** of the class of 1926 at Vassar College, and one to ***Walter D. Edmonds, Jr.***, of the class of 1926 at Harvard University. The distribution of prizes was accordingly determined by a point system of scoring in which due weight was given to the second and third choices of the judges. This put Mr. Winsten in first place and resulted in a tie for second between Miss Cooper and Mr. Edmonds. Instead of awarding a second prize of three hundred dollars and a third prize of two hundred dollars as originally planned, the Magazine therefore awards two second prizes of three hundred dollars each to Miss Cooper and Mr. Edmonds. Miss Cooper's home is in Flushing, Long Island, and Mr. Edmonds's in New York City.

The winners of honorable mention are Julia Godman, of the University of Oregon; Gilmore Flues, of Princeton; Roberta E. Smith, of Washburn College; Marie Macumber, of the University of Nebraska; and Tench F. Tilghman, of the University of Virginia. Miss Cooper also wins honorable mention with another story entitled "Easter."

Eighty-four colleges and universities participated in the Contest, including the great majority of the leading institutions of the country. Each submitted not over five manuscripts representing the best prose work of undergraduates during the year, the selection of manuscripts in each institution being made by the head of the English department or his deputy.

To all of those who co-operated with the Magazine in the holding of the Contest, including the judges, the heads of the various English Departments who made the selections in the colleges, and the undergraduate competitors, we wish to express our gratitude. Without their enthusiastic participation the contest could not have attained success.

The Editors, after having read all of the manuscripts submitted in the Contest (nearly three hundred in number), venture a few comments on them as a group.

The overwhelming majority of the contributions were stories. This may have been due to the fact that immaturity perhaps is less of a handicap to the fiction-writer than to the essayist, and that consequently the best work being done in the colleges is largely fiction, or else to the fact that there is so much study of fiction-writing in college composition courses that undergraduates tend to prefer fiction as a vehicle. There were a few descriptive sketches, half a dozen one-act plays, and thirty or forty essays and articles.

One conspicuous fact was that only a handful of the essays and articles showed original thought upon the problems of college life or any other problems which the authors personally face. This was a distinct disappointment to the Editors. There were more literary appraisals, more essays on the art of the Brontë sisters or the pantheism of Shelley than comments on the life being lived to-day under the very eyes of the competitors. As one of the Judges put it, "I'd rather read what one of these young men thinks of his father than what he thinks of Byron." Making every allowance for the fact that many of the manuscripts in the Contest were prepared for classroom purposes, that professors require papers on academic subjects, and that possibly the taste of some of the professors who selected the manuscripts for entry in the Contest leaned toward exhibitions of scholarship, the fact remains that there was astonishingly little evidence that the undergraduates of to-day are looking at the world about them with that observant, critical, and understanding eye which college training is supposed to develop, and using their powers of literary expression to speak their own minds on facts and conditions which they know at first-hand. The contribution of Miss Smith of Washburn College, written out of personal experience and personal thought, was the only essay to find a place among the winners of prizes or of honorable mention.

Most of the stories which were submitted showed a similar tendency to deal with subjects remote from the personal experience of the writers. The workmanship was generally sound, although there was a tendency, natural among those whose own technic has not matured, to imitate the methods of certain well-known authors whose work is often used as a model in collegiate courses; there were for example many stories written according to the formula of O. Henry, Katherine Mansfield, or Kipling. But what threw story after story out of the running was the attempt to reproduce not only the manner but the substance of these models, to write about people and conditions concerning which the writer had only second- or third-hand evidence; about stevedores, gangsters, marital crises, archdukes and countesses, the sensations of old men facing death; the result being usually a performance empty of significance.

Mr. Winsten's "Story in Descending Discords" rose above the general level of Contest entries not on account of its technic (for as a story it is almost formless, and it follows to some extent the method of Ring Lardner), but on account of its genuine understanding of men and situations which Mr. Winsten knows about himself. Miss Cooper's stories, utterly different in method, were similar in that they dealt with familiar material.

It is a truism that to write effectively one must have something to say. Many of the contestants apparently had not grasped the fact that writing is a form of self-expression; that the promising writer is not he who merely avoids errors of grammar, punctuation, and arrangement, nor even he who is able to produce a respectable imitation of a masterpiece, but he who adapts his gift of language and of form to the presentation of something drawn from his own observation and experience. Acquaintance with masterpieces of fiction is valuable, but the first requirement is to have a story of one's own worth telling and to know one's characters and their surroundings. It would be a pity if the study of masterpieces in college composition courses obscured this obvious fact.

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